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OF

EMINENTLY PIOUS

WOMEN,

WHO WERE ORNAMENTS TO THEIR SEX---BLESSINGS TO THEIR FAMILIES---AND EDIFYING EXAMPLES TO THE CHURCH AND WORLD.

ABRIDGED FROM THE LARGE WORK OF

DR. *GIBBONS*, LONDON.

By DANIEL DANA, A. M.

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PREFACE

TO THE ABRIDGMENT.

THE usefulness of Biography is equally obvious and acknowledged. No species of writing seems so happily calculated at once to inform the mind, to improve the taste, and to meliorate the heart. By exhibiting goodness in an alluring, but practicable form; by presenting excellence actually attained, with the various means and steps of its acquisition; it furnishes us with some of the best possible excitements to be what we ought to be.

In one point of view, the delineation of eminent Christian *characters appears peculiarly interesting. It affords a striking evidence, at once of the divinity of the Scriptures, and the transcendent excellence of the religion which they inculcate. The best vindication of this religion results from a display of its nature and genuine effects. It needs but to be heard in its own defence, or rather to be* seen; *and its opposers are either confounded or gained.*

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With

With great propriety it has been remarked, that "those lives which deserve most to be had in "remembrance, are most easily recorded, and con-"sist of fewest articles." The memorials of excellent and exemplary women *are therefore peculiarly worthy of attention, for the very reasons for which they are sometimes undervalued. Though generally uniform in their tenor, barren of incident, and of course, little calculated to gratify mere curiosity, yet these are the lives which afford the most solid and valuable instruction: instruction which comes home to the bosoms of all, and which peculiarly addresses us amid our humbler occupations, and more retired scenes. It is here that the great mass of mankind are found; and here the few who are destined to more splendid parts in the drama of life, must have their preparations formed, and their characters stamped.*

The importance of women in every civilized society, their ascendance over the other sex, and influence in forming its character, are generally confessed, but can scarce be adequately appreciated. If this influence extended only to the periods of infancy and childhood, it would be a most momentous affair; especially taken in connexion with the peculiar opportunities for its exertion. But it operates

ates with even an increased force, in the succeeding stages; and ceases not, but with life. If in man, this susceptibility be a weakness, it is a weakness to which the most noble and virtuous minds are most subject. It is of incalculable importance that those who thus give the tone of sentiments and manners to their species, should be themselves correct. Nor can a greater service be done to society, than to present them with models by which their own characters may with safety and advantage be formed.

The Memoirs of eminently pious Women, by Dr. GIBBONS, *furnish much valuable instruction of this kind. The characters exhibited are many of them of the first order. Nor is it an unimportant circumstance to find eminent piety recommended, in so many instances, by the embellishments of genius, learning and rank. Yet certain obvious infelicities attached to the work, seem much calculated to obstruct its circulation and usefulness. To remedy these infelicities, has been the aim of the editor of the present volume. He has connected the narrative, compressed the style, and, without omitting what seemed important, curtailed a variety of redundant and uninteresting matter. In a few instances, distinct and independent accounts of the same life have been incorporated; a change equally*

ly conducive to conciſeneſs and perſpicuity. In others, where the materials for profitable hiſtory were obviouſly ſcanty, it was deemed beſt to preſent, without ornament or circumlocution, the few traits which could be collected. Such are the principal means by which he has endeavored to transfuſe into a moderate duodecimo volume, the eſſence of two copious octavos. The ſucceſs of the attempt is ſubmitted to the deciſion of the intelligent reader, who may have opportunity to compare it with the original compilation.

Whatever imperfections may attend the work, either in its primary or preſent form, yet its obvious tendency to promote experimental and practical religion, and ſubſerve the higheſt intereſts of mankind, will conciliate, it is hoped, the candid attention of the ſerious and benevolent. To their patronage, and to the bleſſing of God, it is humbly commended.

D. D.

NEWBURYPORT, Oct. 29, 1802.

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LADY JANE GREY:

OTHERWISE,

LADY JANE DUDLEY.

SHE was born, as is supposed, about the beginning of the year 1536. Her parents were Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset, and Lady Frances Brandon, grand-daughter to King Henry the Seventh.

Her person had in it something singularly elegant and attractive. But in her, the advantages both of birth and beauty were early eclipsed by uncommon powers of genius and acquisitions of learning; and by the still more valuable endowments of gentleness, humility and piety.

The superiority of her mind was first announced by her excellence in the accomplishments usual to her sex and rank. Her facility and elegance in the performances of the needle and pen, her skill in music, vocal and instrumental, the gracefulness of her deportment, and the charms of her conversation, were all extraordinary. But she soon aspired to acquisitions of greater solidity and importance.

Under the instruction of two chaplains of her father, both eminent in literature, she not only attained such a knowledge of her own language, as enabled her to speak and write it with peculiar accuracy, but studied the French, the Italian, the Latin and Greek tongues so thoroughly as to render them nearly as

familiar as her own. On the authority of ſome of the moſt learned men of that period, it may be aſſerted, that ſhe wrote each of theſe languages with great facility. Strange as it may ſeem, ſhe was likewiſe verſed in the Hebrew, Chaldaic and Arabic; and this, before ſhe had well paſſed the years of childhood. She poſſeſſed an extent of capacity and quickneſs of apprehenſion, which, joined to an uncommon patience of application, gave her the command not only of languages, but of other ſciences, to ſuch a degree as was ſurpriſing to perſons of the beſt judgment and talents. Yet was ſhe nowiſe elated by theſe endowments, ſo extraordinary in one of her ſex and age, and ſo irreſiſtibly attracting univerſal admiration; but was rather remarkably modeſt and humble in her whole demeanor.

One circumſtance in her education is worthy of particular notice. With all her amiable and dutiful diſpoſitions, ſhe was treated by her parents with ſingular ſternneſs and ſeverity. This affliction, wounding and almoſt inſupportable to a mind like hers, was not without important benefit. While it was probably one of the chief means of exciting her youthful mind to religion, it greatly increaſed her love to literature, of which ſhe was naturally ſo fond: eſpecially as ſhe found in the gentleneſs of her beloved tutor Aylmer, a perfect contraſt to the harſhneſs and auſterity of her parents. Mortified and confounded by *their* unmerited chidings, ſhe returned with double pleaſure to the leſſons of her learned preceptor, and ſought in ſtudy that delight which was denied her in all other ſcenes of life, in which ſhe was little converſant, and ſeldom indeed, with any ſatisfaction. "One of the greateſt benefits that ever God gave me," ſhe once ſaid to a friend, "is that he ſent me to ſharp and ſevere parents, and ſo gentle a ſchoolmaſter."

Her

Her alliance with the crown, and the great favor in which the Marquis of Dorſet ſtood with Edward the Sixth, neceſſarily brought her ſometimes to court, where ſhe received particular marks of eſteem from the young king, who took great pleaſure in her converſation. But ſhe ſpent moſt of her time at her father's ſeat at Broadgate in Leiceſterſhire.

In October 1551, her father was created Duke of Suffolk, and at the ſame time, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, was created Duke of Northumberland. Not long after, theſe noblemen attained the pinnacle of power. Perceiving the king's health decline, and conſcious that his death muſt precipitate them from their elevation, they began to deliberate on ſome method by which this dreaded reverſe might be prevented. Their deliberations terminated in a ſcheme to effect a change in the ſucceſſion to the crown, and transfer it to their own families. The Lady Jane was deſtined to the principal part in this intended revolution. In reality, the whole of it centered in her.—Thoſe excellent and amiable qualities which had rendered her dear to all who knew her, ſubjected her to become the chief inſtrument of an ambition notoriouſly not her own. With this object in view, ſhe was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, fourth ſon of the Duke of Northumberland, without any diſcovery, or even intimation to herſelf, of the real deſign of the match, which was celebrated with great pomp, the latter end of May, 1553, ſo much to the king's ſatisfaction, that he largely contributed to its expenſes from the royal wardrobe.

But the magnificence and ſplendor attending their nuptials was the laſt gleam of joy which ſhone in the palace of king Edward who, a few days afterward, grew ſo weak, that the Duke of Northumberland thought it time to carry his project into execution.—Accordingly, in the beginning of June, he communicated the matter to the young monarch; and having

firſt ſuggeſted the moſt plauſible objections which the caſe would admit againſt his Majeſty's two ſiſters, Mary and Elizabeth, he obſerved that the Lady Jane, who was of the royal line, was a perſon of extraordinary qualities; that her zeal for the Reformation was unqueſtioned (an argument which he knew would have great weight with the king;) that nothing could be more acceptable to the nation than the proſpect of ſuch a princeſs; and that in this caſe, he was bound to ſet aſide all partialities of blood and relationſhip, which were inferior conſiderations, and to be overruled by the public good. To add force to his perſuaſions, and ſecure ſucceſs to his propoſal, care was taken to place about the king thoſe who ſhould embrace every favorable occaſion to purſue the ſubject, and enlarge on the accompliſhments of Lady Jane. The plan ſucceeded: and the king, in the reſult, conſented to a diſpoſition of the crown which overlooked not only his father's will, but the expreſs proviſions of the Engliſh Conſtitution. Agreeably, a deed of ſettlement, being drawn up in form by the judges, was ſigned by his Majeſty, and all the Lords of the Council.

The matter being thus far accompliſhed, and the letters patent having paſſed the ſeals before the cloſe of the month, the next object was to adopt the moſt effectual method for carrying the new arrangement into execution, and, until this was done, to keep it as ſecret as poſſible. In purſuance of this deſign, the Duke of Northumberland directed letters to Lady Mary, in her brother's name, requiring her attendance at Greenwich, where the court then was. The Princeſs, in obedience to the ſummons, had arrived within half a day's journey of the palace, when king Edward expired. This event, which took place July 6, 1553, was ſeaſonably made known to her, and ſhe availed herſelf of the opportunity to eſcape the ſnare which had been thus artfully laid.

The

The Dukes of Suffolk and Northumberland found it neceſſary to conceal the king's death, that they might have time to gain the city of London, and ſecure the conſent of Lady Jane, who was as yet wholly unacquainted with the ſteps which had been taken to procure her the crown. At this juncture, the princeſs Mary ſent a letter to the privy Council, in which without expreſsly aſſuming the title of queen, ſhe clearly aſſerted her right to the throne; taking notice likewiſe of the concealment of her brother's death, and of their tranſactions ſince; intimating that there was ſtill room for reconciliation; and that if they now complied with their duty in proclaiming her queen, the paſt ſhould be not only pardoned but forgotten. In anſwer to her letter, they inſiſted on the indubitable right of Lady Jane, and their own unalterable fidelity to her as their queen, to whom they endeavored to perſuade her to ſubmit.

Theſe previous ſteps being taken, and the Tower and city of London ſecured, the Council quitted Greenwich, and came to London. Soon after, the two Dukes repaired to Durham-houſe, where Lady Jane reſided with her huſband, as part of Northumberland's family. There the Duke of Suffolk opened to his daughter, with much ſolemnity, the diſpoſition which the late king had made of his crown by letters patent, the clear ſenſe the privy Council had of her right, and the conſent of the magiſtrates and citizens of London. In concluſion, himſelf (her father) and Northumberland fell on their knees, and paid her homage, as queen of England. The poor lady, much aſtoniſhed at their diſcourſe, but nowiſe perſuaded by their arguments, nor elevated by ſuch unexpected honors, returned an anſwer to this effect: "That as the laws of the kingdom, and natural right were in favor of the king's ſiſters, ſhe would beware of burdening her weak conſcience with a yoke which belonged to them; that ſhe well knew the in-

famy of those who had violated right to gain a sceptre; that it was a mockery of God and justice, to scruple at the stealing of a shilling, and not at the usurpation of a crown. "Besides," said she, "I am not so young, nor so little read in the guiles of fortune, as to suffer myself to be taken by them. If she enrich any, it is but to make them the subject of her spoil. If she raise others, it is but to pleasure herself with their ruin. What she adored yesterday, is to-day her sport: and if now I permit her to adorn and crown me, to-morrow I must suffer her to crush and tear me to pieces. Nay, with what crown does she present me? A crown which has been violently and shamefully wrested from Catharine of Arragon; made more unfortunate by the punishment of Anne Boleyn, and others that wore it after her. Why then would you have me add my blood to theirs, and be the third victim from whom this fatal crown may be ravished, with the head that wears it? But admit that it should not prove fatal to me, and that all its venom were consumed; if fortune should give me warranties of her constancy; would it be wise to take upon me those thorns which would dilacerate, though not kill me outright?—to burden myself with a yoke which would not fail to torment me, though I were assured not to be strangled with it? My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, though framed of gold, and adorned with precious stones. I will not exchange my peace for *honorable and precious jealousies*, for *magnificent and glorious fetters*. And if you love me sincerely, and in good earnest, you will rather wish me a secure and quiet condition, though mean, than an exalted situation, exposed to the wind, and followed by some dismal fall."

This speech, so remarkable for its humility, judgment and eloquence, had no effect: and the good lady was at length prevailed on by the exhortations of her father, the interceſſions of her mother, the artful persuasions

ſuaſions of the Duke of Northumberland, and, above all, by the earneſt deſires of her huſband, whom ſhe tenderly loved, to yield her aſſent to what had been done already, and what was in immediate contemplation.* Thus, with a reluctant and heavy heart, ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be conveyed to the Tower, where ſhe entered in the ſtate of a queen, attended by the principal nobility, and (what was very extraordinary) her train ſupported by the Dutcheſs of Suffolk, her mother, in whom, if in any of this line, the right of ſucceſſion lay. The ſame day, ſhe was proclaimed queen, with the uſual ſolemnities, after which ſhe proceeded to exerciſe ſome acts of ſovereignty. But ſhort indeed was the date of her royalty, a term of nine days only; at the cloſe of which commenced the reign of queen Mary, announced by a proclamation in London.

As ſoon as the event was known to the Duke of Suffolk, who now reſided with his daughter, in the tower, he repaired to her apartments, and in the ſoft-eſt terms poſſible, acquainted her with what had taken place; intimating the neceſſity of her parting with her recent dignity, and retiring to her former ſtate. This intelligence ſhe received with a countenance compoſed and ſerene; declaring that the meſſage was leſs

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* "*They told her,*" *ſays Biſhop Burnet,* "*that all that had been done, was according to law, to which all the judges and counſellors had ſet their hands.*"

"*Lady Jane,*" *ſays the writer of the* Britiſh Biography, "*was altogether uninfluenced by any ambitious views, and the ſettlement of the ſucceſſion was by no means agreeable to her. Indeed it does not appear that ſhe was at all conſulted about it either by her father, or by the Duke of Northumberland; nor does ſhe ſeem even to have been acquainted with it, till after king Edward's deceaſe.*"

less painful than that of her advancement to royalty: that from obedience to him and to her mother, she had done violence to herself, and grievously sinned: that she now obeyed the dictates of her inmost soul in resigning the crown; and would gladly make every possible reparation for errors so great as those which had been committed, by an ingenuous confession and relinquishment of them.

The close of her reign was the commencement of her sufferings. Her palace was soon converted to a prison. This reverse, afflicting as it was, would have been supportable, could she have borne it alone. As she was lowly in the prospect of a crown, so the loss of it, and the calamities attending the deprivation, so far as they were confined to herself, robbed her neither of dignity nor peace. But her mind, equally generous and tender, was deeply wounded by the extensive affliction in which others were involved by her fall. Many of the most respectable persons in the kingdom, some among the first of the nobility, who had supported her claim to the crown, were imprisoned. Among these were her own father, and the father of her husband, with all his family. The latter was brought to the block.

On the third of November, her husband and herself were carried from the tower to Guildhall, where being arraigned and convicted of high treason, they both received sentence of death. A mitigation of their confinement which took place afterward, with some other circumstances of indulgence, induced a feeble hope that thoughts of mercy had entered the heart of queen Mary. But the contrary soon appeared, and her determination to have the sentence executed, was announced. The fatal intelligence made little impression on the mind of Lady Jane. The bitterness of death was past: she had long expected, it, and had endeavored to be prepared for the worst.

Hitherto

Hitherto, the history of this lady has furnished proof of uncommon intellectual excellence, with a sensibility, a fortitude, and a greatness of soul, which it is impossible not to admire. But the higher part of her character, her ardent piety, claims a more distinct illustration. This at once adorned and sanctified her other excellent and amiable qualities. Its influence was visible amid her greatest prosperity and enjoyment. But with peculiar lustre did it break through the cloud of her sufferings, and shed a glory on the evening of her life.

She was early instructed in the principles of the Reformation, which she studied with great seriousness and attention, and to which she was strongly attached. This was a capital circumstance which recommended and endeared her to king Edward: as her dislike of Popery, early imbibed and avowed, and at no subsequent period dissembled, is thought to have been one reason of her finding so little favor with queen Mary. Her deep acquaintance with the distinguishing doctrines of the Reformation, and her capacity to defend them, were evinced in a conversation she had with Dr. Feckenham, who was sent by the queen, two or three days before her death, that he might endeavor to reconcile her to the church of Rome. On this trying occasion, the calmness of her mind and the force of her reasoning were equally remarkable. Dr. Feckenham, finding his attempts unavailing, took his leave, saying, that he was sorry for her; "for I am sure," he added, "we two shall never meet." "True," she replied, "we shall never meet, unless God turn your heart; for I am assured, unless you repent and turn to God, you are in an evil case: and I pray God, in the bowels of his mercy, to send you his holy Spirit; for he hath given you his great gift of utterance, if it pleased him also to open the eyes of your heart."

The

The ſame concern ſhe manifeſted for the recovery of Mr. Harding, one of her former preceptors. He had been a zealous proteſtant, a preacher of the reformed religion, and very fervent in animating its profeſſors to abide by it, in the face of all perſecution and danger. But on the return of Popery in queen Mary's reign, he renounced his principles, and became a Papiſt. To him ſhe wrote a letter, full of faithful expoſtulation and pungent reproof for his apoſtacy, and breathing an ardent deſire for his reſtoration. At the cloſe, ſhe expreſſes herſelf to this purpoſe: "Return, return again into Chriſt's war; and as becomes a faithful warrior, put on that armor which Saint Paul teaches to be moſt neceſſary for a Chriſtian. Above all, take to you the ſhield of faith, and be excited by Chriſt's own example to withſtand the devil, to forſake the world, and to become a true and faithful member of his myſtical body, who ſpared not his own body for our ſins.

"Let the fear of his threatened vengeance for the heinous offence of apoſtacy, overawe your ſpirit: and be animated, on the other hand, by the mercy, blood and promiſe of him who is ready to return to you, the moment you return to him. As with the loſt ſon you have wandered, be not aſhamed with him to return from the riot of ſtrangers, to the dainties of your heavenly Father's houſe; acknowledging that you have ſinned againſt heaven and earth. Againſt heaven, by ſtaining the glorious name of God, and cauſing his moſt holy word to be evil ſpoken of. Againſt earth, by becoming a ſtumbling-block to many of your weak brethren. Come home again with Mary; and with Peter, bitterly weep. Let ſtreams of ſorrow for your offenſive fall iſſue forth from your inmoſt heart. With the penitent publican, pray, God be merciful to me a ſinner. Remember the horrible caſe of Julian: and let the fearful end of Spira, yet freſh in your memory, urge you to beware of his crime.

"Finally,

"Finally, let the laſt great day be ever before your eyes. Think of the terror which will then overwhelm every fugitive from Chriſt—all who value the world more than heaven, and their life more than Him who gave it. Think too, of the ineſtimable joys prepared for thoſe who, dreading neither danger nor death, ſhall have glorioufly encountered and vanquiſhed the powers of darkneſs, hell and death, through that almighty Savior whoſe arms are even now extended to receive you; who is ready to fall upon your neck, and feaſt you with all the bleſſings which his precious blood has bought.—To whom, with the Father, and the holy Ghoſt, be all honor, praiſe and glory everlaſting. Amen."

To her Father, the unhappy inſtrument of her premature death, ſhe wrote, during her impriſonment, a letter, in which ſhe expreſſed not only her reconciliation to that event, but her thankfulneſs for it, as preferable, in her view, to a protracted life, with all the world at her diſpoſal. She intimated to him that it was her conſolation to reflect, that though ſhe had committed a grievous offence againſt the Queen and her laws, her crime was in great meaſure involuntary; nor had her enforced honor ever blended with her heart. She concluded by declaring, that however painful her approaching death might appear to him, yet to *her* nothing could be more welcome, than from this vale of miſery to aſpire to a heavenly throne of joy and pleaſure with Chriſt her Savior—and prayed, that he too might be ſo divinely preſerved in the faith of Jeſus, that they might meet in heaven at laſt.

Another letter of this excellent lady is preſerved. It was ſent, the night before her death, to her ſiſter Catharine. It was written at the end of a Greek Teſtament, nearly in the following words.

"I have ſent you, good ſiſter Catharine, a book which, though not outwardly decorated with gold, yet is inwardly of more value than the moſt precious gems.

gems. It is the book, dear ſiſter, of the law of the Lord. It is his teſtament and laſt will, which he left to us wretches; which ſhall lead you to the path of eternal joy. If with a good mind you read it, and with earneſtneſs follow it, it ſhall bring you to an everlaſting life. It ſhall teach you to live, and help you to die. It ſhall win you more than you ſhould have gained by your unhappy father's lands. For as if God had proſpered him, you ſhould have inherited his lands, ſo if you apply diligently to this book, ſeeking to direct your life by it, you ſhall be an heir of ſuch riches as neither the covetous ſhall withdraw from you, nor thief ſteal, nor moth corrupt. Deſire with David, good ſiſter, to underſtand the law of the Lord God. Live ſtill to die, that by death you may attain eternal life. Truſt not that the tenderneſs of your age ſhall lengthen your life; for as ſoon, if God call, goeth the young as the old. Labor always to learn to die. Defy the world, deny the devil, and deſpiſe the fleſh. Delight yourſelf only in the Lord. Be penitent for your ſins, yet deſpair not: be ſtrong in faith, yet preſume not; and deſire with Saint Paul, to be with Chriſt, with whom even in death there is life. Be like the good ſervant. Even at midnight be waking, leſt when death cometh, and ſtealeth upon you as a thief in the night, you be, with the evil ſervant, found ſleeping; or be like the five fooliſh women, or like him that had not on the wedding garment, and then be caſt out from the marriage. Rejoice in Chriſt, as I do. Follow the ſteps of that Divine Maſter, and take up your croſs. Lay on him the burden of your ſins, and ever embrace him. As to my death, rejoice, as I do, good ſiſter, that I ſhall be delivered of this corruption, and put on incorruption; for I am aſſured that by loſing a mortal, I ſhall gain an immortal life, —which I pray God grant *you*, and ſend you of his grace to live in his fear, and to die in the true Chriſtian faith, from which, in God's name, I exhort you

that

that you never swerve, neither for hope of life, nor for fear of death. For if you deny his truth to lengthen your life, God will deny you, and yet shorten your days: and if you cleave to him, he will prolong your days, to your comfort, and his glory: to which glory God bring me now, and you hereafter, when it pleaseth him to call you! Fare you well, good sister! Put your only trust in God, who only must help you."

Among the precious remains of this lady, is a *prayer*, which she drew up in the time of her trouble. We present it as disclosing the state of her mind in the near prospect of death and eternity.

"O Lord, thou God and Father of my life! hear me, a poor and desolate woman, who fly to thee alone in all troubles and miseries. Thou, O Lord, art the only defender and deliverer of those who put their trust in thee: and therefore I, being defiled with sin, encumbered with afflictions, disquieted with troubles, wrapped in cares, overwhelmed with miseries, and grievously tormented with the long imprisonment of this vile mass of clay, my sinful body, come to thee, O merciful Savior, craving thy mercy and help, without which so little hope of deliverance is left, that I may utterly despair. Although it is expedient, that since our life stands on trying, we should be visited with adversity, whereby we may both be tried, whether we be of thy flock or not; and also know thee and ourselves the better; yet thou who saidst thou wouldst not suffer us to be tempted above our power, be merciful unto me, a miserable wretch. I beseech thee, that I may neither be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor too much pressed down with adversity. O merciful God, consider my misery, best known to thee, and be thou now to me a strong tower of defence, I humbly intreat thee. Suffer me not to be tempted above my power; but either deliver me from this great misery, or give me grace patiently to bear thy heavy hand and sharp correction. It was thy right hand

that delivered the people of Israel from the hands of Pharaoh, who for four hundred years did oppress them, and keep them in bondage. Let it therefore seem good to thy fatherly goodness to deliver me, sorrowful wretch, for whom thy Son Christ shed his precious blood on the cross, from this miserable captivity and bondage. How long wilt thou be absent? Forever? O Lord, hast thou forgotten to be gracious, and hast thou shut up thy loving kindness in displeasure? Wilt thou no more be intreated? Is thy mercy clean gone forever, and thy promise come utterly to an end? Why dost thou make so long tarrying? Shall I despair of thy mercy, O God? Far be that from me. I am thy workmanship, created in Christ Jesus: give me grace therefore to tarry thy leisure, and patiently to bear thy works, assuredly knowing that as thou canst, so thou wilt deliver me, when it shall please thee; nothing doubting or mistrusting thy goodness towards me; for thou knowest better what is good for me than I do; therefore do with me in all things what thou wilt. Only in the mean time, arm me, I beseech thee, with thy armor, that I may stand fast, my loins being girt about with verity, having on the breastplate of righteousness, and shod with the shoes prepared by the gospel of peace; above all things, taking the shield of faith, wherewith I may be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is thy most holy word; praying always with all manner of prayer and supplication, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abiding thy pleasure, and comforting myself in those troubles which it shall please thee to send me, seeing such troubles are profitable for me, and seeing I am assuredly persuaded that it cannot but be well, all that thou dost. Hear me, O merciful Father, for his sake whom thou wouldst to be a sacrifice for my sins: to whom with thee, and the holy Ghost, be all honor and glory. Amen."

In

In the place of her confinement, she wrote (it is thought with a pin) the following verses:

Think not, O mortal vainly gay,
That thou from human woes art free:
The bitter cup I drink to-day
To-morrow may be drunk by thee.
Endless* all malice, if our God be nigh;
Fruitless all pains, if he his help deny.
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of eternal day.

We are now to attend her to her closing scene, and contemplate the manner in which she met her violent and unmerited death. The day appointed for her execution, and her husband's, was the 12th of February, 1554. The fatal morning being come, Lord Dudley earnestly requested of the officers the liberty of taking a last farewell of his beloved consort. This was readily granted: but on its being notified to her, she very prudently judged it inexpedient; and collecting the whole force of her mind, endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. She assured him that 'such a meeting would rather add to his afflictions, than increase the quiet wherewith they had possessed their souls for the stroke of death: that he demanded a lenitive which would put fire into the wound; and that it was to be feared her presence would rather weaken than strengthen him: that if his soul was not firm and settled, she could not settle it by her eyes, nor confirm it by her words: that he would do well to remit this interview to the other world: that there indeed friendships were happy, and unions indissoluble; and that theirs would be eternal, if they carried nothing with them of terrestrial, which might hinder them from rejoicing.' She expressed great emotion when she saw her husband

* *Perhaps it should be* harmless.

band led out to execution; but ſoon overcame it by reflecting how cloſely ſhe ſhould follow him. All ſhe could do, was to give him a farewel out of a window, as he paſſed. He ſuffered on a ſcaffold on Tower-hill, with much Chriſtian meekneſs. His body, being laid in a car, and his head wrapped in a linen cloth, were carried to the chapel within the Tower, in the way to which, they paſſed under the window of Lady Jane. She beheld the ſad ſpectacle with a ſettled countenance, and ſoon after this trial of her fortitude, wrote three ſhort ſentences in her table-book, in Greek, Latin and Engliſh. This book ſhe preſented to Sir John Bridges, Lieutenant of the tower, as a grateful acknowledgment of his civilities; he having previouſly entreated of her ſomething which he might preſerve as a memorial. The ſenſe of the Greek ſentence was: "If this ſlain body ſhall give ſentence againſt me before men, his moſt bleſſed ſoul ſhall render an eternal proof of my innocence in the preſence of God." The Latin ſentence may be thus tranſlated: "The juſtice of men took away his body, but the divine mercy has preſerved his ſoul." The Engliſh ſentence was this: "If my fault deſerved puniſhment, my youth at leaſt, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuſe. God and poſterity will ſhew me favor."

She was attended to the ſcaffold, and upon it, by Dr. Feckenham, though ſhe was obſerved not to pay much attention to his diſcourſe, but to keep her eyes ſteadily fixed on a book of prayers which ſhe had in her hand. After ſome ſhort recollection, ſhe ſaluted thoſe who were preſent with a countenance perfectly compoſed. Then taking her leave of Dr. Feckenham, ſhe ſaid: "God will abundantly requite you, good ſir, for your humanity to me; though your diſcourſes gave me more uneaſineſs than all the terrors of my approaching death." She then addreſſed herſelf to the ſpectators in a ſpeech nearly as follows.

"My

"My Lords, and you good Chriſtians who come to ſee me die: I am under a law, and by that law, as a never-erring judge, I am condemned to die: not that I have intentionally offended the Queen's Majeſty; for I will waſh my hands guiltleſs thereof, and deliver to my God a ſoul as pure from ſuch treſpaſs, as innocence from injuſtice; but only that I ignorantly conſented to a thing which was forced upon me. Notwithſtanding, I have offended Almighty God, in that I have followed too much the luſt of my own fleſh, and the pleaſures of this wretched world: neither have I lived according to the knowledge that God hath given me; for which cauſe He hath appointed to me this kind of death, and that moſt juſtly, according to my deſerts. Yet I thank him heartily that he hath given me time to repent of my ſins and be reconciled to my Redeemer, whom my former vanities had much diſpleaſed. Therefore, my Lords, and you good Chriſtians, I moſt earneſtly deſire you all to pray with me, and for me, while I am yet alive, that God of his infinite goodneſs and mercy would forgive my ſins, how numberleſs and grievous ſoever againſt him. And I beſeech you all to bear me witneſs, that I here die a true Chriſtian woman, profeſſing and avouching from my ſoul, that I truſt to be ſaved by the blood, paſſion and merit of Jeſus Chriſt my Savior only, and by no other means; caſting far behind me all the merit of my own actions, things as ſo ſhort of the true duty I owe, that I ſhudder to think how much they may ſtand up againſt me."

Having delivered this ſpeech, ſhe kneeled down, and repeated the fifty-firſt pſalm, in a moſt devout manner; after which ſhe ſtood up, and gave her gloves and handkerchief to her women, and her prayer-book to Sir John Bridges. On her untying her gown, the executioner offered to aſſiſt her, but ſhe declined. She then, turning herſelf to her women, had their help in taking it off; on which they gave her a handkerchief

to bind about her eyes. The executioner, kneeling down, requeſted her forgiveneſs, which ſhe moſt willingly gave him. She then tied her handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block, ſaid, "What ſhall I do? Where is it?" Upon which, one of the by-ſtanders guiding her to it, ſhe laid her head down upon the block, and then ſtretched herſelf forward, and ſaid: "Lord, into thine hands I commend my ſpirit;" and immediately the executioner at one ſtroke ſevered the head from the body.

Thus fell this admirable woman, about the age of eighteen. The faith by which ſhe lived, gave peace and tranquility to her lateſt hour, and converted her ignominious death into glory and triumph.

The following conciſe character of her is given by Mr. Fuller. "She had the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the ſolidity of middle life, and all at eighteen. She had the birth of a princeſs, the learning of a divine, and the life of a ſaint; and yet ſuffered the death of a malefactor, for the offences of her parents."

From a variety of poetical tributes to her memory, we ſelect the two following. In the firſt, Lady Jane is introduced as ſpeaking.

To an Imperial ſtock my life I ow'd;
A crown imperial on my temples glow'd.
But bitter ſorrow, and corroding care
Were woven with it, while it glittered there.
A better diadem my God has given,
As bright, as laſting as the days of heaven.

From the *Female Advocate*, by Miſs SCOTT.

. . . . . .

The beauteous DUDLEY *roſe to grace the ſtage,*
The pride and wonder of her ſex and age;
Low bending at the radiant ſhrine of truth,
Her ſoul renounc'd the idle toys of youth.

Impell'd

Impell'd by nobler fires she boldly soar'd,
And every science every art explor'd.
Religion in its purest form array'd,
Her tongue, her manners and her pen display'd.
Forc'd to the splendid burden of a crown,
She soon with pleasure laid the burden down.
Her steady soul fate's fiercest frown could brave,
Secure of endless bliss beyond the grave.
O FAITH, *whose sacred transports never cloy,*
Sweet prelibation of immortal joy!
What proud PHILOSOPHY *but aims to preach,*
'Tis thine with sovereign energy to teach.
Inspir'd by thee, we learn to smile at pain,
And all the vanities of life disdain.
Serenely meet the sudden stroke of fate,
Or wait, if Heav'n approves, a longer date;
Convinc'd, howe'er eternal truth decides,
A parent's love still o'er our weal presides.

CATHARINE PARR,

WIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

SHE was born about the beginning of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, who succeeded to the throne of England, A. D. 1509. Her father, Sir Thomas Parr, bestowed on her a learned education, as the most valuable addition he could make to her other accomplishments. Her progress in literature was fully answerable to the advantages she enjoyed, and realized her father's most sanguine expectations. She

was

was early celebrated not only for her good ſenſe, but her learning. But ſhe was leſs ſolicitous to pleaſe and ſhine, than to ſerve God and mankind. She conſecrated her uncommon talents and accompliſhments to the beſt of purpoſes, in every ſtage of life.

She was firſt married to John Nevil, Lord Latymer. After his deceaſe, the beauties of her perſon and mind engaged the affections of King Henry, to whom ſhe was married, July 12, 1543.

She ſeems to have had ſome uncommon impreſſions of piety from her infancy. But the religion of her early life received a tincture from the blind and ſuperſtitious devotion of that age. In theſe errors ſhe did not long remain. By a conſtant and cloſe attention to the word of God, which was her chief delight, and by his bleſſing on her inveſtigations of divine truth, ſhe was ſoon freed from the miſtakes in which ſhe had been educated, and enlightened into the diſtinguiſhing doctrines of the goſpel. She not only renounced the errors of Popery, but gave great encouragement to the Proteſtant cauſe, and engaged with much ſpirit in forwarding the Reformation. This important deſign ſhe proſecuted as far as the mutable and perverſe diſpoſition of an arbitrary prince, and the iniquity of the times would admit; and even farther than ſhe could go without expoſing herſelf to the utmoſt danger. Though her laudable attempts were purſued with great prudence, and as much ſecrecy as the nature of the caſe would allow, they could not eſcape the malicious obſervation of the bigotted adherents to Popery with whom ſhe was ſurrounded. In conſequence, a conſpiracy was formed againſt her by Biſhop Gardiner, and other influential characters, who conducted their plan with ſo much art and ſucceſs, that having drawn up articles of accuſation, they procured a warrant, ſigned by the king's hand, to remove her to the Tower. This inſtrument, being accidentally dropped, was found by a perſon who conveyed it to her Majeſty.

The

The ſight of it, and the reflections it excited on the hard condition of female royalty, occaſioned a violent diſorder which confined her to her bed. In this confinement ſhe was viſited by the king, who ſeemed affected with her ſufferings, and treated her with much tenderneſs. Soon after, being partially recovered, and underſtanding that the king himſelf was indiſpoſed, ſhe returned his Majeſty's viſit, hoping that ſomething might be attempted to avert the impending danger. The king ſeemed pleaſed with her attention, addreſſed her kindly, and ſoon turned the converſation to religion; ſeeming deſirous to be reſolved by her on certain difficulties, which he propoſed. The queen, perceiving the deſign of his diſcourſe, expreſſed herſelf on this ſubject with ſuch prudence, caution and deference, as greatly ſoftened his temper, and drew from him the ſtrongeſt aſſurances of reconciliation and friendſhip.

But the reſolution of the conſpirators was unſhaken; and the time appointed for the queen's impriſonment arrived ſoon after. She had gone, in conſequence of a meſſage from the king, to the royal garden, attended by ſeveral ladies who had moſt of her intimacy and confidence, and who were to be impriſoned with her. Here ſhe was converſing with his Majeſty, who ſeemed unuſually cheerful and entertaining, when to her great ſurpriſe, forty of the king's guards appeared, with the Lord Chancellor at their head. The capricious monarch gave him a ſtern look, and retiring a little, addreſſed him in the moſt paſſionate and contemptuous expreſſions, bidding him depart inſtantly from his preſence. On the king's returning to the queen, and appearing much chagrined, ſhe employed all the powers of her eloquence to appeaſe his diſpleaſure; humbly intreating him, that if the Chancellor's fault were not too heinous, he would pardon him *for her ſake*. Nor did ſhe ceaſe the expreſſion of her kind and benevolent feelings, even after the king had intimated.

mated to her the unworthineſs and evil deſigns of him for whom ſhe interceded.

Thus remarkably did divine Providence defend her from the malice and ſnares of her enemies. Reſcued from a danger thus imminent and diſtreſſing, ſhe paſſed ſafely through the remainder of this tempeſtuous reign. But the alarm ſhe experienced was ſalutary in its conſequences. It rouzed all her ſoul, excited her to new fervency in meditation and prayer, and quickened her preparations for eternity.

She now perceived with new conviction that the principles of religion ſhe had firſt imbibed, did not correſpond with the inſpired writings. But though poſſeſſed of no inconſiderable ſhare of learning, joined to an excellent underſtanding, ſhe dared not rely on theſe alone, in things of ſo great importance. Humbly diſtruſtful of her own abilities and reſearches, and anxious to obtain the beſt lights, ſhe kept ſeveral eminent divines conſtantly with her, to ſolve her doubts, and inſtruct her in the true religion. With theſe learned men, who were her chaplains, ſhe had many private conferences about the doctrines of the Reformation, and the abuſes which had then crept into the church. She had a ſermon preached to her in the afternoon of every day, in her chamber; at which exerciſes, the ladies and gentlemen of her privy chamber, and others who were diſpoſed to hear, were preſent. To all this ſhe added great application and induſtry in the ſtudy of books of divinity, particularly the holy ſcriptures.

Thus qualified, ſhe began to commit ſome of her thoughts to writing. Her firſt compoſition has this memorable title: *Queen Catharine Parr's Lamentation of a ſinner bewailing the ignorance of her blind life.* This production was found among her papers after her death, and was publiſhed by Secretary Cecil, who attended it with a preface of his own. Here ſhe acknowledged the ſinful courſe of her life for many years,

years, in which, relying on external performances, such as Fasts and Pilgrimages, she was all the time a stranger to the internal power of religion, which she came afterward to experience by the study of the scriptures, and prayer to God for the assistance of that holy Spirit by whose direction they were indited. She explains clearly the ideas she had of *justification by faith*, and of holiness as its necessary consequence; and laments the great scandals given by many *Gospellers*, a name given to those who read and studied the Scriptures.

She also drew up psalms, prayers and pious discourses, which were published during her life. The psalms were composed in imitation of those of David, from which (as from other parts of scripture) many verses were borrowed. The first was a supplication *for the remission of sins*, beginning thus: "O Lord of lords, God Almighty, great and dreadful; who by thy word hast made heaven, earth, and sea, and all things contained in them! nothing is able to resist thy power: thy mercy is over all thy works: all things are under thy dominion, both man and beast, and all living creatures. Thou art merciful to whom thou wilt, and hast compassion on whom it pleaseth thee, &c."

The second Psalm was on the same subject, beginning thus: "O most mighty God of angels and men, whose judgments are unsearchable, and whose wisdom is profound and deep:——Hear the prayer of thy servant, and cast not away the humble suit of thy poor creature and handy-work, &c." The other psalms were the effusions of a pious mind in complaint, supplication, thanksgiving, &c.

The prayers likewise exhibit much of the spirit of piety and devotion, of a sense of God, and dependence upon him, and many of them are judiciously adapted to the peculiarities of her own condition. One composed for the King, and for the use of men entering battle, contains the following petition: "Our cause being now just, and being enforced into war and battle,

tle, we moſt humbly beſeech thee, O Lord God of Hoſts, ſo to turn the hearts of our enemies to the deſire of peace, that no blood be ſpilt : or elſe grant, O Lord, that with ſmall effuſion of blood, and to the little hurt and damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory ; that the wars being ſoon ended, we may all with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and unity, laud and praiſe thee."

The following prayer may ſerve as a ſpecimen of the devout exerciſes of her ſoul.

" Moſt benign Lord *Jeſu !* grant me thy grace that it may always work in me, and perſevere with me to the end.

" Grant me that I may ever deſire and will that which is moſt pleaſing and acceptable to thee.

" Thy will be my will, and my will to follow always thy will.

" Let there be always in me one will, and one deſire with thee ; and let me have no deſire to will, or not to will, but as thou wilt.

" Lord thou knoweſt what is moſt profitable and moſt expedient for me :

" Give me therefore what thou wilt, as much as thou wilt, and when thou wilt.

" Do with me what thou wilt, as it ſhall pleaſe thee, and as ſhall be moſt to thine honor.

" Thy creature I am, and in thy hands. Lead me, and turn me where thou wilt.

" Lo ! I am thy ſervant, ready to all things that thou commandeſt ; for I deſire not to live to myſelf, but to thee.

" Lord *Jeſu !* I pray thee grant me thy grace, that I may never ſet my heart on the things of this world, but that all carnal and worldly affections may utterly die, and be mortified in me.

" Grant me above all things, that I may reſt in thee, and fully pacify and quiet my heart in thee.

" For

" For thou, Lord, art the very true peace of heart, and the perfect reſt of the ſoul ; and without thee, all things are grievous and unquiet.

" My Lord *Jeſu !* I beſeech thee, be with me in every place, and at all times ; and let it be to me a ſpecial ſolace gladly to lack all worldly ſolace.

" And if thou withdraw thy comfort from me at any time, keep me, O Lord, from deſperation, and make me patiently to bear thy will.

" O Lord *Jeſu !* thy judgments are righteous, and thy providence is much better for me than all that I can imagine or deviſe.

" Wherefore do with me in all things as it ſhall pleaſe thee.

" For it may not be but well, all that thou doſt. If thou wilt that I be in light, be thou bleſſed ; if thou wilt that I be in darkneſs, be thou alſo bleſſed.

" If thou vouchſafe to comfort me, be thou highly bleſſed : and if thou wilt I lie in trouble, and without comfort, be thou likewiſe ever bleſſed.

" Lord, give me grace gladly to ſuffer whatſoever thou wilt ſhall fall upon me, and patiently to take at thy hand good and evil, bitter and ſweet, joy and ſorrow ; and for all things that ſhall befall me, heartily to thank thee.

" Keep me, Lord, from ſin, and I ſhall then dread neither death nor hell.

" Oh ! what thanks ſhall I give unto thee, who haſt ſuffered the grievous death of the croſs, to deliver me from my ſins, and to obtain everlaſting life for me?

" Thou gaveſt us the moſt perfect example of patience, fulfilling and obeying the will of thy Father, even unto death.

" Make me, wretched ſinner, obediently to uſe myſelf after thy will in all things, and patiently to bear the burden of this corrupt life.

" For though this life be tedious, and as a heavy burden to my ſoul, yet nevertheleſs, through thy grace,

and by example of thee, it is now made much more eaſy and comfortable than it was before thy incarnation and paſſion.

Thy holy life is our way to thee; and by following that, we walk to thee who art our Head and Savior. Except thou hadſt gone before, and ſhewed us the way to everlaſting life, who would endeavor himſelf to follow thee, ſeeing we are yet ſo ſlow and dull, having the light of thy bleſſed example and holy doctrine, to lead and direct us?

"O Lord Jeſu! make that poſſible by grace, that is to me impoſſible by nature.

"Thou knoweſt well that I can little ſuffer, that I am ſoon caſt down, and overthrown with a little adverſity: wherefore I beſeech thee, O Lord, to ſtrengthen me with thy Spirit, that I may willingly ſuffer for thy ſake, all manner of troubles and afflictions.

"Lord, I will acknowledge unto thee all my unrighteouſneſs, and confeſs all the inſtability of my heart.

"Oftentimes a very little thing troubleth me much, and maketh me dull and ſlow to ſerve thee:

"And ſometimes I purpoſe to ſtand ſtrongly, but when a little trouble cometh, it is to me great anguiſh and grief; and of a very little thing riſeth a grievous temptation.

"Yea, when I think myſelf ſure and ſtrong, ſuddenly I feel myſelf ready to fall with a little blaſt of temptation.

"Behold therefore, good Lord, my weakneſs, and conſider my frailty, beſt known to thee.

"Have mercy on me, and deliver me from all iniquity and ſin, that I be not entangled therewith.

"Oftentimes it grieveth me much, and in a manner confoundeth me, that I am ſo unſtable, ſo weak and frail in reſiſting ſinful motions; which, although they draw me not away to conſent, are yet very grievous in their aſſaults: "And

"And it is tedious to me to live in such conflict; although I perceive that it is not unprofitable; for thereby I know myself and my own infirmities, and that I must seek help only at thy hands.

"Whatever pleasure the world offereth me here, is but an unpleasant burden.

"I desire to have inward fruition in thee, but I cannot attain thereto."

The number as well as piety of these compositions shews how much of her time and thoughts, amid the business and ceremony of her exalted station, was devoted to the concerns of her own soul, and to the dissemination of piety and virtue among her people. And as she well knew the importance and necessity of learning, in order to the spread of religion, she used her utmost endeavors to promote it. The following instance is worthy to be recorded.

When the act was passed, that all colleges, chantries and free chapels should be in the king's disposal, the University of Cambridge, much alarmed and knowing the queen's regard to learning, addressed letters to her, intreating her Majesty to intercede with the king in behalf of their colleges. This she did, and to effect. In her letter of reply to the University, she expresses herself to this purpose: 'That she had intreated the king in behalf of their possessions; and that notwithstanding his Majesty's property and interest in them by virtue of the Act of Parliament, he was such a patron of learning, that he would rather erect new colleges than do any thing to injure those that existed: so that to him learning might hereafter ascribe its conservation and defence:'—adding that 'she doubted not that their daily invocations would be offered up for the preservation and prosperity of their royal benefactor, to Him who alone can dispose all to every creature.' In the same letter she writes that 'forasmuch as she well understood that all kinds

of

of learning flouriſhed among them, as among the Greeks at Athens long ago, ſhe deſired and required them all not ſo to hunger for the exquiſite knowledge of profane learning, that it might be thought that the Greek Univerſity was but tranſpoſed, or in England revived, forgetting our Chriſtianity; ſince the excellency of the Greeks only attained to moral and natural things, but that ſhe rather gently exhorted them to ſtudy and apply thoſe doctrines (the variety of human learning) as means and ſteps to the attaining and ſetting forth the better CHRIST's reverend and moſt ſacred doctrines; that it might not be laid againſt them in evidence at the tribunal of God, that they were aſhamed of Chriſt's doctrine: for this leſſon,' ſhe adds 'I am taught to ſay by St. Paul: *Non pudet me evangelii*:* to the ſincere ſetting forth whereof I truſt univerſally, in all your vocations and miniſtries, you will apply and conform your various gifts, arts and ſtudies, to ſuch an end that Cambridge may be accounted rather a Univerſity of *divine* philoſophy, than of natural and moral, as Athens was.'

This letter, while it ſhews the great influence ſhe had with the king, ſhews likewiſe how well it was merited by the good uſe ſhe made of it. Indeed ſhe had the ſtrongeſt claims on his favor: for excepting the ſtudy of the ſcriptures, and the duties of devotion, nothing was more her object than to gratify him. This was an arduous taſk. That part of his life which ſhe was deſtined to ſhare with him, was attended with almoſt continual indiſpoſition: and ill health ſeemed to add fierceneſs to a diſpoſition naturally harſh and intractable. Nor was it uncommon for his principal favorites to ſuffer ſeverely by his caprice and paſſion. Yet ſuch were the amiable qualities of the queen, ſuch her tenderneſs and the charms of her converſation, that ſhe not only contributed much to alleviate the pains of his ſickneſs, but amid

* *I am not aſhamed of the goſpel.*

amid all, secured and riveted his affection to such a degree, that after the disappointment of the cruel scheme of Bishop Gardiner, none of her enemies dared make a similar attempt.

Her zeal for the Reformation, and desire to have the Scriptures understood by the common people, induced her to procure an able translation of *Erasmus' Paraphrase of the New Testament* into English. The expense of this important and useful work, though great, was entirely her own. She engaged Lady Mary, afterward Queen Mary, in translating the Paraphrase on the gospel of St. John. A Latin letter which she wrote her on this subject, is still extant.

The last year of her life was passed under a cloud. King Henry dying about three years and a half after she had been his wife, she was married to Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Admiral of England. Sad experience now taught her that a throne was not the *only* scene of trouble and vexation of spirit. Her new condition was embittered by the harshness and ambition of her husband, and by the unexampled pride and caprice of some of his relations. Furious animosities ensued, which destroyed her peace, and that of her family. She did not indeed cease to prosecute her pious and charitable designs. But her opportunities both of improvement and usefulness were much lessened. Her spirit was broken, and the time of her release was at hand. Being delivered of a daughter in the month of September, 1548, she survived but a few days. But death was her best friend. It put her in possession of an incorruptible crown, a kingdom that cannot be moved. It translated her to that region where *the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*

JANE, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

SHE was daughter to Henry the Second, king of Navarre, and Margaret of Orleans, ſiſter of Francis the Firſt, king of France. She was by her parents carefully inſtructed from her infancy in the Proteſtant religion, of which ſhe was a firm friend and ſupporter, to the cloſe of her life. She was married to Anthony of Bourbon, ſon of the Duke of Vendoſme, by whom ſhe had Henry the Fourth, King of France by his father's right, and of Navarre by his mother's.

She early began to ſuffer from the bigotry and acts of the leading Papiſts of France, to whoſe cruel malice ſhe finally fell a victim. Their firſt object was to detach her huſband, the king of Navarre, from the Proteſtant intereſt, that thus they might weaken, and in the iſſue deſtroy it. On this object they were the more intent, as, being the firſt prince of the blood, he was of courſe protector to the heir-apparent of the French crown, during his minority. The king was overcome by their artifices. He not only eſtranged himſelf by degrees from the Proteſtants, but ſolicited the queen his wife to return into the boſom of the Romiſh Church, and induce her children to follow her ſteps. But her attachment to the truth was too enlightened and too ſtrong to admit of ſo eaſy a renunciation. She retained her religion, but loſt the affections of her huſband; and in conſequence, retired to Podium in the country of Berne, where ſhe kept her court.

Soon

Soon after, at the ſiege of Orleans, the king received a wound in the ſhoulder, which, after a ſhort languiſhment, put a period to his life.

The next deſign of the faction before mentioned, was to ſeize upon the queen, with her ſon and daughter, and bring them before the Spaniſh Inquiſition. But by a ſignal interpoſition of Providence, this cruel plot was fruſtrated.

In the time of the third civil war on account of religion, the pious queen thought it her duty to raiſe a conſiderable force, which ſhe led to Rochelle. Averſe to the laſt reſort, ſhe endeavored to avoid it. But her remonſtrances to the oppoſite party proving fruitleſs, and every pacific propoſal having been rejected, the war went on. In the battle of Baſſac, the Proteſtants were defeated, and the prince of Conde was ſlain. As ſoon as the melancholy news arrived at Rochelle, the queen haſted to the Proteſtant army, where before a great aſſembly of nobles and ſoldiers, ſhe made an animating and impreſſive ſpeech. She applauded the virtue and conſtancy of the prince of Conde, who had faithfully exerted himſelf even to death, in the defence of ſo good a cauſe. She exhorted the reſt to imitate his example, and to perſevere in maintaining the truth of Chriſt, and the liberty of their country: "For," ſaid ſhe, "the good cauſe is not dead with the prince of Conde, neither ought worthy men to yield to deſpondency in ſuch caſes, God having ſo provided for his cauſe, that he gave Conde companions while he lived, who may ſucceed him now he is no more. I have brought with me," ſhe added, "my only ſon Henry, who, as he is the heir of Conde's name, ſo he is alſo of his virtues. Theſe, with other Nobles, I truſt, will never be wanting in ſo good a cauſe."—After this addreſs to the Nobles and army, and many things ſaid in private to her ſon, to encourage and confirm his mind, ſhe returned to Rochelle, to raiſe new ſuccors.

Still

Still ſucceſs attended her enemies. They reduced the countries of Berne and Foix, and laid ſiege to Navarre, the only place of ſtrength which remained to the queen.

In this melancholy and alarming criſis, her little army was bleſſed with a victory as important as it was unexpected and ſurpriſing. The ſiege was raiſed, the enemy diſperſed, her loſt territory regained, and the war concluded by a treaty which ſtipulated the free exerciſe of her religion.

But the malice of the Popiſh party was ſtill unabated. What force could not effect, they now attempted to accompliſh by art. At their inſtigation, a marriage was propoſed between Henry, the queen of Navarre's ſon, and the French King's ſiſter. To this propoſal, which ſeemed, in many reſpects honorable and advantageous to the queen, ſhe replied by an expreſſion of her gratitude, and of her diſpoſition to comply with the French king, ſo far as ſhe might conſiſtently with a good conſcience; adding, that in the preſent caſe, ſhe had her doubts on account of the difference in religion between her ſon and the lady; but that ſhe would conſult her divines on the ſubject, and what ſhe ſhould find would contribute to the glory of God, and the good of the kingdom, ſhe would cheerfully embrace.

In conſequence of this conſultation, and the favorable opinion of ſeveral Proteſtant divines, (though others diſſented) together with the ſpecious pretences of the king and queen-mother, the marriage was determined on, and its conditions adjuſted.

In the mean time, the queen's attachment to the Reformation was in no degree impaired; nor did ſhe relax her efforts to ſupport and propagate it. She employed the preſent interval of peace and leiſure in ſending into Cantabria, a province of the juriſdiction of Navarre, a number of paſtors, previouſly inſtructed in its language, though until then it had been underſtood

ſtood by almoſt none beſide the natives, and was thought quite incapable of being written. She took care likewiſe to ſend among them the New Teſtament, the Catechiſm, and the prayers uſed in the Church of Geneva; all which ſhe for this purpoſe cauſed to be tranſlated into the Gaſcoigne or Cantabrian tongue, and printed in an excellent ſtyle.

The king of France inſiſting that the propoſed marriage ſhould be celebrated in Paris, as what would contribute much to univerſal harmony and ſatisfaction, the queen of Navarre repaired thither, not without reluctance, but utterly unſuſpicious of the bloody and barbarous ſchemes which were planned, and ſhortly to be perpetrated in that city. Indeed who could have imagined that a *marriage* was to be the occaſion and the ſignal for the murder of thouſands of innocent Proteſtants? Yet ſuch was the deteſtable deſign of the Papiſts then in power—a deſign but too ſucceſsfully accompliſhed.*

The pious queen had long been regarded with eyes of averſion by the queen-mother, a moſt cruel and bigotted, though unprincipled woman, who ſeemed determined at all events to cruſh the Reformation. In the wide-ſpread deſtruction of the Proteſtants which her malice had planned, ſhe wiſhed to include the queen; and the more, as ſhe dreaded the effects of the greatneſs of her ſpirit, ſhould ſhe ſurvive the general maſſacre. But a colorable pretext was wanting. She therefore imparted her deſign to a wretch of the name of Rene, an Italian, who, at her inſtance, ſold the queen of Navarre certain perfumes mingled with a ſubtil and powerful poiſon.

The

**The inhuman work commenced at Paris, on St. Bartholomew's day, Auguſt 24, 1572. In this city, and other parts of France, 30,000 Proteſtants were maſſacred, without regard to age or ſex.*

The queen fell ſick of a continued fever, which ſhe perceived would terminate in death. With equal ſolemnity and compoſure of mind, ſhe endeavored to prepare for the ſtroke. Calling her ſon Henry, ſhe injoined him above all things, carefully to ſerve God, according to the religion in which he had been educated, and not to ſuffer himſelf to be diverted from it by the empty pleaſures and delights of the world. She charged him to take care that the conſtitutions concerning it, which ſhe had publiſhed in the principality of Berne, and the lower Navarre, ſhould be inviolably preſerved. She exhorted him to purge his family, and baniſh thence all irreligious counſellors, and all flatterers, the abuſers of princes, with all other vicious perſons; but carefully to retain all good men, of whom ſhe named ſeveral of unſpotted reputation. She beſought him to take a tender care of his ſiſter Catharine, to give her an education in the ſame ſchool of piety in which he had received his own, and to diſpoſe her in marriage, at the ſuitable time, to a prince of the Proteſtant religion. She then appointhim her heir, intreating the king, and other principal perſonages of the royal family, to take upon them the protection of her ſon and daughter, and to allow them the free exerciſe of their religion.

She next requeſted that ſhe might have about her ſuitable perſons to pray with her, and to adminiſter conſolations from the word of God. On a miniſter's coming in and ſuggeſting to her the obligations to ſubmiſſion, and the merciful deſign of God in afflicting his children, ſhe replied: "I take all this as ſent from the hand of God my moſt merciful Father. Nor have I, during this extremity, been afraid to die; much leſs have I murmured againſt God for inflicting this chaſtiſement upon me, knowing that whatever he does, he ſo orders it, that in the end it ſhall turn to my everlaſting good. As for this life," ſhe added, "I am in a good meaſure weaned from it, through the afflictions

fections which have followed me from my youth to the preſent hour; but eſpecially becauſe I cannot live without offending my God, with whom I deſire to be with all my heart."

The miniſter having remarked that life was a bleſſing, as it afforded opportunity to promote the divine glory, and requeſted her to pray, that if it were the will of God, he would employ her ſtill longer in his ſervice, for the further ſpread of the goſpel, ſhe replied that 'as to what concerned herſelf, her life was not dear to her, ſince ſo long as ſhe lived in this frail fleſh, ſhe was ſtill prone to ſin againſt God; only,' ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe had a concern for the children whom God had given her; as, if ſhe were now to die, they would be deprived of her in their early years. Yet,' ſaid ſhe, 'I doubt not, though he ſhould ſee fit to take me from them, that he himſelf will be a Father and Protector to them, as I have ever experienced him to be to me, in my greateſt afflictions; and therefore I commit them wholly to his government and fatherly care.' Afterward ſhe added that 'death was not terrible to her, becauſe it was the way to paſs to her eternal reſt.'

The miniſter admoniſhing her to make confeſſion of her ſins before God, the queen, with her hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, acknowledged, that 'the ſins ſhe had committed againſt the Lord were innumerable, and more than ſhe could reckon up; but yet that ſhe hoped that God for Chriſt's ſake, in whom ſhe put her whole truſt, would be merciful to her.'

The miniſter aſking her whether ſhe verily believed in Chriſt as a Savior, and expected forgiveneſs of ſins through the ſhedding of his blood—"Yes, ſhe replied, "I do; believing that he is my only Savior and Mediator; and I look for ſalvation from none other, knowing that he hath abundantly ſatisfied for the ſins of his people, and therefore I am aſſured that God for his ſake, according to his gracious promiſe in him, will have mercy on me."

During

During her ſickneſs, the ſteadfaſtneſs of her faith and hope imparted ſerenity and cheerfulneſs to her very countenance. Her pains, though ſometimes very ſevere, extorted not a word that bordered on impatience, and ſcarcely at any time ſo much as a groan. She ſpent much of her time in hearing the pious exhortations and prayers of godly men who came to viſit her, in which ſhe took great delight. With theſe ſhe mingled much edifying diſcourſe of her own, expreſſing not unfrequently her earneſt deſire to depart and be with Chriſt and uttering her aſpirations in ſuch words as theſe: "O my God, in thy due time, deliver me from this body of death, and from the miſeries of the preſent life, that I may no more offend thee, and that I may attain to that felicity which thou in thy word haſt promiſed to beſtow upon me." Yet if at any time, ſhe perceived an abatement of the violence of her diſtemper, ſhe expreſſed her willingneſs to obtain the recovery of her former health; nor did ſhe refuſe any means preſcribed by her phyſicians for this purpoſe.

When ſhe ſaw the ladies with her weeping about her bed, ſhe blamed them, ſaying, "I pray you do not weep for me, ſince God by this ſickneſs calls me to the enjoyment of a better life.----I am now entering the deſired haven towards which this frail veſſel has been ſo long ſteering."

The greater part of the night before her death was ſpent in hearing paſſages from the bible, ſuited to her ſtate, with the diſcourſe and prayers of her miniſters. She enjoyed her ſpeech and reaſon perfectly to the laſt. Being aſked by one of the miniſters, not long before her diſſolution, whether ſhe was willing to go to Chriſt: "Yes, I aſſure you," ſaid ſhe: "much more willing than to linger here below in this world, where I ſee nothing but vanity."

Thus ſhe ſweetly yielded up her ſpirit into the hands of God, June 9, 1572, in the 44th year of her age.

We

We close the memoirs of this excellent queen with the following remarks of Bishop Burnet. "If Jane of Navarre had had a larger sphere, she was indeed a perfect pattern. Nothing was ever suggested to lessen her, but that which was her true glory, her receiving the Reformation. She both received it, and brought her subjects to it. She not only reformed her court, but her whole principality, to such a degree, that the golden age seemed to have returned under her; or rather Christianity appeared again with the purity and lustre of its first beginnings. Nor is there one single abatement to be made her. Only her principality was narrow. Her dominion was so little extended, that though she had the rank and dignity of a queen, yet it looked rather like the shadow than the reality of sovereignty; or rather, it was sovereignty in miniature: though the colors were bright, it was of the smallest form."

MARY, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN,

WIFE OF KING WILLIAM III.

SHE was daughter to James II. born April 1662, and married November 1677, to William, Prince of Orange, afterward King William III.

Her body was the beautiful temple of a fairer soul. Her presence inspired reverence in those who saw her, and seemed to mark her out for empire; while

her ſweet and graceful countenance was calculated to render majeſty amiable and attractive.

She exhibited very early ſymptoms of a moſt happy diſpoſition. She was kind and gentle before ſhe was capable of knowing that it was her duty to be ſo. This amiable temper grew up with her; and it is ſaid that in the whole courſe of her education, ſhe never gave occaſion for reproof.

Very early in youth, ſhe removed from her own country into Holland. But ſhe went under the guard of ſo much diſcretion, ſhe was ſo gentle and obliging in her deportment, ſo charitable and compaſſionate, indeed ſo univerſally exemplary, that ſhe attracted the eſteem and love of all ranks of people in the United Provinces. Their affection bordered on rapture: and their veneration, though much was due, ſeemed rather exceſſive.

Though both her parents imbibed the Popiſh religion, ſhe was a Proteſtant on principle: and when the king, her father, wrote her a letter in favor of Popery, ſhe returned him an anſwer to the following purpoſe: that 'ſhe had taken much pains to be ſettled in religion: that her inſtructors had freely laid before her that which was good in the Romiſh, that ſo, according to the Apoſtle's rule, ſhe might *prove all things*, and *hold faſt that which was good*: that though ſhe had come young from England, ſhe had not left behind her either the deſire or the means of the beſt information: that ſhe ſaw clearly in the ſcriptures, ſhe muſt *work out her own ſalvation with fear and trembling*; and not believe by the faith of another, but as things appeared to herſelf: that it ought to be no prejudice againſt the Reformation, that many who profeſſed it led ill lives, for none of the principles of their religion allowed them in it: that many of them led good lives, and more might do it by the grace of God: that there were many devotions of the church of Rome on which the *reformed* could ſet

no

no value. She acknowledged indeed, that if there was an infallibility in the church, all other controverſies muſt fall to the ground; but declared that ſhe could never yet learn where that infallibility was lodged; whether in the *Pope alone*, or a *general Council*, or both: and ſhe deſired to know in whom it reſted when there were two or three Popes at a time, acting one againſt another, with the aſſiſtance of *Councils* which they called *general*; for at leaſt, the ſucceſſion was then much diſordered. She obſerved, in regard to the authority ſuppoſed to be given to St. Peter over the reſt, that the paſſage chiefly alleged for it (John 21. 17.) was otherwiſe interpreted by theſe of the church of England, as importing only the confirmation of an Apoſtle, when, in anſwer to the queſtion, *Simon, ſon of Jonas, loveſt thou me?* he had by a triple confeſſion, waſhed off his triple denial: that the words which the king had cited, were ſpoken to the other Apoſtles, as well as Peter: that the infallibility communicated to the Apoſtles, was a gift which had ceaſed long ago: that St. Peter had no authority over the reſt; otherwiſe St. Paul ill underſtood our Lord's words, who *withſtood St. Peter to his face, becauſe he was to be blamed*: and that if St. Peter himſelf could not maintain that authority, ſhe could not ſee how it could be given to his degenerate ſucceſſors. She alleged that the ill uſe which ſome made of the ſcriptures was no ſufficient reaſon for depriving others of them: that though it was true that all ſects found ſomething in them which they uſed to ſupport their opinions, yet our Savior bade the Jews, *ſearch the ſcriptures*: that St. Paul ordered his Epiſtles to be read to all the ſaints in the churches; ſaying, in one paſſage, *I write as to wiſe men; judge what I ſay*; and that if they might judge an Apoſtle, much more, any other teacher. She obſerved, that under the law of Moſes, the Old Teſtament was to be read in the hearing not only of the Scribes and

Doctors,

Doctors, but of the women and children: that since God has made us reasonable creatures, our reason ought chiefly to be employed in things of the greatest concern: that though faith was above reason, it proposed nothing contradictory to it: that every one ought to satisfy himself in these things, as our Savior convinced Thomas, by making him thrust his hand into the print of the nails, not leaving him to the testimony of the other Apostles already convinced. She added her confidence that the king had many subjects who, if he would hear them, would fully remove his prejudices against the Reformation, the design of which was to separate from the church of Rome, so far as it had separated from the *primitive* church. In conclusion, she expressed her hope that, by the grace of God, she should abide through life in that religion the grounds of which she had thus stated; and her assurance that *the gates of hell should not prevail against it*, but that Christ *would be with it to the end of the world*: adding that as it taught her her duty to him, she should ever be his most obedient daughter and servant.'

The intelligence and firmness displayed in this letter, which was written without assistance, and with little premeditation, discouraged, and in great measure precluded, future solicitations on the subject of her religion.

Having lived several years in Holland, the ornament of her sex and station, she received, in conjunction with her husband, from both houses of Parliament, an invitation to the British throne. They were accordingly proclaimed king and queen, A. D. 1688: an event which in English history is styled *the Revolution*.

To this highly important measure her consent was not gained, but after much serious deliberation, and much painful reluctance. Royalty had no charms for her. The throne to which she was invited, her father, on account of his arbitrary conduct, and bigotted attachment

tachment to Popery, had been neceſſitated to abdicate: and the thought of poſſeſſing it while he ſurvived was ſcarcely ſupportable. She was fully ſenſible that not only her own reputation would be hazarded, but that religion too might ſuffer in the reproaches which ſhe might expect. Yet ſhe could not but be apprized that the good of mankind, the preſervation of that religion which ſhe was was convinced was the true, and the extremities to which things were now brought, called loudly for her acceptance. She had generous ideas of liberty, and of the ends of government. She thought it deſigned not to aggrandize thoſe to whom it was committed, but to make mankind ſafe and happy. She felt that no people ought to have a religion impoſed on them by the caprice or bigotry of a prince. Though very diſtant from enthuſiaſm, ſhe could not but note ſome ſtrong indications of a divine interpoſition in thoſe events which conducted her to the crown. When by theſe conſiderations her mind was finally determined, her feelings ſtill revolted: and while ſhe endeavored to bear her dignity with apparent ſatisfaction, her heart was oppreſt, almoſt to ſinking.

Not only did a ſenſe of religion and duty operate in this great ſtep of life, of ſuch moment to herſelf, and benefit to the world, but her habitual deportment and conduct gave ample evidence of extraordinary piety. Her converſation was in heaven. Her life was a life of communion with God. She was punctually exact in her attention not only to the public offices of religion, but to the exerciſes of ſecret devotion. No buſineſs, no journies, were ever ſuffered to ſuperſede, or materially to curtail, the duties of the cloſet. If neceſſary, they were anticipated; but never neglected. She judged that the bleſſing of the whole day turned upon them.

She religiouſly obſerved the Lord's day; on which ſhe attended the public worſhip of God thrice, and often four times. She was conſtant in her monthly at-

tendance at the Sacrament, and particularly attentive to her preparations for this ordinance; usually devoting the preceding day to prayer and fasting.

In the public worship of God, she was a bright example of solemn, unaffected devotion. Her whole soul was intent and engaged; nor was a single glance allowed for observation. She lost herself in the majesty of the King of kings. So remarkable was her gravity and reverence, that she seemed to spread the spirit of devotion around her; though few of her fellow-worshippers attained to such a seriousness of application as they beheld in her.

Her attention to sermons was so fixed that, as her eye never wandered from a good preacher, so she discovered no uneasiness in hearing an indifferent one. When asked how she could be so attentive to sermons of very inferior merit, she would reply, that 'she thought it did not become her by any part of her behavior to discourage, or even seem to dislike, one who was doing his best.' She was very ready to bestow commendation where it was merited: and her hardest censure of the poorest preachers was to say nothing to their advantage. She endeavored to diffuse a spirit of piety into all who came near her, especially those under her immediate care, whom she instructed and admonished with all the love and watchfulness of a mother. She dispersed good books to all around her; and frequently ordered them to be laid in places of attendance, that such as waited might not be condemned to idleness, but have both instruction and entertainment within their reach.

She was anxious to raise the reputation and authority of the clergy, as the principal mean of advancing religion. Conscious that this could be effected only by engaging them to be exemplary in their lives and abundant in their labors, to watch over their flocks, and edify them by good preaching and diligent catechising, she was resolved to have it known that these were the only methods by which divines could be recommended

ommended to favor. When church preferments were to be disposed of, she considered the right disposition of them as a capital object of her care. She charged those in whom she had the greatest confidence, to look out the best men and best preachers, and make them known. When she apprehended them to be biassed by friendship, she intimated it with an authority which became her. She could firmly deny the most earnest solicitations when she thought the person for whom they were made, unworthy of them. But she did this with such softness, and so good reasons, that the repulsed could not but confess that she was in the right, even while they wished perhaps that for once she had been in the wrong.

She was grieved to hear of the low condition of many of the English churches. She formed plans to raise them up, and afford due encouragement to their ministers. *Pluralities* and *non-residence*, when not absolutely necessary, were odious to herself, and she endeavored to render them so much so to others, as should suppress the practices of those who undertook the care of souls for which they neither watched nor labored. In a discourse on the subject, the day before she was seized with her fatal disease, she said, "She had no great hopes of rectifying matters, but was resolved to go on, and not suffer herself to be discouraged. She would still try what could be done, and pursue her design, however slow and insensible its progress might be.'

She was sincerely zealous for healing religious divisions; and declared her resolution, on the first address of some ministers, to use all means for that blessed end. She well understood the difference between doctrines and rituals, and allowed a just liberty for dissenting in things of small moment. She was fettered with no superstitious scruples, but her free spirit was for the union of all those who embraced the essentials of Christianity.

No intimation was ever let fall in her presence, offering a probable mean of *reformation*, which was lost by

by her. She would call upon perſons who ſuggeſted any thing of this kind, to turn the matter over and over again, till ſhe had matured her thoughts concerning it. It was ſurpriſing to ſee how well ſhe underſtood ſuch things, and how zealous ſhe was in promoting them.

She rightly judged that the true end of power, and the beſt exerciſe of it, was to do good, and to make the world better. She often ſaid, ſhe found nothing could make it *ſupportable*, not to ſay pleaſant, beſide this object; and ſhe wondered that the true pleaſure attending it, did not engage princes to purſue it more ardently. She encouraged thoſe who were frequently with her, to lay before her every occaſion of doing good that might occur to their thoughts, and was always pleaſed when ſuch opportunities were preſented. She even charged the conſciences of ſome with a *command* to keep nothing of this kind from her, which it was proper ſhe ſhould be acquainted with.

Never was miſtreſs both feared and loved ſo entirely as ſhe was. She charmed her domeſtics with her inſtructions, and won them by her kindneſs. Indeed ſhe delighted all who knew her by the obliging tenderneſs of her deportment. She ſoftened the afflictions of the unhappy, by the ſhare ſhe took in them; and miniſtered to the neceſſities of the indigent. It was eaſy for her to reward, but hard to puniſh, unleſs the nature of the crime rendered mercy a cruelty. Then ſhe was inflexible, not only to importunity, but to her own tenderneſs.

The ſphere which Providence allotted for her bounty and compaſſion was extenſive: but larger ſtill was her heart. Thoſe worthy confeſſors whom the perſecution of France baniſhed to England, and to the United Provinces, felt her munificence. Multitudes who fled for ſhelter from the confuſions of Ireland, reduced from affluence to want, had their exile mitigated, and their exigencies relieved, by her compaſſion. The ſame relief was liberally diſpenſed to the miſerable at home, eſpecially ſuch as ſuffered by the caſualties of war.

war. She was particularly attentive to discover and supply the necessities of persons of singular merit.

In acts of this kind, there was often displayed a greatness of soul which seemed to render munificence itself more generous. A nobleman of great piety having once proposed to her a good work which was somewhat expensive, and she having ordered a hundred pounds for the purpose, it so happened, that a considerable time intervened before the sum was received. The nobleman waited on the queen, and pleasantly remarked that interest was due for the delay of payment: on which she immediately ordered that fifty pounds should be added.

The largeness of her charity necessitated her to be very attentive and exact in its distribution. She found that even a royal treasury could not answer all demands. Hence she took care to obtain accurate accounts both of the necessities and merits of the candidates for her liberality; and in dispensing it, displayed as much memory, judgment and diligence, as if she had no cares of a different nature.

Amid all, she was very distant from ostentation. She manifested no disposition to display *herself;* no delight in commendation. Even when due acknowledgments were made, or just praise given, they seemed scarce to be heard; and never were answered in such a way as remotely tended to protract the discourse. She past from it to other subjects, as though she could not bear it. In her were seen the most active zeal for the public, and constant delight in doing good, joined with such unaffected humility and indifference to applause, that the most critical observers could see no reason to think that the secret flatteries of vanity and self-love had any influence over her.

Indeed her charities were conducted with the greatest possible secrecy. None knew what she gave, or to whom, but those whom she was necessitated to employ in the communication of her bounty: and they were under-

under injunctions of silence. When it was practicable, her own hand was the conveyance. So far was she from speaking of her charities, that when in her presence, some were mentioned as objects, whom she had already relieved, she gave no intimation of what had been done, though if the necessity appeared greater than she had apprehended, a new supply was given.

Her extraordinary piety, while it alleviated many of her troubles, gave a sting to others. She entertained, and often expressed, a painful sense of the judgments which seemed hanging over the nation. The impieties and blasphemies, the open contempt of religion and virtue, of which she heard from many parts, filled her with melancholy reflections, and presented to her mind a dark prospect. She was peculiarly pained, when she heard that some who pretended much zeal for the crown and the Revolution, seemed to think that thence they derived a kind of right to indulgence in their irregularity and licentiousness. "Can a blessing be expected," she would say, "from such hands, or any thing that must pass through them?" She longed to see a set of men of probity and public spirit, with whom the concerns of the crown and people might be lodged with reasonable hopes of success, and of the blessing of heaven on their services. She had a high esteem of all whom she found truly virtuous and religious; nor could any other considerations weigh much with her, where these excellencies were wanting. Next to open impiety, the want of life and zeal in the professors of religion, and the general coldness and disunion of the Protestants, sensibly affected her. With much feeling she would often say, "*Can such dry bones live?*"—When she heard what crying sins abounded in the British fleets and armies, she gave such directions as seemed practicable, to those who might have influence to correct them. She frequently intimated to persons in eminent stations, that nothing could gratify and oblige her more, than that care

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ſhould be taken to ſtop thoſe growing diſorders, and reduce things to the ſerioufneſs and ſobriety of former times. Her laſt great project related to a royal proviſion for maimed and decayed ſeamen; a capital object of which was to put them in a probable way to conclude their days in the fear of God. It gave her ſenſible pain to hear that Ireland was ſcarce emerged from its miſeries, before it was returning to the levities, and even abominations of former times. She informed herſelf particularly into the ſtate of the Britiſh plantations, and of their colonies among infidels. It grieved her to hear that thoſe colonies were too generally a reproach to Chriſtianity. She adopted a propoſition made for erecting ſchools, and founding a College among them. For the latter, ſhe provided a noble endowment, of which ſhe preſented a ſcheme, thoroughly digeſted, to the king. Nothing was more agreeable to her than the proſpect of advancing religion, eſpecially among infidels.

Her attention and munificence were extended to foreign churches. The ſcattered remains of the Proteſtants who had been hunted out of their vallies in Piedmont, were, by her charity embodied and reſtored. What was left of the Bohemian churches ſhe preſerved: and ſhe formed nurſeries of religion in ſome parts of Germany which were exhauſted by war.

Of *time*, ſhe was a moſt diligent improver. She conſidered her glaſs as continually running, and every ſand to be accounted for. She viewed idleneſs as the great corrupter of human nature; and believed that the mind which had no employment would create itſelf the worſt. When therefore her eyes were weakened by exceſſive reading, ſhe reſorted to work, which ſhe purſued with as much dilligence as if her labor were her ſupport. While thus employed, ſhe took care to furniſh entertainment, at once for herſelf, and thoſe who had the honor to work with her. One was appointed

apointed to read to the reſt ſomething lively as well as inſtructive.

Few of her ſex, not to ſay of her rank, ever gave leſs time to dreſs, or ſeemed leſs curious about it. While the more tedious parts of it were attended to, ſhe conſtantly read herſelf, and generally aloud, that thoſe who ſerved about her, might be the better for it; and mingled ſuch reflections, that the comment was often better than the text. Thus the hours of cloſe attendance, which in moſt courts, are the heavieſt part of the day, were in hers the moſt delightful.

She poſſeſſed a native ſincerity, which appeared in ſuch genuine characters as fully convinced every one that all was uniform and conſiſtent. She never borrowed aſſiſtance from thoſe arts ſo common to elevated ſtations, as by ſome to be imagined neceſſary. She never covered her purpoſes by doubtful expreſſions. She not only would not be active in deceiving others, but avoided ſaying that which might give them occaſion to deceive themſelves; and when ſhe did not intend to promiſe, took care to explain her meaning ſo critically, that nothing of the kind was ſo much as intimated. To this rigidneſs of integrity it was owing, that in a courſe of ſeveral years, ſhe did not once need an explanation to juſtify either her words or actions.

The franknefs of her mind and conduct was chaſtened by the ſtricteſt diſcretion. Thoſe who knew her beſt, and ſaw her oftenеſt, could never diſcover her thoughts and intentions further than ſhe choſe. No half-word, or change of look, drew any thing from her which ſhe did not mean to impart. This caution, which in moſt might be unneceſſary and improper, was in her indiſpenſable. It was no other than the reſerve demanded by her exalted ſtation, and the momentous affairs with which ſhe was converſant.

She was remarkably diſtant from pride; nor leſs ſo from paſſion. Her ſerene countenance was a chryſtal, which diſcovered the tranquility within. Her breaſt

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was like the sea, when unruffled by so much as a transient breeze. The modesty and sanctity of her mind were so undissembled and uniform, that nothing impure dared approach her presence.

No natural defects, nor faults of character were ever the subjects of her mirth; nor could she bear it in others, if wit happened to glance on such topics. She thought it cruel and barbarous to be merry at the misfortunes or follies of others. She was singularly pleased with the sermon of Archbishop Tillotson against Evil-speaking; and when she thought some were guilty of it, she would indirectly reprehend them by asking, if they had read that sermon.

As she uttered no censures herself, she was remarkably exempt from those of others. On being reminded of this felicity, she said that 'she ascribed it wholly to the goodness of God to her; for she did not doubt that many fell under hard censures who deserved them as little'—adding that 'God knew her weakness, that she was not able to bear some imputations, and therefore did not try her beyond her strength.'

What is good, and what is great in human nature, were so equally mixed, and shone so brightly in her, that it was difficult to say for which she was most remarkable.

She was distinguished for a clearness of apprehension, an exactness of memory, a solidity of judgment, and correctness of expression. She discovered a superior genius, and a felicity of imagination, even on common subjects. Her age and rank denied her opportunities for much study: yet she read the best books in English, Dutch and French; three languages which were almost equally familiar to her. She gave most of her hours to the study of the scriptures, and of books relating to them. In this way she acquired a deep and extensive knowledge of Divinity. Next to this, History, especially of modern times, and of her own country, engaged much of her attention, as being

peculiarly inſtructive. Of Poetry, ſhe was both a lover and a judge. She liked it beſt when employed on the beſt ſubjects: but its proſtitution gave her great pain. She acquainted herſelf with Natural Hiſtory and Perſpective, was accurate in Geography, and acquired ſome general knowledge of Philoſophy and the Mathematics. On the whole, her proficience in knowledge was remarkable, conſidering the weakneſs of her eyes, and the many hours which ſhe ſpent in her cloſet. For faſhionable entertainments ſhe had no reliſh. If ſhe ſometimes uſed them, it was becauſe ſhe wiſhed not to give offence by too rigid an oppoſition to eſtabliſhed cuſtoms. Her favorite amuſements were Architecture and Gardening, in which ſhe gave ſome indulgence to her genius and taſte. In this way ſhe incurred conſiderable expenſes; but as many hands were employed, ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe hoped it would be forgiven her.'

If we conſider the ſubject of our memoirs more expreſsly as a queen, ſhe will appear to much advantage. Few have poſſeſſed at once ſo great capacity for government, and ſo little inclination. What ſhe reluctantly aſſumed, and cheerfully relinquiſhed, ſhe managed with remarkable ſkill and propriety. Called, in the abſence of the king, to preſide in the adminiſtration, ſhe ruled in a manner worthy of herſelf; governing the affections of the people, and erecting her throne in their hearts. She was gentle in commanding, cautious in promiſing, generous in rewarding, patient in her audiences, and her attentions to the complicated concerns of government. That nothing might be done in haſte, the day was early begun. Thus without ſhortening her devotions, ſhe found time to keep up the cuſtomary forms, and the cheerfulneſs of a court. She was not ſo abſorbed by the greateſt cares, as to neglect the ſmalleſt.

There were occaſions indeed, on which ſhe was ſo depreſſed by her modeſty and humility, as to be too

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eaſily perſuaded that the plans of conduct ſuggeſted by others, were better than her own. If in this way ſhe was ſometimes miſled, eſpecially in things with which ſhe had little previous acquaintance, the miſtake was not only venial, but amiable. Where conſcience clearly decided the path of duty, ſhe was firm and immovable.

Her adminiſtration of public affairs had this peculiar felicity attending it, that while her amiable conduct diſarmed the greater part of her enemies, her wiſdom and ſecrecy effectually defeated the deſigns of the few who were more determined and inveterate. In ſeaſons of apparent tranquility, ſhe was circumſpect, and often apprehenſive: but when viſible danger preſented, her firmneſs of mind and conduct were truly remarkable. When there appeared reaſon to fear the worſt, ſhe ſeemed afraid of nothing. This was particularly manifeſt when an invaſion was threatened from France, in the early part of her reign. She was reſolved that if things ſhould proceed to extremities, ſhe would venture herſelf with her people, and either ſave them, or periſh with them.

This firſt exerciſe of royal power muſt have been unpleaſant indeed: but ſhe poſſeſſed her ſoul in patience, and lived in a conſtant reſignation to the will of God, free from great anxiety reſpecting events. The victory at the Boyne, where king James's army was routed by king William's, ſoon reverſed the ſcene, and put another face on public affairs. On this occaſion, none ſeemed leſs changed than the queen. She looked more cheerful, but not more tranquil, than before. She was indeed greatly relieved to find that her father, for whom ſhe ſtill cheriſhed a tender affection, was ſafe. To preſerve his life, or her huſband's, ſhe would willingly have ſacrificed her own. Speaking of the goodneſs of God in their preſervation, ſhe could not refrain weeping, while ſhe ſaid that her heart had trembled, not ſo much at her own danger, as at the

ſcene

ſcene acted at the Boyne; that God had heard her prayers, and ſhe bleſſed him for it with as ſenſible a joy as ſhe ever knew.

The next ſeaſon of her adminiſtration concluded the reduction of Ireland; an event which at the time, ſeemed very improbable, and which gave occaſion to the pious queen to make a remark to this purpoſe: that the national forces elſewhere were ſo conſiderable, that ſanguine hopes were indulged, of ſomething deciſive: Ireland alone was apprehended to be too weakly furniſhed. 'Yet ſo different, ſhe added, 'are the methods of Providence from human calculations, that nothing memorable happened, but in the very place where little or nothing was expected.'

She was again in the adminiſtration when the nation was threatened with a deſcent and invaſion which ſeemed very formidable. A moſt painful circumſtance to the queen was, that it was to be conducted by her father. It was utterly fruſtrated by a ſeries of winds equally favorable to the Britiſh fleet, and hoſtile to the French. In contemplation of this ſignal interpoſition of Heaven, ſhe was thankful, but not elated. Nor was ſhe, on the contrary, greatly depreſſed, when, in the courſe of things, Providence ſeemed leſs to favor. She was led indeed by ſuch events, to make humble and tender reflections on her own frailties and errors, and to fear leſt they were the guilty cauſe. Still ſhe ſought her refuge in God: and frequently acknowledged that her greateſt diſquietudes were tranquilized and relieved by prayer,

When melancholly events came immediately from the hand of heaven, ſhe ſaid that 'though there was no occaſion of *complaint* or *anger*, on theſe croſs events, yet there was a juſter cauſe of *grief*, ſince God's hand was to be ſeen ſo particularly in them.' Sometimes ſhe feared that ſome ſecret ſins might lie at the root, and blaſt all: but ſhe would ſoon add, that 'where ſo much was viſible, there was no need of divination concerning what might be hidden.' In

In her brighteſt ſeaſons, ſhe grew not ſecure nor unmindful of her dependence on God. The pleaſures of a court had little place in her heart; and ſhe happily maintained a habitual indifference to their continuance. From ſome caſual indiſpoſitions ſhe took occaſion to bring death as near as poſſible to her mind, that ſhe might judge of her preparation to encounter that laſt enemy. The reſult of this examination was very comforting. She ſaid that though ſhe did not pray for death, yet ſhe could neither wiſh nor pray againſt it. She left that with God, and referred herſelf to the diſpoſal of his providence. If ſhe did not wiſh for death, yet ſhe did not fear it.

The tranquility ſhe felt when death appeared more diſtant, was neither deſtroyed nor leſſened by its near approach. Amid the ſighs and tears of all around her, ſhe was ſerene and peaceful. So faſt did ſhe riſe above mortality, that even her huſband, who was more to her, than all the world beſide, could not inſpire her with any deſire of returning back to life. She received the intimations of her approaching death with firmneſs. In that hour when the moſt artificial grow ſincere, when hypocriſy drops its maſk, and diſcloſes the ſoul to view, it appeared how ſincere and ſublime was her piety. "I have been inſtructed," ſaid ſhe, "how very hazardous it is to rely upon a death-bed repentance; and I am not now to begin the great work of preparing for death: and I praiſe God, I am not afraid of it." She added, that ſhe experienced the joys of a good conſcience, and the power of religion giving her ſupports which even the laſt agonies could not ſhake. She ſeemed to have left nothing to be arranged by her in her laſt hours. Her mind was free from anxieties of every kind, and calm as the ſtill ſmall voice which ſeemed to be calling her ſoul away to the regions above. An entire reſignation to the will of God, and a willingneſs to be diſſolved, did not forſake her, ſo much as for a moment. Her gentleneſs and tender-

attentions to all about her, were equally unaltered. A few hours before she breathed her last, perceiving that her chaplain had been attending on her long, and apprehending he might be weary, she bade him sit down, and repeated the injunction till he complied—a *circumstance* indeed; but such as discovered at once the calmness of her mind, and the sweet benevolence of her disposition. While she was awake, her constant exercise was prayer: and so sensible was the refreshment which she found in it, that she said it gave her more ease than any thing which was done for her. Nature sunk apace. She received the sacrament with a devotion which at once animated and melted all present. That being over, she seemed on the wing; and gave herself up so entirely to meditation, as scarcely to regard any thing earthly. Providence blessed her with a dismission so easy, that she would scarce have known herself to be sick, but by what was intimated, and done for her, by those around. Thus she put off mortality, and past from an earthly to a heavenly crown; a crown of glory that shall never fade away.

There is one point of light too important to be omitted, in which this extraordinary woman has not yet been exhibited. She was a pattern of every conjugal virtue. "She was so tender and respectful a wife," says Bishop Burnet, "that she seemed to go beyond the most perfect idea to which invention has been able to rise. The lowest condition of life, or the greatest inequality of fortune, has not afforded so complete a pattern. Tenderness and complacency seemed to strive which should be the more eminent. She had no higher satisfaction in the prospect of the greatness that was descending on her, than that it gave her an occasion of making her husband a present worthy of himself. Nor had crowns or thrones any charm so pleasant to her, as that they raised him to a greatness which he so well deserved, and could so well maintain. She was all zeal and rapture when any thing

thing was to be done that could expreſs either affection or reſpect to him." Theſe encomiums, though they may ſeem extravagant, are almoſt juſtified by the king's pungent and inconſolable grief at the loſs of her, and the expreſſions which the occaſion drew from him. When Dr. Teniſon, upon her death, went to comfort the king, his Majeſty anſwered, that 'he could not but grieve, ſince he had loſt a wife who in ſeventeen years had never been guilty of an indiſcretion.' "On the third day of her illneſs," ſays Biſhop Burnet, "the king called me into his cloſet, and gave a free vent to a moſt tender paſſion. He burſt into tears, and cried out, that there was no hope of the queen, and that from being the happieſt, he was now going to be the moſt miſerable creature on earth. He ſaid, that during the whole courſe of their marriage, he had never known a ſingle fault in her; that there was a worth in her, that no body knew beſides himſelf." The ſame hiſtorian adds, that "the king's affliction for her death was as great as it was juſt. It was greater than thoſe who knew him beſt, thought his temper capable of. During her ſickneſs, he was in an agony that amazed us all, fainting often, and breaking out into moſt violent lamentations. When ſhe died, his ſpirits ſunk ſo low, that there was great reaſon to apprehend he was following her. For ſome weeks after, he was ſo little maſter of himſelf, that he was not capable of minding buſineſs, or of ſeeing company."

Among the remains of this excellent woman, is a collection of *letters* (to the number of thirty-ſeven) which ſhe wrote to her huſband, during his abſence in Ireland; a period of about three months. As theſe letters throw much light on the ſubject laſt mentioned, and on many other parts of her character, we ſhall enrich theſe memoirs with a few *Extracts*.

"You

"You will be weary of seeing every day a letter from me, it may be: yet, being apt to flatter myself I hope you will be as willing to read, as I to write. Indeed, it is the only comfort I have in this world, beside that of trust in God. I have nothing to say to you at present, that is worth writing, and I think it unreasonable to trouble you with my grief, which I must continue while you are absent, though I trust every post to hear some good news from you. I cannot enough thank God for your being so well past the dangers of the sea. I beseech him in his mercy still to preserve you, and send us once more a happy meeting on earth. I long to hear again from you, how the air of Ireland agrees with you; for I must own I am not without my fears for that, loving you so entirely as I do, and shall till death."

On a remarkable escape of the king.

"I can never give God thanks enough, as long as I live, for your preservation. I hope in his mercy, that this is a sign he preserves you to finish the work he has begun by you; but I hope it may be a warning to you, to let you see you are exposed to as many accidents as others. And though it has pleased God to keep you once in so visible a manner, yet you must forgive me, if I tell you I should think it a tempting God, to venture again without great necessity. I know what I say of this kind will be attributed to fear. I own I have a great deal for your dear person; yet I hope I am not unreasonable upon the subject, for I trust in God; and he is pleased every day to confirm me more and more in the confidence I have in him. Yet my fears are not less, since I cannot tell if it should be his will to suffer you to come to harm for our sins, and when that might happen; for though God is able, yet many times he punishes the sins of a nation as it seems good in his sight. Your writing

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me word how soon you hoped to send me good news, shews me how soon you thought there may be some action; and that thought put me in perpetual pain. This morning, when I heard the express was come, before Lord Nottingham came up, I was taken with a trembling for fear, which has hardly left me yet; and I really do not know what I do. Your letter came just before I went to chapel; and though the first thing Lord Nottingham told me was, that you were very well, yet the thoughts that you expose yourself thus to danger, fright me out of my wits, and make me not able to keep my trouble to myself: but let me beg you to take more care for the time to come. Consider what depends upon your safety. There are so many more important things than myself, that I think I am not worthy naming among them. But it may be, the worst will be over before this time, so that I will say no more. I did not answer your letter by the post last night, because the express could not be dispatched; and I believe more hindrances are come; for Lord Steward and Lord Pembroke write word they will be here to-night. But I can say very little upon the subject at present, for I really had my head and heart so full of you, I could mind nothing else. I hope you will forgive me, if I forget half what I have to say; for really my concern for you has got the mastery, and I am not able think of any thing else, but that I love you in more abundance than my own life."

On the king's victory at the Boyne.

"How to begin this letter I know not, or how to render God thanks enough for his mercies. Indeed they are too great, if we look on our deserts. But, as you say, it is his own cause: and since it is for the glory of his great name, we have no reason to fear but he will perfect what he has begun. For myself, my heart is so full of joy and acknowledgment to that great

great God who has preſerved you, and given you ſuch a victory, that I am unable to explain it. I beſeech him to give me grace to be ever ſenſible, as I ought; and that I and all may live ſuitably to ſuch a mercy as this is. I am ſorry the fleet has done no better; but it is God's providence; and we muſt not murmur, but wait with patience to ſee the event. I was yeſterday out of my ſenſes with trouble: I am now almoſt ſo with joy; ſo that I really cannot as yet tell what I have to ſay to you by this bearer, who is impatient to return. I hope by the afternoon to be in a condition of ſenſe enough to ſay much more; but for the preſent, I am not.

"When I wrote the foregoing part of this, it was in the morning, ſoon after I had received yours: and now it is four in the afternoon; but I am not yet come to myſelf; and fear I ſhall loſe this opportunity of writing all my mind, for I am ſtill in ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, that I ſcarce know what to ſay: but I hope you will now readily conſent to what the Lord Preſident wrote laſt night; for methinks there is nothing more for you to do. I will haſten Kenſington as much as poſſible; and I will alſo get ready for you here; for I hope you may come before that is done. I muſt put you in mind of one thing, believing it now the ſeaſon; which is, that you would take care of the church in Ireland. Every body agrees that it is the worſt in Chriſtendom. There are now biſhoprics vacant, and other things. I beg you will take time to conſider whom you will fill them with. You will forgive me that I trouble you with this now; but I hope you will take care of thoſe things which are of ſo great conſequence to religion, which I am ſure will be more your care every day, now that it has pleaſed God to bleſs you with ſucceſs. I think I have told you before, how impatient I am to hear how you approve what has been done here. I have but little part in it myſelf, but I long to hear how others have pleaſ-

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ed you. I am very uneasy in one thing, which is the want of somebody to speak my mind freely to; for it is a great restraint to think, and be silent, and there is so much matter, that I am ready to burst. Lord Nottingham brought me your letter yesterday, and I could not hold, so he saw me cry, which I have hindered myself from before every body till then, that it was impossible: and this morning, when I heard the joyful news from Mr. Butler, I was in pain to know what had become of the late king, but durst not ask him: but when Lord Nottingham came, I ventured to do it, and had the satisfaction to know he was safe. I know I need not beg you to let him be taken care of, for I am confident you will for your own sake yet add that to all your kindness, and for my sake let people know you would have no hurt come to his person. Forgive me this. The Lords of the Treasury have desired me that if there is any thing to be done, I would hear them all. You gave me no directions in this, but to the contrary; so that I have declined it hitherto, but if I must sign any warrant, it must come to it.

"I have written this at so many times that I fear you will hardly make sense of it. I long to hear what you will say to the proposition that will be sent to you this night by the Lords, and flatter myself mightily with the hopes to see you; for which I am more impatient than can be expressed, loving you with a passion which cannot end but with my life."

On the king's delaying his return.

"Unless I could express the joy I had at the thoughts of your coming, it would be in vain to undertake telling you of the disappointment it is to me, that you do not come so soon. I began to be in great pain left you had been in the storm on Thursday night, which I am told was great, though its being on the other side

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the houſe hindered my hearing it; but was ſoon delivered by your letter of the 29th. I confeſs I deſerve ſuch a ſtop to my joy, ſince it may be it was too great, and I not thankful enough to God, and we all here are apt to be too vain upon ſo quick a ſucceſs. But I have mortification enough to think your dear perſon may be again expoſed at the paſſage of the Shannon, as it was at that of the Boyne. This is what goes to my heart; but yet I ſee the reaſons for it ſo good that I will not murmur: for certainly your glory would be the greater to terminate the war this ſummer, and the people here much better pleaſed, than if they muſt furniſh next year for the ſame thing again. Upon theſe conſiderations I ought to be ſatisfied; and I will endeavor, as much as may be, to ſubmit to the will of God, and your judgment. But you muſt forgive a poor wife, who loves you ſo dearly, if I cannot do it with dry eyes. Yet ſince it has pleaſed God ſo wonderfully to preſerve you all your life, and ſo miraculouſly now, I need not doubt but he will ſtill preſerve you. Yet let me beg you not to expoſe yourſelf unneceſſarily: that will be too much tempting that Providence which I hope will ſtill watch over you. I ſhall be very impatient to hear again from you; till when, I ſhall be in perpetual pain and trouble, which I cannot think you can can wonder at, knowing that you are dearer to me than my life."

"You may believe I ſhall do as much as lies in my power to follow your directions in all things whatever, and am never ſo eaſy as when I have them. Judge then what a joy it was to me, to have your approbation of my behavior: this, and the kind way you expreſs it in, is the only comfort I can poſſibly have in your abſence. What other people ſay, I ever ſuſpect; but when you tell me I have done well, I could be almoſt vain upon it. I am ſure I have all the reaſon in the world to praiſe God, who has ſuſtained me in

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things so difficult to flesh and blood, and has given me more courage than I could have hoped for. I am sure, it is so great a mercy that I can never forget it. We have received many: God send us grace to value them as we ought. I am very impatient to hear again if you are over the Shannon. That passage frights me. You must excuse my telling my fears. I love you too much to hide them; and that makes all dangers seem greater, it may be, than they are. I pray God in his mercy keep you, and send us a happy meeting here on earth, before we meet in heaven!

"If I could take more pains to deserve your kindness, that which you write would make me do it: but that has been ever so much my desire, that I cannot do more for you, nor love you better."

"You will have an account from Lord Nottingham what has been done this day and yesterday. I know you will pity me; and I hope you will believe, if your letter had been less kind, I do not know what would become of me. It is that only makes me bear all that now so torments me: and I give God thanks every day for your kindness. It is such a satisfaction to me to find that you are satisfied with me, that I cannot express it: and I do so flatter myself with the hopes of being once more happy with you in this world, that that thought alone makes me bear all with patience. I pray God preserve you from the dangers I hear you expose yourself daily to, which puts me in continual pain. A battle I fancy is soon over; but the perpetual shooting you are now in, is an intolerable thing to think on. Take care of yourself. You owe it to yourself, and this country, and to all in general. I must not name myself, where church and state are equally concerned: yet I must needs say, you owe a little care for my sake, who, I am sure, love you more than you can do me; and the little care you take

of your dear perſon, I take to be a ſign of it: but I muſt ſtill love you more than life."

"My poor heart is ready to break, every time I think in what perpetual danger you are. I am in greater fears than can be imagined by any who loves leſs than myſelf. I count the hours, and the moments; and have only reaſon enough left to think, as long as I have no letters, all is well. I believe by what you write that you got your cannon on Friday at fartheſt; and then, Saturday, I ſuppoſe you began to make uſe of them. Judge then what cruel thoughts they are to me, to think what you may be expoſed to all this while. I never do any thing without thinking, now, it may be you are in the greateſt dangers. And yet I muſt ſee company on ſet days. I muſt laugh, and talk, though ever ſo much againſt my will. I believe I diſſemble very ill to thoſe who know me: at leaſt, it is a great conſtraint to myſelf. Yet I muſt endure it. All my motions are ſo watched, and all I do, ſo obſerved, that if I eat leſs, or ſpeak leſs, or look more grave, all is loſt in the opinion of the world. So that I have this miſery added to that of your abſence, and my fears for your dear perſon, that I muſt grin when my heart is ready to break, and talk when my heart is ſo oppreſſed that I can ſcarce breathe. In this ſituation, I do not know what I ſhould do, were it not for the grace of God which ſupports me. I am ſure I have great reaſon to praiſe the Lord while I live, for this great mercy, that I do not ſink under this affliction: nay, that I keep my health; for I can neither ſleep nor eat. I go to Kenſington as often as I can, for air; but then I can never be quite alone; neither can I complain; that would be ſome eaſe: but I have no body whoſe humor and circumſtances agree with mine enough, to whom to ſpeak my mind freely. Beſides, I muſt hear of buſineſs, which being a thing I am ſo new in, and ſo unfit for, does but rack my brains the more,

more, and not eaſe my heart. I ſee I have inſenſibly made my letter too long upon my own ſelf; but I am confident you love me enough to bear with it for once. I do not remember that I have been guilty of the like fault ſince you went; and that is now three months: for which time of almoſt perpetual fear and trouble, this is but a ſhort account, and ſo I hope may paſs. It is ſome eaſe to me to write my pain; and it is a great ſatisfaction to believe you will pity me. It will be yet more, when I hear it from yourſelf in a letter, as I am ſure you muſt, if it were but out of common good nature: how much more then out of kindneſs; if you love me as well as you make me believe, and as I endeavor to deſerve a little, by the ſincere and laſting kindneſs I have for you. I pray God the weather does not change with you, as it does here. It has rained all laſt night, and this day; and looks as if it was ſet in for it. Every thing frights me now; but were I once more ſo happy as to ſee you here, I fancy I ſhould fear nothing. I have always forgot to tell you that in the *Utrecht Courant*, they have printed a letter of yours to the States, in which you promiſe ſoon to be with them. I cannot tell you how many ill hours I have had about that, in the midſt of all my joy. When I thought you were coming home, it troubled me to think you would go over, and fight again there.——I force myſelf to end my letter; beſeeching God to bleſs you, and keep you from all dangers whatſoever, and ſend us a happy meeting again here upon earth, and at laſt a joyful and bleſſed one in heaven, in his good time! Farewell. Do but continue to love me, and forgive the taking up ſo much of your time to your poor wife, who deſerves more pity than ever any creature, and who loves you a great deal too much for her own eaſe, though it cannot be more than you deſerve."

LINES

LINES occasioned by the QUEEN'S DEATH, *Extracted from an Ode composed and presented to the King:* By MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq.

AT MARY'S tomb, sad, sacred place,
The Virtues *shall their vigils keep,*
And every Muse, *and every* Grace
In solemn state shall ever weep.

The future pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths, and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

For her the wife *and* great *shall mourn,*
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall with faithful trust
Her holy Queen's sad relics guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY MARY VERE.

SHE was of a respectable family, and the youngest of fifteen children. Her mother died three days after her birth; and her father, when she was no more than eight years of age.

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But when her father and mother had forſaken her, the Lord took her up. The experience ſhe had, through life, of God's moſt tender care over her, induced her to adopt this motto, which ſhe wrote in moſt of her books: *God will provide.*

She was firſt married to Mr. William Hobby, at about the age of nineteen. By him ſhe had two ſons, whom ſhe religiouſly educated, and at whoſe deaths, ſhe reaped the bleſſed harveſt of her labors, there being good reaſon to conclude that they were ripe for heaven, having lived long in little time. The younger died in his fourteenth year: the elder, in his twenty-third, much admired for his genius, and equally beloved for his piety.

Her ſecond huſband was Sir Horace Vere, afterward Baron of Tilbury; a perſon of honorable deſcent; but more honorable for his achievements in the field, and moſt of all, for his unſtained piety. He could *wreſtle with God*, as well as fight with men.

To the ſubject of theſe memoirs, the commendation in Nehemiah (chapter 7. 2.) had a ſtriking application. *She was a faithful woman, and feared God above many.* She had a remarkable awe of the Supreme Being habitually on her ſpirit, and was often heard to ſay, with much emphaſis and ſolemnity: "O! I would not ſin againſt my God." She declared that ſhe dreaded hell moſt, as a place in which God was blaſphemed.

She poſſeſſed an eminent zeal for the public worſhip of God. This ſhe evinced, not only by attending on it with conſtancy, ſo long as Providence granted her health, and by taking care that her family attended, not excepting her ſervants (whom ſhe would conſent to retain on no other terms) but by her extraordinary ſolemnity and devotion, while in the houſe of God. She was exceedingly diſtant from trifling with holy things, and in holy duties; which gave occaſion to one to ſay of her, that "Lady Vere, by her ſolemn

and reverent deportment, would make one believe that there is a God indeed." She had a high ſenſe of the importance of the ſacramental ſupper. She was anxious to partake of it frequently; nor could any conſideration prevail with her to neglect an opportunity of enjoying this ſacred ordinance. In her preparation for it, ſhe was ſerious and particular. The whole preceding week was ordinarily devoted to this work; in ſome part of which, it was her cuſtom to keep a faſt in her family, or her cloſet.

She was no leſs conſcientious reſpecting the private, than the public worſhip of God. She did not leave her devotion in the church, but brought it home to her family. If ever a private dwelling might be called a chapel, or little ſanctuary, it was hers. Twice every day, the prayers of the family were offered on bended knees to Almighty God, his holy word was read, and the evening ſervice concluded with one of David's Pſalms. No buſineſs, nor company was ever ſuffered to prevent or delay theſe daily ſacrifices.

On the Lord's day, the ſermon preached in public was repeated to the houſehold; the ſervants were called to give an account before her of what each of them remembered; after which the family united in a ſong of praiſe. The ſervants, when diſmiſſed, reſumed the ſinging of pſalms; and, their pious miſtreſs, to encourage them in this edifying employment, would go and bear her part with them.

Twice every day, ſhe retired to her cloſet, which was well furniſhed with books of practical divinity. Here ſhe ſpent ſeveral hours in reading the ſcriptures, with ſuch other books as were calculated to illuſtrate them, and promote the life of religion; and in prayer. She likewiſe prayed every night with her maid-ſervants. Thus familiar with the throne of grace, ſhe made, as might be expected, great progreſs in vital piety.

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Her love to God manifeſted itſelf in her fervent deſires to depart and be with Chriſt, which ſhe accounted beſt of all. She was one of thoſe few Chriſtians who ſtood in need of the exhortation which Mr. Dod was accuſtomed to addreſs to ſaints: that 'they ſhould be content and patient, though they were not taken up to heaven ſo ſoon as they deſired.' Her faith had ſuch a view of heaven, as rendered her ſtay below painful and wearifome. The earneſt aſpiration of her ſoul was: "Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly!" She found to her great grief, that her imperfections made it impoſſible that ſhe ſhould obey and honor God in this world, as ſhe earneſtly deſired to do. She often and bitterly complained of her unprofitableneſs, of which ſhe had a deep ſenſe, even while others admired her eminent uſefulneſs. Hence her deſires were increaſed, to arrive at that world where all theſe infirmities and defects would be no more, and where her wiſhes to glorify her God and Savior without imperfection, would be fully accompliſhed.

She was much in lamenting the feebleneſs and inconſtancy of her love to God. She ſeemed to have ſuch elevated apprehenſions of the glorious excellence of the divine Majeſty, as cauſed her to think her higheſt affections unworthy of him. None who have ſuch exalted ideas of the greatneſs and goodneſs of God, can love him little, or think their love, when higheſt, to be great.

Her pious heart overflowed with love to Chriſtians, becauſe they were the children of that God whom ſhe loved ſupremely, and bore his bleſſed image. She was not one of thoſe who praiſed the dead ſaints, and perſecuted the living. She did not pretend to love thoſe who lived far from her, and withhold her kindneſs from thoſe who were near. She did not confine her affections to Chriſtians of one party, and reproach thoſe of another. Nor did ſhe love the ſaints, merely

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in common with others, from a natural tenderneſs of diſpoſition, or during the tranſient overflowings of kindneſs; but her love was a ſpecial, ſpiritual and uniform love to the people of God. In whomſoever, ſhe ſaw any thing of God, her heart was drawn out to them: and her love was moſt ardent to thoſe who diſcovered moſt of God in them. She had a peculiar delight in converſe and communion with them, and diſtinguiſhed them by the largeſt meaſures of her liberality.

Few ever exceeded her in loving and honoring the faithful miniſters of Chriſt. Them ſhe conſidered as by their office and functions, diſtinguiſhed among their fellow-Chriſtians. She loved firſt the inſtitution, and then the miniſters; declaring that the eſteem and affection ſhe bore them was for the ſake of Him whoſe ſervants and ambaſſadors they were.

She was diſtinguiſhed by her works of charity. Her beneficence was ſo conſtant and active, that it became a ſubject of admiration, that its materials were not exhauſted. She imparted to the poor, not only food and money, with an unuſual generoſity, but likewiſe when neceſſary, medicine, and other accommodations for ſickneſs. In theſe ways, ſhe was a very extenſive benefactreſs to the diſtreſſed. She was not only liberal, but *deviſed* liberal things. If her ſervants knew of any perſons in great neceſſity, and did not acquaint her with their caſes, and ſhe was afterward informed of theſe diſtreſſed objects, ſhe would reprove them for their neglect. It happened that an honeſt poor neighbor died before ſhe knew of his illneſs. The good Lady enquired, with great ſolicitude, of her ſervant who attended her, reſpecting his wants and ſupplies in his ſickneſs; adding; "I tell you, I would rather part with my gown from off my back, than that the poor ſhould want."

Her charity was ſilent and unoſtentatious. What ſhe gave was frequently known only to herſelf, and

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to that God *who seeth in secret*. In the exercise of her beneficence, she was simple and humble; acknowledging that what she gave was not her own, but her Lord's, feeling her dependence on mere mercy, and desiring to be found in Christ alone, and in his righteousness, as much as though she had not done a single good work in all her life.

She maintained a habitual and steady walk with God. Hence it was, that there appeared in her religion a uniformity which recommended it to all around. There were no such *inequalities* in her conversation, as hypocrites are apt, at one time or other, to betray; but one part admirably corresponded with another. There was a visible symmetry in her conduct, as well in regard to the duties of the second table as the first; as well at home as abroad. Few persons have had a more honorable testimony from those who lived near them, or were with them long, than this eminent woman had from those who lived under her roof.

She was favored with a remarkable strength and constancy of faith. Nor was she without a good degree of assurance respecting her state, especially in the concluding part of her life. About a year before she died, she fell into a swoon, which continued about half an hour, without any probable appearance of recovery. As soon as she came to herself she joyfully exclaimed: "I know that my Redeemer liveth:" and on being conveyed to her chamber she added: "I know whom I have believed."

The crowning part of this pious Lady's character was her humility. This grace, as well as her undissembling sincerity, appeared in the great freedom which she permitted and encouraged in her friends, of speaking to her of whatever they saw amiss in her. She placed a high value on the privilege of having a faithful friend; frequently observing that 'others might see more of us than we could of ourselves;

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and that it was a great mercy to be convinced of any ſin.' She thought meanly of herſelf. She ſaw not how brightly her face ſhone, though others could not but behold and admire its luſtre. Her frequent complaint was, that ſhe was uſeleſs, and did no good. She was much in ſpeaking of her imperfections and wants, weakneſs and unworthineſs. "I abhor myſelf, indeed I do," was her frequent expreſſion. She was eaſy of acceſs even to the meaneſt who came into her preſence: and her deportment to the pooreſt around her was full of courteſy and lowlineſs. Often when her ſervants had well performed any buſineſs ſhe had aſſigned them, ſhe would be particular in thanking them. To whomſoever ſhe ſpoke, the law of kindneſs was on her tongue.

Her bright and long day had a moſt agreeable and happy cloſe. It might be truly ſaid, that *at evening time it was light.* In her laſt ſickneſs, her pains were ſtrong, but her patience was ſtronger. Never was ſhe heard to murmur, or utter an expreſſion of impatience. She was particular in juſtifying God in all his diſpenſations toward her. She was much in admiration and praiſe of his mercies, even amid her acuteſt pains, and moſt diſtreſſing agonies. In the darkeſt hours of nature, and with the ſharpeſt thorns of affliction at her breaſt, ſhe could utter ſongs of thankſgiving to the God of her mercies.

She was not entirely free from the aſſaults of her grand enemy; but he came only to be repulſed with ſhame. The divine armor which ſhe had been both accuſtomed and ſkilful to uſe in ſeaſons of health, did not fail her now. The laſt words which were obſerved to be ſpoken by her, before ſhe was ſeized with the fatal lethargy which in two days brought on the diſſolution of her weak, worn-out frame, were theſe: "How ſhall I do to be thankful? How ſhall I do to praiſe my God?" Thus ſhe cloſed her life in the exerciſe of that duty which was to be her conſtant,

ſtant, endleſs employment and happineſs in that better life on which ſhe was entering. She died in the Lord, December 25th, 1671, in the ninetieth, if not the ninety-firſt year of her age. God gave her a *long life*, and crowned her at laſt with *his ſalvation*.

Her remarkable piety is amply atteſted by thoſe eminent men, Dr. Sibbs and Mr. Gurnal. The former inſcribed to her, in conjunction with her huſband, his book intitled *The bruiſed reed*. The latter, in his dedication of *The Chriſtian in complete armor*, addreſſes her as a woman who admirably vindicated the honor of religion, by the amiable uniformity of her piety, beneficence, charity, and other graces which adorn the character and profeſſion of the Chriſtian.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

THIS Lady was born in or about the year 1627. She was the ſecond daughter of the Earl of Holland, and was married very young to Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk.

Her powers of imagination, judgment and memory were extraordinary. In the laſt particular ſhe was ſo happy, that ſhe has frequently committed to writing on Monday, the ſermon which ſhe had heard the preceding Lord's day, and this nearly in the very words of the preacher. She

She had a remarkable government of her paſſions. She was ſeldom ſo angry as to chide. It was often remarked that there was nothing in which ſhe was more unſkilful, eſpecially if the ſubject were of a temporal nature. But if any thing that concerned the cauſe of God excited her reprehenſions, ſhe would be more ſerious, and often rebuke with diſpleaſure. An oath, a profane or indecent ſpeech, would excite her warm indignation. If ſhe was acquainted with the offenders, ſhe did not fail to reprove them directly. If they were ſtrangers, ſhe would give them a check leſs direct, but not leſs effectual; or perhaps ſhew her diſguſt by retiring.

She was undiſſembling toward friends, familiar toward inferiors, affable and acceſſible to all. In converſation, her words were often gracious, and ſeaſoned with ſalt. In friendſhip, ſhe was equally conſtant and uſeful, being willing to take any pains for thoſe whom ſhe eſteemed. She was very unapt to admit ill of any, of whom ſhe had once conceived well. Nothing was more diſtreſſing to her, than to hear an accuſation of thoſe of whom ſhe entertained a good opinion. Her ſervants fared not the worſe for the inferiority of their ſtations. She was as tender of their errors, as of thoſe of her friends; and indeed conſidered them, eſpecially the faithful and virtuous, as no other than humble friends. None had a livelier ſenſe of relative duties; none diſcharged them more exemplarily, than ſhe. Her huſband, parents, kindred, friends, ſervants, neighbors, were all witneſſes of this truth.

Theſe may ſeem but *moral virtues*: but there was every reaſon to believe that in her, they were the effects of a gracious diſpoſition; and that flowing from a renewed and ſanctified heart, they might be properly baptized *Chriſtian graces*. There was full evidence that her actions in general, in which there

was

was time for deliberation, ſprung from a conſcience of duty, and were performed as in the ſight of God.

Hence her holy fortitude and valor for the truth. She would ſuffer any inconvenience, rather than reſort to diſſimulation of any kind, or permit her ſervants to uſe it. The intruſions of company when buſineſs, and eſpecially, when the exerciſes of religion called her, were not a little troubleſome, but ſhe would never avoid them by a falſehood. She would venture on any rock rather than this.

Her charity was great. The poor and diſtreſſed, whom her tender heart often relieved, bewailed at her death, and long after, the loſs they had ſuſtained, and thankfully recognized her generoſity. She diſtributed her bounty without the leaſt oſtentation.—Her ſoul ſeemed compoſed of Chriſtian kindneſs and compaſſion. Though ſhe had a perfect government of her other paſſions, yet her benevolence and pity governed her. If any in want intreated her charity, when ſhe was from home, ſhe did not excuſe herſelf by ſaying (though it was ſometimes the caſe) that ſhe had no money about her; but borrowed from her attendants, that ſhe might contribute ſomething to her petitioners.

But her liberality in her walks was an inconſiderable part of what ſhe gave. The poor whom ſhe knew needed not come to her to implore her aid.—She *ſent* clothing, food, medicine, and other comforts, to their habitations, if they had any; and provided houſes for ſome who had none. Beſide this, ſhe often condeſcended to viſit the poor, that ſhe might acquaint herſelf more particularly with their perſons and their wants.

Her charity extended beyond the *bodies* of the poor. She endeavored to relieve and benefit their *ſouls*, by the daily prayers ſhe offered on their behalf, by inſtructing the ignorant, admoniſhing the careleſs, and counſelling the ſcrupulous.

Another ſpecies of charity ſhe remarkably exemplified; that of forgiving injuries, which, whether they aroſe from miſtake and inadvertence, or from wilful malice, ſhe was ever ready to pardon. Her memory in other things was very tenacious; but here ſhe ſeemed to have no memory at all. Benefits, kindneſſes, good actions, and good ſpeeches were engraven in her heart, as if written in adamant, never to be effaced: but as to offences, they were like inſcriptions in water. An unkindneſs, indeed, might make for the time, a deep impreſſion upon her ſpirit; a painful wound in a heart where all things were ſo contrary to it. But it was never returned by any thing ſimilar.

She exhibited lively ſymptoms of a faith and hope, by which her ſoul aſcended above all fears and ſorrows into the boſom of Chriſt. Sometimes indeed, the tenderneſs of her mind and conſcience would awaken her fears; but by ſelf-recollection and more attentive examination of her ſtate, ſhe was generally ſo favored as to conquer them.

In thoſe ſeaſons when ſhe was exerciſed with ſorrows, they gently yielded to faith and patience, with the comforts which ſhe was accuſtomed to derive from the divine ſtore-houſe. When her only ſon was in the agonies of death, ſhe ſat down almoſt overwhelmed, having poured out many prayers and tears. When ſhe found that he was gone, having given a momentary vent to the ſorrows of nature, ſhe took her bible, and applied herſelf to the ſinging of pſalms, till the violence of her grief ſubſided, and her ſoul was brought to a cheerful ſubmiſſion to the will of God.

Above all her other graces, the ſweet and lovely grace of humility appeared conſpicuous. It was a garment which clothed her from head to foot: a veil, through which all the other ornaments of her mind ſhone with a luſtre mollified, yet divinely improved.

Poſſeſſed

Poſſeſſed of theſe excellent endowments and graces of the mind, ſhe exhibited a correſpondent practice. None of her talents were laid up in a napkin. With the utmoſt diligence and vigor ſhe improved them, that while ſhe made her own calling and election ſure, ſhe might glorify God the giver, and do good to her fellow-creatures around her.

She began the day with God: and as ſhe opened the morning, ſo ſhe cloſed the evening with devotion. As ſoon as ſhe awoke, ſhe went into her cloſet, and perfumed it with prayer; reading, at the ſame time, her portion in the bible, which conſiſted of the pſalms appointed for the day of the month, and ſix chapters beſide: intending by this courſe, to read the whole bible over twice in the year. This ſhe did not fail to accompliſh for the laſt ſeven years of her life. If compelled to omit her uſual portion once or twice, ſhe proportionably increaſed the number of chapters the next opportunity.

She was methodical, as well as diligent, in improving her time; carefully allotting the proper hours to buſineſs, repaſts, reading &c. Beſide her daily reading of the ſcriptures, ſhe employed a portion of her time in examining difficult paſſages by Diodati's notes, and other interpreters. Finding it ſometimes leſs convenient to ſtop the career of reading, in order to explore a difficulty, ſhe ſet a mark when it occurred, and examined it at her leiſure. She uſed likewiſe other marks, as memorials of choice places, or of paſſages adapted to particular purpoſes.

Various other books in divinity had their ſhare of her attention. Such as ſupplied food to her ſoul, and help to her devotion, ſhe not only read, but ſtudied and digeſted.

She took great delight in the ſabbath, and other ſeaſons ſet apart for devotion; eſpecially thoſe previous to the ſacrament of the Lord's Supper. This ordinance ſhe endeavored to partake frequently; finding

ing much comfort in it, and using great care and ſeriouſneſs in her preparations for it.

She frequently repeated to ſome of her family what ſhe remembered of the ſermons which ſhe heard, of which ſhe took notes from the lips of the preacher. But this practice ſhe dropped after a time; either finding it a hindrance to her devout attention, or preferring to write afterwards from memory.

Notwithſtanding the exemplary holineſs of her temper and walk, ſhe was at times, in common with many of God's children, in great dejection of ſpirit, and harraſſed with ſore temptations; particularly a few years before her deceaſe. From theſe diſtreſſes, a gracious God, in anſwer to her prayers, delivered her after a time, granting her even an increaſe of Chriſtian confidence and comfort.

Her whole life might be ſtyled a conſtant meditation on death, and preparation for it. No wonder then, that her behavior in the proſpect of death, was ſerene, full of comfort, and worthy the Chriſtian.

Apprehending ſome danger of this event, ſhe with great earneſtneſs intreated her friends to conceal nothing, but deal plainly with her, reſpecting her condition. They confeſſed that their hopes of her life were ſmall, or none, and deſired her to ſubmit to the will of God in her diſſolution.

On receiving this intimation, ſhe diſcovered neither terror nor reluctance. She ſent for her near relatives and other friends, and with a countenance ſolemn yet ſerene, took an affectionate leave of them. She bequeathed them ſpiritual comforts, fervent prayers, divine benedictions, and weighty counſels, adapted to each of them, eſpecially her huſband, her children and ſervants, all tending to direct them in the way of well-doing, that ſo ſhe might meet them again in glory; and all with ſuch affection, zeal, courage, and ſuch proofs of her aſſurance that ſhe was going from pains and miſeries to the celeſtial reſt, that the idea of that,

and

and of her aſpect, could never be effaced from their memories. She ſeemed like Moſes on Mount Piſgah, or like Jacob on his death-bed, diſtributing bleſſings around him.

One who ſhould have ſeen her deareſt friends and relatives around her, full of tears and lamentations, and herſelf unmoved, counſelling, comforting, bleſſing them, would have been ready to think that *they* were to die, and that ſhe was giving them Chriſtian exhortation and comfort. Her confidence in God, and her joy in the holy Ghoſt were ſuch, that it ſeemed as if the anticipation of death had given her a taſte of the happineſs of the life to come.

The legacy ſhe left for her two dear children, was her deſire to their father, that whatever outward proviſion he made for them, for which ſhe was not anxious, they might be educated in the ſtricteſt way of religion. The ſtricteſt way ſhe had found beſt for herſelf in life; and at death, ſhe recommended it for thoſe whom ſhe moſt tenderly loved.

After declaring her reliance on the merits of Chriſt, and her aſſurance of his love, ſhe intimated the doubts with which ſhe had wreſtled, and the fears ſhe had entertained, reſpecting the ſincerity of her repentance. She ſpoke of the comfort ſhe had enjoyed at her laſt ſacramental ſeaſon; and declared that her greateſt burden was, that though ſhe was willing to die, ſhe alſo found in her heart a willingneſs to live, which ſhe feared was too great.

It ſeemed good to her heavenly Father, at this time, to reſtore her almoſt from the brink of the grave, and continue her, very unexpectedly, ſix months longer.

This prolongation of her life ſeemed a great mercy to her father, who about this time was arraigned before the high Court of Juſtice (more properly ſtyled, of *Injuſtice*) erected by the Parliament; and condemned to die. In his affliction, he received inexpreſſible comfort from his pious daughter. When all hopes of

his life were baniſhed, ſhe repeatedly viſited him in priſon, and even watched all night in a room adjoining his, that ſhe might be near him in the morning. In converſing with him on religion, ſhe propoſed ſuch prudent and ſearching queſtions, ſo judiciouſly applied both law and goſpel, ſo gently wounded, and then ſo kindly endeavored to heal, that her father, being at length much comforted, exclaimed, "Happy I, that I ſhould receive from a child of my own, ſuch conſolation!" He likewiſe ſaid to a divine who viſited him, that he thanked God, he had a child who was able to be his counſellor in all his doubts.

The diſtreſſing ſtroke of her father's death, ſhe bore with much Chriſtian patience; acknowledging it the wiſe method of Almighty God to beſtow mercy on a ſoul which, had it been exempted from ſo great a calamity, and ſtill converſant with ſcenes of proſperity and temptation, might never ſo earneſtly and humbly have ſought Him. She declared that, thinking as ſhe thought, ſhe could not, even if it were lawful, wiſh him alive again: ſhe dared not deſire for him ſo bad a change, as to leave heaven for earth. Yet it was well known that her affection for him had been uncommonly tender and ſtrong.

She told a friend that now, if God would give her leave, ſhe would retire into the country, having, as ſhe ſaid, ſo diſpoſed her family buſineſs, that ſhe would have nothing to do, but to be ready to die. Thoſe who had opportunity to know, obſerved, that during the ſix months which ſucceeded her dangerous ſickneſs, there was not a night in which ſhe roſe from her cloſet devotions without an overflowing of tears.

In a diſcourſe with a miniſter, to whom ſhe with great plainneſs opened her ſpiritual condition, ſhe charged him to deal ſeverely and impartially with her, and ſtill would urge him again and again, beſeeching him to let her know the worſt, and expreſſing her fear that he dealt more gently with her, than he would with another.

Her

Her laſt ſickneſs ſeized her intellects for ſome days before her death. Yet ſhe had ſome lucid intervals. In one of theſe, ſhe poured out her ſoul in a large prayer, conſiſting of very fervent, melting expreſſions, as if ſhe would ſeize the kingdom of heaven by an irreſiſtible, yet humble violence; pleading before God, his name, his attributes, his mercies, his Chriſt, and his promiſes, which ſhe drew from every part of his word. This ſeemed the laſt conſiderable interval of reaſon; excepting that after her ſtrength was much ſpent, ſhe recogniſed her friends when they came to her, ſignified to them her aſſurance of her intereſt in Chriſt, and joined very attentively in prayer with one whom ſhe deſired to perform that office. About an hour afterward, in a kind of quiet ſleep, ſhe yielded her ſpirit to her God, May 10, 1649; moſt tenderly lamented by her friends, to whom ſhe had been inexpreſſibly dear and delightful.

As in youth, ſhe had her converſation much in heaven, and ſeemed early ripe for it, ſhe was privileged with an early admiſſion to its joys. She dropped mortality at the age of twenty-two.

LADY MARY ARMYNE.

THIS Lady was a branch of the illuſtrious family of Talbots. Her natural abilities were great. She had a comprehenſive and vigorous underſtanding, even to the laſt hours of her life. Though above fourſcore years of age, ſhe could diſcourſe with great ſtrength of reaſon, on the day of her death.

She

She early acquired those accomplishments which were suitable for her sex and station. She was acquainted with divinity, not only practical, but controversial; with ecclesiastical affairs; with the French and Latin languages; with history, especially the historical part of the scriptures. She understood the management of domestic concerns. In her deportment, she was very engaging. By the condescension and courtesy of her manners, she won the affection of all with whom she conversed.

To crown all, her life was eminently holy and exemplary. Her genius, knowledge and politeness were ennobled and adorned by religion.

She loved it in others. She loved such as led a holy life. She could not be easy in the company of those whose conversation shewed them destitute of the fear of God. She valued holiness, not only in her own family, choosing her servants by this qualification, but in whomsoever she saw its marks and expressions, though they were the greatest strangers—a happy evidence that she loved it for its own sake.

She endeavored to promote godliness in others, not only by often dropping serious exhortation and counsel in her conversations with them, but by many pious letters which she wrote them. She frequently distributed good books to those about her; and she gave large sums annually for carrying on the design, commenced in New-England, for converting the Indians. Nor did she discontinue this important charity, to her dying day.

When, in the year 1662, several hundreds of pious ministers were ejected from their livings, to the great distress of their families, her compassion and sympathy were most powerfully excited. A few days after the melancholy event, she went to the Rev. Mr. Calamy, and committed to him five hundred pounds, to be distributed to those among them, whose sufferings and wants were most pressing.

She

She was accuſtomed to retire, at leaſt twice every day, for reading the ſcriptures, with other pious books, and for ſecret prayer: a practice in which ſhe continued to the end of life.

It was her joy to embrace every opportunity of joining in the worſhip of God, whether public or private, ordinary or occaſional. The ardor which others devote to worldly pleaſures and purſuits, was conſecrated by her, to the duties and ordinances of religion. Her deportment in the ſanctuary was exemplarily ſerious and humble. Nor did ſhe, on any occaſion, mention the name of God, or of Chriſt, without a reverential awe upon her ſpirit.

She highly eſteemed godly miniſters. She manifeſted a great reſpect even to thoſe of the loweſt grade, and meaneſt gifts, if ſhe obſerved them to be pious, and diligent in their ſacred calling.

Her charity was eminent and active. In addition to the inſtances already given, ſhe erected and endowed alms-houſes in three ſeveral counties. When occaſion called, her donations to charitable uſes were large. As ſhe was not weary of well-doing while ſhe lived, ſhe left, at her death, a conſiderable annuity to be employed for benevolent purpoſes.

Though ſhe deſcended from an ancient and honorable family attached to the Romiſh religion, yet God was her teacher, and confirmed her not only in the principles of Proteſtantiſm, but in the love and ſerious practice of the religion ſhe profeſſed. She was not a formaliſt, zealouſly contending for truth, while deſtitute of its ſaving influence. She did not think with thoſe who conſider it as a mark of Chriſt's diſciples to be *accuſers of the brethren;* and who are ready to pronounce their fellow-profeſſors to be no Chriſtians, that they may treat them ill with leſs diſhonor and remorſe. The only war which ſhe declared, was with the world, the fleſh and the devil.

She

She was not attached to ſects or novelties in religion, under pretence of riſing to the higheſt grade among Chriſtians. She conſidered the height of religion as conſiſting in an ardent love to God and man; in a ſimple, conſtant reliance on the merits and mediation of Chriſt, and a ſteadfaſt, exemplary obedience to his will.

Though ſhe lived in a ſtyle correſpondent with her rank, and eſtate, which was opulent, yet ſhe habitually manifeſted great meekneſs and lowlineſs of mind. Her prudence, ſobriety and gravity were exemplary: nor was her impartiality in loving all whom ſhe judged to be true Chriſtians, leſs remarkable.

Though ſincerely an enemy to a dividing and factious ſpirit, ſhe did not conſider it a countenancing of ſchiſm, to relieve ſuch ſervants of Chriſt in their diſtreſs, as were branded by many of her time, as heretics and ſchiſmatics.

In ſhort, her whole ſpirit and life were a beautiful and ſtriking comment on the deſcription of the Apoſtle James. "The wiſdom that is from above, is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle, eaſy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocriſy: And the fruit of righteouſneſs is ſown in peace of them that make peace."

To live as this truly honorable and excellent woman lived, in wiſdom, humility, temperance, in a charitable, peaceable, and impartial piety, attending to the *great realities* of religion, God, the Redeemer, grace, glory, our own hearts, our duty, and preparation for the day of final account, will prove more ſafe and comfortable, at laſt, than the proud, wrathful, turbulent religion (as it is ſometimes abſurdly ſtyled) of ſuch as would ſet up Chriſt and his Church, or rather themſelves, by perſecuting, hurting and deſtroying their fellow-Chriſtians, or avoiding them, as unworthy their communion.

As

As she lived to God in an eminent degree, so He was pleased to indulge her a long life, enriched with many and distinguishing mercies. Though she was long afflicted with an excruciating disorder, which probably laid the foundation for her dissolution, yet she had remarkable relief and exemption from it in the closing period of her life: so that near her eightieth year, she enjoyed much health, and serenity of mind.

A learned and pious minister who lived near her, has left his testimony concerning her in the following terms. "The converse I had with her," says he, "afforded me opportunity to know her more intimately than many who only saw her holy course; for her business with me was no other than to open the state of her soul, to confess her infirmities, to produce her evidences for heaven, and to desire my judgment of them, together with my counsel and comfort; and farther to ask my advice for such works of public benefit as she charitably intended, and afterward liberally performed. Upon trial, I found that she had a safe and well-settled state of soul, not free from all degree of fears, and smaller doubtings of herself, and far from a presumptuous, unhumbled and self-justifying spirit. Her evidences were sound, and her discernment of them so clear and sure, as enabled her to conclude her right to everlasting life, and so with the greater peace to think on death: which evidences, as she had opened them to me, not long before, so she did it over again in her sickness, not many days before her death. At which time, after complaints of such imperfections of grace as were her trouble, she professed the full dedication of herself to God, her firm consent to his covenant, her earnest desires after perfect holiness, and her trust in the mediation and merits of her Redeemer.

In the sickness of which she died, she gave many finishing proofs of the sincerity of her religion: such as the fervor of her spirit to persevere in well-doing

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to the end—her breathing after Christ, and desiring to be dissolved and be with him, as the happiest of all—her deep and painful sense of the low state of religion, and the profession of it in the world—her submission to the divine will and disposal; freely surrendering up herself to her sovereign Lord and Proprietor, that he might do with her, in life or death, as he pleased—her peace of conscience: (in former sicknesses she had enjoyed much serenity, but never a more placid and resigned frame of soul, than at this season)—her faith, and love to Christ, manifested in her recommending an interest in him, as the best of cordials in a fainting hour, when other comforts forsake. Some of her last words were to this purpose. Her fervent prayers continued to the end; in the midst of which, she sweetly breathed out her spirit into the bosom of her God.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ELIZABETH LANGHAM.

THOUGH her descent was illustrious, she was never known to betray, either in words or deportment, that she valued herself on this circumstance, or regretted her being exceeded in wealth and splendor by others inferior in rank. If her husband, Sir James Langham, ever spoke of the smallness of his fortune, when compared with that of her own family, she interrupted him by expressing her satisfaction and gratitude

gratitude at finding herself possessed not only of an honorable competence, but of liberty and aid for the works of piety and benevolence.

She was educated with great care and success by her eminently pious mother, the Countess of Huntingdon. With her, she enjoyed a religious retirement, for which she frequently blessed God, as that which secured her not only from temptations to vice, but from the knowledge of it.

Her mother, that she might the more effectually insinuate the principles of religion into her heart and memory, was at the pains to digest her instructions into verse. Nor was her labor without a rich reward in the docility and improvement of her lovely pupil. The seed thus carefully sown, seemed early to produce not only the blossoms, but the fruits of piety. In her childhood, she manifested a tenderness in respect to duty, a solemn reverence of God, and his holy day; on which she would neither discourse herself, on any common topics, nor willingly hear others. As her capacity expanded, she took great delight in hearing the word preached, and was careful to digest it, by meditation, and converse with others.

From her infancy, she was dutiful to her parents, even to the smallest punctilio in which their pleasure was intimated. Her mother was heard to say that she never offended her in all her life. Perceiving her once to be more affected than she wished, in consequence of having misapprehended some advice she had given her, she found it necessary to comfort her with this explanation: that several things which she had spoken to her, were not intended as *commands*, but as *counsels*, which in things indifferent were not indispensable.

As she advanced, she was observed to be very exact in things of a moral nature, especially in keeping her word; to accomplish which with more certainty,

ſhe was very cautious and ſparing in her promiſes. Indeed, on ſubjects in general, ſhe leaned ſo much more to ſilence than loquacity, that a perſon of piety and judgment, intimately acquainted with her, obſerved that 'ſhe believed this lady had the leaſt account to give for words, of any that ſhe ever knew.' This caution was owing neither to want of talents, nor of matter for converſation; for ſhe poſſeſſed great intellectual ſtrength and acquirements.

She was modeſt and grave in her whole demeanor, not from a defect of ſprightlineſs, or of good humor, but from a juſt ſenſe of what was demanded by the dignity of her ſex, and of virtue. She diſplayed, at the ſame time, her affability and condeſcenſion in kindly receiving the viſits, even of the meaneſt of her neighbors, and freely converſing with them. As any of them favored more of godlineſs, ſhe increaſed her familiarity; ſtudiouſly declining to admit any to her friendſhip, till by accurate obſervation ſhe had found them to anſwer that character of worth by which it was her plan to chooſe her friends; not that of *greatneſs*, but *goodneſs*.

She was ſo courteous to all claſſes of perſons, and eſpecially to ſuch as were petitioners for her bounty, that what was ſaid of a Roman Emperor, might with great truth be ſaid of her—*None went from her preſence diſcontented*. Even thoſe to whom ſhe declined giving alms, ſhe ſo handſomely reproved, for not uſing their ſtrength to help themſelves in a more creditable way, that they ſeemed to go away ſcarce leſs ſatisfied with her advice, than they would have been with her bounty.

The poor had ſuch confidence in her goodneſs, and ſhe ſo tenderly felt for their diſtreſſes, that ſhe was frequently employed in applying in their behalf to ſome of her relations, on whom they depended: in which caſes, the prudence of her conduct, and the

bleſſing

bleſſing of God attending her humane endeavors, generally enſured ſucceſs.

Her ſervants ſhared in her condeſcenſions; for though ſhe underſtood her own place and theirs, yet ſuch mildneſs and prudence were mingled in her treatment of them, that ſhe was never known to utter a haſty or paſſionate expreſſion to any of them, though ſhe had ſometimes great provocation.

So peculiarly innocent was her deportment, even from childhood, that one of great integrity was led to remark that 'during the ſpace of ten years in which ſhe lived in her mother's family, ſhe could never obſerve in this lady any unbecoming word or action, or any thing which, if the whole world had been acquainted with it, would have tended to her juſt diſparagement.'

She ſtudied much to pleaſe thoſe with whom ſhe converſed, ſo far as was allowable. If a friendly debate occurred, ſhe was far from tenacious of her own opinion; and reſpectfully yielded to the judgment of others, if plain truth or duty did not forbid it.

As a friend ſhe eminently ſhone. She was not haſty in admitting any to her boſom; but having done it once, ſhe was unſuſpicious, noble, generous, and particularly unreſerved in communicating whatever judgment dictated as moſt conducive to their beſt benefit, whether it were advice, comfort or reproof. For this laſt, at once the moſt painful and moſt benevolent act of friendſhip, ſhe always reſerved a liberty, even in regard to her moſt valued friends: performing it with great tenderneſs, but with the moſt conſcientious fidelity.

To none was ſhe more rigid than to herſelf. Her life was a comment on the Apoſtolic injunction: "See that ye walk circumſpectly." She avoided not only what ſhe condemned in others, but what ſhe *ſuſpected* to be amiſs. Nor would ſhe pardon in herſelf, that which her charity induced her to hope well of in them.

So

So uncommonly tender was her conſcience, that ſhe took the alarm at the remoteſt appearance of ſin. Two inſtances ſhall be given out of many. When little more than a child, ſhe one day, in great affliction, and with tears in her eyes, addreſſed her governeſs, intreating her to forgive her, *becauſe ſhe knew that in her childhood, ſhe had been wanting in affection to her, and was afraid ſhe did not love her.*—In more mature age, having once threatened a child, of whom ſhe had ſome care, that if ſhe did not do ſuch a thing, *ſhe would not love her*, ſhe immediately recalled the expreſſion as *too harſh*, ſaying, "Alas! God deals not ſo with us, notwithſtanding our continual diſobedience.'

As ſhe grew in years, ſhe grew in grace; increaſing her acquaintance with God, by a conſtant correſpondence and communion with him. So frequent were her devotions, that her mother, one day, apprehenſive of her health, told her, that if that was to be her way, ſhe was not fit to live in this world. She meekly replied, (taking her mother's expreſſion in a different ſenſe from what was intended) "No indeed, madam, I confeſs I am not."

Amid the cares and duties of a married life, her devotion continued the ſame. Her prayers, like thoſe of Daniel, were offered three times in the day; and the latter part of her life, ſtill more frequently.

Her time in the cloſet was employed not only in prayer and meditation, but likewiſe in the ſtudy of the ſcriptures, and the peruſal of books of practical divinity. She read a ſermon every day, generally out of her note-books, for ſhe conſtantly took down the ſermons ſhe attended; by which practice, and by frequent inculcation, ſhe fixed in her memory the moſt which ſhe heard, and had it in readineſs for occaſional uſe.

As in this way, and by a dilligent application to the other duties of life, ſhe was an eminent example

of

of redeeming time, she could have little opportunity for those amusements which where customary among persons of her station. And she had as little inclination. They were against her conscience: for she doubted whether the expense of so much time as they generally consume, would be allowed on the great day of her audit.

She highly esteemed every part of the holy bible; and very particularly the book of Psalms. One or more of them she constantly read or heard, at her hour of repose in the evening, which by meditation and discourse, she improved to the benefit of herself and those about her. She likewise repeated a psalm from memory at lying down in bed, and another at rising in the morning.

At all times, in all emergencies, she was solicitous to know her duty, in order to practice. She made God's testimonies not only her *delight* but her *counsellors*. Nor would she determine any doubtful matter of importance, but with the best attainable light, and the greatest deliberation.

She was regular in her attendance on public ordinances. And that she might make the best use of good ministers, she would *seek the law at their mouth* in private, as well as in pubic. When she met with divines of eminence at the house of Sir John Langham, her father-in-law, she would desire her husband to propose some profitable discourse, which might give the company the advantage of their conversation; observing that it seemed quite incongrous that Physicians and Lawyers should be so commonly entertained with subjects suited to their respective functions, and that Divines alone should be presented with topics out of the line of their profession, and perhaps very unsuitable to it.

She was a pattern of social and relative duty. Her husband had the chief place in her affections. She loved him with equal tenderness and strength. To

his wiſhes ſhe was greatly attentive. Every requeſt from him, and every *intimation* of a requeſt, had with her the force of a command. She was his *friend*, and moſt delightful companion; capable of converſing both on points of divinity and general literature, and acquainted with ſeveral languages beſide her own. Amid theſe rare accompliſhments, ſhe was humble and meek; exhibiting none of the diſagreeables which ſome have thought inſeparable from a learned wife. She reſpected his underſtanding no leſs than his wiſhes, and was ever happy to receive inſtruction from him. As ſhe was thus one of the moſt amiable of women, it ſcarce needs be added, that he was one of the happieſt of men; and eſpecially, as he had a ſoul capable of valuing ſuch excellence, and made her ſuch returns of affection that ſhe ſometimes found herſelf impelled to caution him againſt exceſs: "for God," ſhe would ſay, "will endure no rival."

Her deference to her mother was not impaired by her marriage. In her dutiful affection, ripened into friendſhip, that excellent woman found a reward for all her cares, and a precious ſolace of her declining years.

To her father-in-law, ſhe paid the ſame reſpect as to her own mother: conceiving that when perſons are united by ſo tender a tie as that of marriage, a correſpondent union is conſtituted to their reſpective relations.

To the memory of her predeceſſor, the former wife of her huſband, ſhe manifeſted what is perhaps not very uſual, a ſingular veneration; often ſpeaking with reſpect of her virtues, and making them a model for her imitation.

To the children of that lady (ſhe had none of her own) ſhe exhibited the care and tenderneſs of the beſt of mothers. The cheerfulneſs and ſolicitude with which ſhe engaged in every thing tending to render them both amiable and happy, ſeemed calculated to render

render the name of ſtep-mother a name of honor and delight.

To the daughter, when about eleven years of age, ſhe aſſigned the repetition of the ſermons which ſhe heard; for which taſk her maternal inſtructions had ſo well prepared her, that ſhe could analyze a ſermon of thirty or forty particulars, with ſuitable enlargements.

This pious care of her children ceaſed not but with life. On her death-bed ſhe tenderly reminded her huſband of the importance of training them in religion; a religion which would give them ſupport in their laſt hours.

Her ſervants ſhe conſidered as a kind of inferior friends. Her treatment of them was ſuch as to excite love mingled with veneration, and to produce the ſervice of the heart, not the eye. The meaneſt of them experienced her care, eſpecially in the beſt things. Of her maids who could write, ſhe required a written account of the ſermons which they heard, ſupplying their deficiences from her own notes. She called them up early in the morning, that they might pray: and if ſhe found any of them (for ſhe examined them ſeverally) to have neglected ſecret prayer, ſhe immediately diſmiſſed them from their attendance on her, to their cloſets; not without a reprehenſion, for giving her ſervice the precedency to that of their Maker. Such care ſhe took, as ſhe ſometimes ſaid to her huſband, 'from a deep conviction that governors of families are accountable to God for the ſouls of the meaneſt under their roof.' Nor did ſhe loſe ſight of this object, even in her laſt ſickneſs. If any of them were deprived of public worſhip on the ſabbath, in order to attend her, ſhe would tell them that nothing but abſolute neceſſity would have been a reaſon with her, for detaining them at home. "But yet," ſaid ſhe, "your minds are at liberty. Let God have as much

much worſhip as you can give him. Lift up your hearts. Remember it is the Lord's day."

The ſame tender concern followed her ſervants when they left her houſe. One of the loweſt claſs coming one day to take leave of her, ſhe gave her, beſide other proofs of her kindneſs, much ſerious counſel; and begged her huſband to make her ſome additional preſent; but eſpecially not to let her go without a ſecond donation of good advice.

Her charity to the poor was eminent. She waited not till they made known their neceſſities, but by particular inquiries drew from them thoſe complaints which their modeſty might have ſuppreſſed, that ſo ſhe might diſcover in what way ſhe could be moſt helpful to them. If ſhe found any of their wants ſo great as to exceed an ordinary work of charity, ſhe was not eaſy till ſhe had procured a proportionate ſupply. Her alms were generally double; conſiſting not only of her bounty, but her counſel. It was her cuſtom, when ſhe went abroad, to furniſh her *poor man's purſe* with ſuch money as was proper to be diſtributed to neceſſitous objects in her way.

Being once informed of the great liberality of ſome of her anceſtors, eſpecially in educating ſerious young men at the Univerſities, ſhe expreſſed a high opinion of their judgment, as well as their generoſity. "Indeed," ſaid ſhe, "it is the beſt charity to promote the good of ſouls. It is a much nobler bounty to be the inſtrument of thus conſecrating the life of of one, than to relieve the age and infirmities of twenty."

Though her beneficence was ſtudiouſly conformed to the ſpirit of the Savior's direction (Matthew 6. 3.) yet her very numerous charities, concealed till her death, could be concealed no longer. Multitudes of poor, impelled by affection and gratitude, came thronging to ſee her hearſe; and while they poured their tears over their benefactreſs, lamented her deceaſe as their irreparable loſs. She

She greatly deteſted *tale-bearing*; and was ever ready to ſuſpect a paſſionate accuſer, as more faulty than the accuſed. She was very active in reconciling differences which occurred within the ſphere of her knowledge and influence. Indeed her whole life was a comment on the Apoſtle's beautiful deſcription of the greateſt of Chriſtian graces; 1 *Cor.* 13. 4—8.

With the ſickneſs which proved her laſt ſhe was ſeized ſuddenly. It was the ſmall-pox, diſguiſed under the relics of a fever, from which ſhe was to appearance almoſt recovered. The arreſt of death on the borders of ſuppoſed health, might have been expected to produce ſome diſcompoſure: but ſhe was favored with great peace.

During the twilight of hopes and fears which held both her friends and phyſicians in ſuſpenſe concerning her, ſhe ſeemed to have a prevailing deſire to *depart and be with Chriſt.* She entreated her huſband, who was importunate for her longer continuance, 'not to pray for her life, but for her ſoul, that God would make her fit to die: or, if he pleaſed to gratify the deſires of thoſe who ſo affectionately wiſhed her recovery, that he would ſo ſanctify his hand to her, that ſhe might have grace to pay her vows.' Indeed ſhe ſeemed little concerned for any thing but conformity to the divine will. The wiſh ſhe expreſſed in the midſt of a feveriſh paroxyſm was that by the burning heat, ſhe might be purified and refined.

At another time, her huſband having with great earneſtneſs prayed for her recovery, ſhe gently blamed his vehemence, deſiring him to be content with the promiſe of God, that *all things ſhould work together for his good:* and to reſign, as ſhe wiſhed to do, to the divine will; obſerving that he would ſurely have no reaſon to give himſelf up to ſorrow, if he ſhould ſee her die with good evidences for heaven. She added: "We came not into the world together; nor can we expect to go out of it together: yet it is a great ſatisfaction

faction to me that I am going whither after a while you will follow me."

During her ſickneſs, ſhe was very anxious leſt ſhe ſhould diſhonor God by impatience; and frequently aſked thoſe about her, whether ſhe did not appear to them to be deficient in patience. She ſeemed humbled at the recollection of what ſhe had ſeen in ſome Chriſtian friends whom ſhe had attended in their ſickneſs; apprehending herſelf to come far ſhort of them.

She had ſome conflicts with temptation, and with the tenderneſs of her own conſcience, which was apt to reproach her for the ſmalleſt omiſſions. She complained of herſelf in many particulars in which thoſe who knew the cloſeneſs of her walk with God, thought there was little reaſon.

But as it pleaſed God, the light of his countenance ſoon pierced and diſpelled every cloud, filling her heart with peace and comfort. To a friend who viſited her, ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe bleſſed God, that inſtead of a longer ſtay in a world full of miſeries, He had given her the ſight of a better country, and had cleared her intereſt in it—ſhe was willing to reſign her ſoul into the hands of her heavenly Father, knowing whom ſhe had truſted; and to quit her earthly tabernacle in exchange for that houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

Thus fell what was mortal of this excellent woman, to her own infinite gain, but to the great loſs of the world, and the inexpreſſible grief of her ſurviving friends.

THE

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

THIS Lady was a daughter of Richard Boyle, the firſt Earl of Cork, who was born a private gentleman, and, being the younger brother of a younger brother, had no other inheritance than is expreſſed in this *motto*, which he inſcribed on his principal buildings, and ordered to be written on his tomb: *God's Providence is my Inheritance.* By the bleſſing of that Providence on his unremitting induſtry, he roſe to a ſtate of opulence and honor rarely known.

One of her numerous brothers was the celebrated Robert Boyle; a man equally diſtinguiſhed for genius, learning and piety; a bright ornament to religion, and to human nature.

She was early inſtructed in the principles of religion, yet confeſſed that ſhe know nothing of its life and power on her heart, nor any reliſh for divine things, till ſome years after her marriage. She declared that ſhe came into her huſband's family with very falſe conceptions of religion, and prejudices againſt it: but the devotion of that family, the excellent preaching ſhe heard, and the amiable tenderneſs of her illuſtrious father-in-law, were ſoon effectual to the removal of her dangerous prepoſſeſſions.

Two other means were eminently bleſſed to her ſpiritual good: afflictions and retirement. By theſe, Heaven was pleaſed in a kind and gradual way to detach

tach her heart from the follies and pleasures of the world, which seemed her principal snares; and to fix it on better things: so that she found herself able to assure her friends of the desirableness of the exchange she had made, of shadowy, unsubstantial gratifications, for the solid joys which she found in religion; and from her own happy experience, to recommend the same choice to them.

Christian exhortation and preaching were likewise greatly instrumental in cherishing and keeping alive those convictions which terminated in her conversion. This happy change took place about thirty years before her death. From this period, her conversation, which had been externally inoffensive, was yet visibly changed. She became eminent, even among Christians, for the gravity, humility and circumspection of her walk, and for her progress in the knowledge and experience of divine things.

From the commencement of her Christian life, she seemed much concerned to know that she was on the true foundation. She dreaded a deception in things of everlasting concernment. She seriously examined the grounds of her hope, and her evidences for heaven, by the word of God; and carefully committed the result of her examination to writing.

It seemed to be the grand object of her life to walk worthy of God, to adorn the gospel, and to shew forth the praises of Him who, she trusted, had called her from darkness into his marvellous light.

She was careful and circumspect in abstaining from all appearance of evil. In all doubtful cases, her rule was to take the safe side; saying she was sure it would do her no harm to let that alone whose lawfulness was at all disputable. While therefore none were farther from censuring others, or sitting in judgment on their liberties, she conscientiously abstained from those artificial methods of increasing beauty, which were common among those of her rank; nor

would

would she play at any of the fashionable games, because, beside many other inconveniencies attached to them, she thought them great wasters of time, of which she was nobly avaricious. There were three things she would sometimes say, which she confessed were too hard for her to comprehend: "How those who professed to believe an eternal state, and its dependence on this inch of time, could complain of time's lying as a dead commodity on their hands, which they were at a difficulty to dispose of:—How professing Christians, who would seem devout at church, could laugh at others for being serious out of it:—And how intelligent men could take care of souls, and seldom come among them, and never look after them."

For many years before her death, she kept a diary, in which, among other things, she recorded the daily frame of her heart toward God, his signal providences to herself, and sometimes to others, his gracious manifestations to her soul, answers of prayer, temptations prevailing or resisted, with whatever might be useful for caution or encouragement, or afford matter for thankfulness or humiliation.

She used to style prayer *heart's ease*, as she often found it. In praying, she prayed; being not only constant and abundant, but mighty and fervent in this duty. When she used not an audible voice, her sighs and groans were sometimes overheard from her closet. Indeed prayer was the element in which she lived, and actually died: the vital breath of her soul, that wafted it immediately to heaven.

She walked two hours every morning for secret meditation; in which important art she was a great proficient; sometimes employing her thoughts on particular subjects, and at others, extracting mental food and improvement from objects and occurrences as they presented. Volumes of this kind she left behind her in manuscript.

After consecrating the day by reading the scriptures, prayer and meditation, she attended either to her domestic concerns, or the reading of some pious book. With exemplary strictness she kept the sabbath, as the best instrumental preservative of the life of religion. She was a devout communicant; seldom omitting to prepare for renewing her covenant with God, by fasting, as well as prayer. Of one of the last Sacrament days which she enjoyed, the following account is extracted from her diary.

"As soon as I awoke, I blessed God. When I had read in the word, the chapters concerning the sufferings of my blessed Savior, I spent much time in meditating on his dying love: by which thoughts I found my heart much drawn out to love him, and melted with his love. Next, with awful apprehensions of God upon my mind, I went to prayer. My heart was lifted up in the high praises of God, for both spiritual and temporal mercies, and my affections were much drawn out in the duty. My heart followed hard after God, for a nearer communion with him in the sacrament, than I had ever yet enjoyed. I then renewed my covenant with God, and made promises that by his grace enabling me, I would walk more closely with Him for time to come. That which in a special manner I begged of God, at this Sacrament, was more love to him, more holiness, more contempt of the world and the glories of it, and that I might be more useful to the souls and bodies of my fellow-Christians, than formerly I have been.

"I was in a special manner grateful for the Creation and Redemption of the world; for the gospel, and covenant of grace; for converting grace; for justification; for some measure of sanctification; for so much patience exercised toward me before my conversion, and, in order to it, the imbittering of creature comforts, that I might seek for comforts from above;

above; for sanctified affliction, for some degree of patience to bear it, and for supports under it, by the warm and lively consolations of the Holy Ghost; for returns of prayer; for so many opportunities to seek to God; for the sweet, reviving hours I have enjoyed with God in solitude by heavenly meditation; for the word and Sacraments, and the sanctifying motions of Gods' Spirit. I was in a more than usual manner melted in the duty. On coming from it, I found a longing desire to partake of the Lord's Supper, and a great joy that I was going to celebrate it. Then I went to hear. The text was, *I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.* John 14. 6.

"I was attentive at that good sermon; and by what I heard of the excellence of Christ, had my heart much warmed with love to him.

"Afterwards, at the confession before the Sacrament, I found my heart in an uncommon manner broken for my sins, and I judged and loathed myself for them. After I had received, I found my heart warmed with love to God, and my soul followed hard after him, to be made more holy, and for grace to serve him better than I had ever yet done. I had lively affections in the ordinance, and received much joy, and delightful communion with God in it.

"After I had, at the table of the Lord, given to the poor, I came away with my heart in a sweet, grateful frame, and blessed God in private for that blessed feast, and begged strength of Him to keep the promises I had made of new obedience.

"In the afternoon, I again heard the same minister, on the same text. I was in an attentive, serious frame under that good sermon. The drift of it was to show that Christ was the only way for penitent sinners to come to the Father.

"I meditated on the sermons, and prayed them over. I had also contemplations on the joys of heaven,

en, with the thoughts of being forever freed from ſin, and of being forever with the Lord, where I ſhould enjoy him in his fulleſt love.

"I found my heart much revived, and my ſoul made ſtrong ſallies and egreſſes after that bleſſed reſt.

"O Lord, I do from my ſoul bleſs thee for this ſweet day, in which thou wert pleaſed to vouchſafe to me, thy moſt unworthy ſervant, more ſoul-joy than thou haſt given me for a long time before."

She was ſcarcely leſs ſolicitous to make others good, than to be good herſelf. She had a kind of ſeraphic zeal for the glory of God, and an ardent love to immortal ſouls. It ſeemed the one great object of her life to promote religion. To this end, ſhe endeavored to exhibit it in its moſt amiable and inviting form. To a temper and deportment naturally ſweet and engaging, ſhe ſuperadded the lovely and attractive charms of Chriſtian meekneſs, benevolence and courteſy. She was likewiſe ſtudious to keep herſelf diſengaged from parties and ſects, that none might ſuſpect her of a deſign to make proſelytes to any but to God.

When in company, ſhe was careful to introduce diſcourſe at once pleaſant and profitable. In this ſhe had great ſkill and dexterity, frequently giving the converſation an inſenſible turn, by dropping ſome moral or religious apophthegm, either of her own or borrowed. She had a high value for ſuch remarks as contained much inſtruction in little compaſs, and had a large collection of them; of which the following is a brief ſpecimen.

"He loves God too little, who loves any thing *with* him, which he loves not *for* him.

"By how much the more vile Chriſt made himſelf for us, by ſo much the more precious ſhould he be to us.

"He who takes up Chriſt's croſs aright, will find it ſuch a burden as wings to a bird, or ſails to a ſhip.

"O Lord,

"O Lord, what I give thee, doth not pleaſe thee, unleſs I give thee myſelf. So what thou giveſt me, ſhall not ſatisfy me, unleſs thou give me thyſelf.

"To be libelled for Chriſt, is the beſt panegyric.

"Where affliction is heavy, ſin is light.

"Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry ſin out of it.

"The beſt ſhield againſt ſlanderers, is to live ſo that none may believe them.

"He who revenges an injury, acts the part of an executioner: he who pardons it, acts the part of a prince.

"It is a great honor to be almoner to the King of heaven. To give is the greateſt luxury. How indulgent then is God, to annex future rewards to what is ſo much its own recompenſe.

"Why are we ſo fond of that life that begins with a cry, and ends with a groan?

Where this pious lady had particular intereſt with any whom ſhe apprehended deſtitute of religion, ſhe would improve the authority of friendſhip, to plead with them the cauſe of God, and their own ſouls. 'Let me,' ſays the miniſter who writes her life, and was many years well acquainted with her, 'echo from her lips, though alas! too faintly, the melting ſtrains' in which 'ſhe would make her attempts upon the friends whom ſhe longed to reſcue from ruin.'

"Come, come, my friend, you muſt be good; you ſhall be good. I cannot be ſo unkind, nay ſo unfaithful to the laws of friendſhip, as to let you perſiſt and periſh in a way which you know, as well as I, leads down to hell. It grieves my very ſoul to have ſo good a nature enſnared againſt the dictates of its own light, by bad example, cuſtom, or any thing elſe."—If they replied with excuſes, ſhe would ſtop them thus: "Pray, my friend, have patience; hear me out. I know, or gueſs at leaſt, what you would ſay, and I

would not have you say it. It is bad to commit sin, but it is worse to plead for it, and defend it. None sin so dangerously as those who sin with excuses. The devil plants a new snare when he gets into our tongues, to fasten us to our failings, or when he raises an outwork in our own mouths, to secure the fort he possesses in our hearts. I take it for granted that all other holds were quitted easily, could you conquer" such or such a vice, "too much, by custom, prevailing over you. Unhappy custom! that dares prescribe against God's law.—But, friend, use no arguments now, that will not hold at the day of judgment. Though hand join in hand—you know what follows. No example, custom or number should have power over us, which cannot excuse and secure us. But this is the mischief of sin lived in: it bewitches the heart to love it so that it cannot leave it. *Cannot!* So men love to speak. But it is because they *will not;* that is, will use no endeavors to be rid of it. But, my friend, you *must* leave it—there is no remedy—though it cost you trouble, smart and self-denial. There is as much as all this comes to, in cutting off a right hand, and plucking out a right eye. I speak to you, as to one in whom I have a party to help me plead; I mean your conscience, and the belief of the Scriptures: for if you were one of those on whom you know I use to set my mark, I would not give you this trouble, nor esteem myself under more than the laws of a general charity to wish you better, and should hardly venture my little skill to make you so. But as for you, who still own God's authority, and believe his word, and attend his worship, why should I despair of making one part of yourself agree with the other; your practice with your convictions, your conversation with your conscience?—Not to terrify you with the thunder-claps of wrath and vengeance, listen to the still voice. It is your peculiar eminence to be kind and grateful; and because there is a kind of magnetic vir-

the

tue in these arguments, which touches our temper, I shall attack you on that side; hoping the strongest excellence of your nature will prove the weakest defensative for sin, and to keep out God. You, therefore, who are so good-natured, so kind, so grateful, that you never think you have acquitted yourself sufficiently to those who have been civil, or as you please to call it, obliging, oh! how can you be so unkind and ungrateful to God Almighty, the kindest friend, who is so much before-hand with you, who has given you so much good, and is so ready to forgive you all your sins. O that you, who I dare say, would take my word for any thing else, would do me the honor to take my word for HIM, who, I assure you, upon your sincere repentance, will be fully reconciled to you in Christ, and never so much as upbraid your past neglects, but heal your back-slidings, and love you freely. And do not fear you shall have cause to repent of your repentance. No man was ever yet a loser by God, and you shall not be the first. You shall not lose your pleasures, but exchange them—defiling ones for those which are pure and ravishing. And let it not seem strange or incredible to you, that there should be such things as the pleasures of religion, because perhaps you never felt them. Alas! you have deprived yourself unhappily, by being incapable of them. New wine must be put into new bottles. To say nothing of what the scriptures speak, of a day in God's courts being better than a thousand, of joys unspeakable and full of glory, of the great peace they have who keep God's law, and that nothing shall offend them, and that wisdom's ways are pleasantness; let my weakness reason out the case with you. Do you think that God's angels, who excel in all perfection, have no delight, because they have no flesh, no sense, no bodies, as men and beasts? Or have our souls, the angels in these houses of clay, which are God's images, and the price of his blood, no objects, no employments, which may

yield

yield them delight and satisfaction? Think not so unworthily of God, or so meanly of yourself? Have not the strokes of your own fancy, or the intellectual pleasures of your mind, sometimes transported you beyond all the charms of your senses, when they have chimed all in tune together? And cannot God, think you, who is a Spirit, and so fit an object for our souls, give them as great pleasures, as any object of our taste and sight? Come, come, my friend, take my word for it, there is more pleasure in the peace of a good conscience, in the well-grounded hopes that our sins are pardoned, in serving God, and in the expectation of eternal life, than in all the pleasures of the world. Alas! I was once of your mind; but I assure you, upon my word, I have really found more satisfaction in serving God, than I ever found in all the good things of this life, of which you know I have had my share. Try therefore; dare to be good, resolve to be so thoroughly. If you do not find it much better than I have told you, never take my word, nor trust me more."

She took great care of the souls of her servants; and if she had any ambition, it was to be the mistress of a religious family. This appeared in exacting their attendance and reverent behavior at the public worship of God—in personal instruction of them, and familiar persuasion—in seriously endeavoring to prepare them for the Lord's supper, and exhorting them to partake it frequently—in dispersing good books in all common rooms and places of attendance, that those in waiting might have profitable employment—and in making religion in her servants a step to her favor. She treated them all as friends, but they who most remarkably feared the Lord, were *favorites*.

She was exemplary in her discharge of the duties of the second table. No inconvenience could ever make her recoil from obligations under which she had once laid

laid herself. She thought it not only wrong, but contemptible, to recede from explicit, or even intimated promises, and disappoint expectations she had raised. If an attempt was made to induce her to any thing of this kind, her reply would be, "You know I dare not, I will not lie." What with such abhorrence she avoided herself, she likewise endeavored to prevent in her servants, to whom she would frequently say, "Tell me the truth, and I can forgive you any thing."

With the divine injunction to "speak evil of no man," her practice exemplarily corresponded. Where she could not commend, she was silent, unless to some single friend of whose taciturnity she was secure. Nor did she invidiously detract from the just praise of any; but frequently extenuated their failings, by presenting the bright sides of their character.

As a wife, it may be truly said, that *the heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and she did him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.* She lived under a constant and impressive sense of the covenant of God which was between them; mingling uncommon tenderness and affection with a conduct uniformly complying. She concealed his infirmities, sympathized in his indispositions, and attended him with the greatest kindness. Above all, she loved his soul; fervently praying for him, and counselling him with mingled zeal and prudence. Among other testimonials of esteem and gratitude, he gave her, by will, his whole estate, and left her sole executrix. This trust, great and arduous as it was, she discharged with such attention, prudence and accuracy, as even more than satisfied all concerned: an event which she gratefully acknowledged as a signal mercy.

Her excellence as a mother amply appeared in the education of her son, a promising youth, who died before her; and afterward, of three young ladies, her nieces, to whom she was a mother in the best sense.

She

She was a pattern of reſpect and duty to her parents. Of her Father's worth, ſhe had ſuch an affectionate ſenſe, that ſhe once had it in contemplation to write his life, and collected conſiderable materials for the purpoſe.

As a ſiſter, ſhe was inexpreſſibly tender and endearing: as a friend, open, unſuſpicious and faithful.

The temporal, as well as ſpiritual intereſt of her ſervants, was near her heart. She ſeemed to have as much ſatisfaction in pleaſing them, as ſome of the beſt of ſervants, in pleaſing their ſuperiors. She delighted to render their lives eaſy, and free from diſcontent, that ſo they might ſerve God with cheerfulneſs. She extended her generous care of them to the period when her relation to them would be diſſolved; giving to many of them the noble legacies of four, three, two and one hundred pounds (and ſmaller ſums to others, according to their terms of ſervice) to purchaſe annuities for their lives. In addition ſhe gave a full year's wages to every one not ſpecified by name, and three months' entertainment at her houſe, as in her life, that they might have ample time to ſeek other convenient places.

She was a moſt tender and indulgent land-lady; and was accuſtomed to ſay of her tenants: "Alas! poor creatures; they take a great deal of pains, and I love to ſee them thrive, and live comfortably; I cannot bear to ſee them brought into ſtraits, and would therefore without grudging have all things made convenient for them." If any of them had ſuſtained material loſſes, ſhe did not fail to conſider them.

In her charity, ſhe was forward to her power, and beyond it, though it was large. She would anticipate her incomes, rather than reſtrain or ſuſpend her liberality. She would not live poor in good works, to die poſſeſſed of a great eſtate. Her own liberal hands were the executors to her enlarged heart.

Having,

Having, in her Lord's life, a separate allowance, she inquired of a minister of her acquaintance, what proportion of their substance persons were bound to consecrate immediately to God, and to the poor. The minister replying that it was impossible to establish a universal rule, and that particular circumstances must often direct, she insisted on an answer more explicit and precise. On his suggesting that a seventh part, as he supposed, would be a suitable proportion of *her* substance, she immediately rejoined, without giving him time to assign his reasons, that she could not think of less than a third. This proportion she accordingly set aside for charitable uses; nor did the most pressing occasions of a different kind ever prevail on her to infringe on it, though she often borrowed from the remainder of her property, to increase it.

When she came into possession of the large estate bequeathed her by her husband, her disposition of it realized, in great measure, the remark said to have been uttered by a person of eminence, *that the Earl of Warwick had given all his estate to pious uses.* She seemed to have no satisfaction in so great possessions on any other account than that of doing more extensive good; and has been heard to declare that she would not be incumbered with the largest estate in England on any other conditions.

That her charity was *judicious* as well as generous, appears from its being bestowed on objects of the following descriptions:

1. Persons really in want, whose necessities were yet through their modesty and delicacy, less obvious and known. Such she liberally relieved, though unasked; while at the same time, she seemed more solicitous for their *pardon*, than their thanks.

2. Foreigners who fled to England to preserve their religion, or to embrace what they believed to be the truth.

3. Scholars,

3. Scholars, of promiſing diſpoſitions and capacities, whom in great numbers ſhe educated a tthe Univerſity, either entirely, or in part; allowing them, according to their exigencies, an annual ſum of thirty, twenty, ten pounds, &c.

4. Multitudes of poor children. As many of them as were willing to learn, or could be perſuaded to it, ſhe put to ſchool in neighboring towns; not only paying for their inſtruction, but giving them books, and often, clothing. This noble kind of charity ſhe exerciſed not only near home, but as far diſtant as Wales, contributing largely to the pious deſign of the excellent and truly apoſtolic Mr. Gouge, to reſcue that country from its groſs ignorance.

5. Many miniſters of other denominations, as well as conformiſts, who had either no livings at all, or ſuch as were very incompetent.

6. Many occaſional applicants. Though ſometimes deceived and abuſed in theſe caſes, ſhe was not diſcouraged from continuing to give; ſaying 'ſhe would rather relieve ten who appeared proper objects, and were not, than let one go unrelieved, who was in diſtreſs; for though they deceived her in her giving, God would not deceive her in accepting what was ſincerely done for his name's ſake.

7. The poor around her whom ſhe knew. Theſe ſhe fed, in great numbers, not only with fragments, but with generous ſupplies purpoſely provided. And if any of them were ſick, or in diſtreſs of mind, to whom ſhould they apply, but to her? She ſupplied them with medicines, and perſonally viſited even the meaneſt of them, to converſe with, to inſtruct and to comfort them. Her love and compaſſion for them were wonderful. Twice a week, bread and beef were provided for the poor of four adjacent pariſhes; and ſhe ordered, in her will, that the ſame bounty ſhould be continued after her death, and a hundred pounds diſtributed to the poor of four pariſhes beſide.

Such

Such was the amiable and exemplary life of the Countefs of Warwick. It remains that fome account be given of her death.

This great event was habitually the fubject of her thoughts; and fhe ufed to call her walking to meditate upon it, her *going to take a turn with death*.

From a paffage in her diary, written the laft Lord's day of her health, it appears that fhe had then fome remarkable impreffions of her diffolution as near. On the Tuefday following, fhe was feized with a fevere indifpofition, from which however fhe foon appeared partly to recover. But in about a fortnight, her ficknefs returned, with increafed feverity, and moft alarming fymptoms. She difcourfed with great cheerfulnefs, till near the clofe of life. To fome friends who were near her fhe faid, as fhe turned back the curtains of her bed (and it was one of the laft fentences fhe was heard to utter,) "Well, Ladies, if I were one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, as much as I love you." Having foon after propofed prayer, fhe, almoft as foon as it was begun, fetched a figh as fhe fat in her chair, turned fuddenly pale, and expired, agreeably to her own wifh: for fhe had often been heard to fay that 'if fhe might choofe the manner and circumftances of her death, fhe would die praying.'

It has been feen how this excellent woman ferved and glorified God. It may not be an improper addition to our account of her, to notice briefly fome principal inftances in which He was pleafed to put fignal honor on *her*; according to his own declaration, "Thofe who honor me, I will honor."

God gave her riches, as well as honor, in abundance, as it is faid of Jehofhaphat: yet her heart was not lifted up with them; but, as is declared of that good king, it was *lifted up in the ways of the Lord*.

God gave her a heaven upon earth; for after fome painful fcruples and trembling fears, fhe enjoyed the bleffed calm of a purified, ferene and well-aflured confcience.

God gave her the perfume of a good name, which, wherever it was spread, diffused its precious odors. She had not merely a spotless, but a resplendent reputation.

God gave her many cordial, endeared friends, faithful as her own soul, to counsel and comfort her, and help her through her greatest difficulties.

God gave her many merciful deliverances; one of which (July 23, 1661,) was extraordinary. When the horses in her coach, having thrown the coachman, ran violently away with her, the carriage was suddenly intercepted and stopped by a post, and her life rescued from very imminent danger.

God gave her the affectionate esteem of all her neighbors. She was the delight of the country round her. And such was her reputation for prudence, discretion and impartial rectitude, that she began to be the arbitress of all controversies among neighbors, many of whom she happily reconciled.

God gave her the love and admiration of all who knew her. The honorable and mean, the rich and poor, persons of all degrees, and what is more, of all persuasions, paid her the kindest and most heart-felt respect.

It may be said of her, that "God prevented her with the blessings of his goodness, and crowned her with loving kindness and tender mercy; that he made her glad with the light of his countenance; and satisfied her as with marrow and fatness; that he granted the requests of her lips, and shut not out her prayer:" And at the last, he gave her ability and time to settle her affairs with satisfaction, to recollect herself, and renew her evidences for heaven.

Finally, God took out the sting of death: nor did he suffer her to feel the pains that usually attend dissolution. She had an easy and rapid transition from the prayers of the Church militant, to the eternal hallelujahs of the Church triumphant. We may apply to her

her ſudden and peaceful exit, the lines of the excellent Dr. Watts, on a ſimilar occaſion.

A ſoul prepar'd needs no delays;
The ſummons come, the ſaint obeys:
Swift was her flight, and ſhort the road:
She clos'd her eyes, and ſaw her God.

She left behind her a great number of pious obſervations on particular paſſages of ſcripture, and occurrences of life, a few ſpecimens of which are here added.

REFLECTIONS ON PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Pſalm 119. 136.

Rivers of waters run down my eyes, becauſe men keep not thy law.

Lord, when I read in thy word, of the man after thy own heart thus ſpeaking, and conſider that I am ſo far from imitating him, that I can many times ſuffer ſin to be upon my brother, without ſo much as giving him a reproof for it, or adviſing him to conſider whom he offends by it; nay, that I am ready to ſmile at that which is a grief to thy Holy Spirit; I beſeech thee, O Lord, to humble me under this conſideration; and make me for time to come to imitate holy David in my charity towards my offending brother; and with thy ſervant Lot, let my ſoul be *vexed in hearing and ſeeing the converſation of the wicked.* O let me be ſo charitable as to weep over the ſoul of my offending brother; and let me, as much as in me lies, deliver him out of the ſnare of ſin, and by my prayers and holy example help him towards heaven!

Mark 9. 5.

And Peter anſwered and ſaid to Jeſus, Maſter, it is good for us to be here.

Lord when I peruſe theſe words of Peter, *it is good for us to be here*, it makes me reflect upon myſelf in relation

relation to the preſent world, who am often, when delighted with any thing here below, which pleaſes my ſenſual appetite, ready to ſay, *it is good to be here.* But O Lord, I beſeech thee do thou then ſay to me, "Up, and be going; for here is not your reſt: look beyond things temporal, to thoſe which are eternal." Theſe worldly pleaſures, I know, die in the birth, and are not worthy to come into the bill of mortality. Make me, O Lord, to conſider that theſe things cannot ſatisfy me for a moment, much leſs for eternity; and that though the world ſeems to kiſs me, it is but to ſtab me; that though it makes me ſport, it is but to put out my eyes; that it promiſes much, but performs nothing. Therefore let me not ſay, *It is good to be here;* but let me ſeek after *that city which hath foundations, whoſe builder and maker is God:* after *that better country, that is, a heavenly.*

Luke 16. 25.

But Abraham ſaid, Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receiveđſt thy good things, and likewiſe Lazarus evil things: but now, he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

Lord, when I remember this ſad anſwer of Abraham to the rich man's requeſt, how ſad a remembrance muſt it have been to him, to conſider his former proſperity; that he was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared ſumptuouſly every day, and yet that now he wanted a drop of water to cool his tongue! The memory of his paſt proſperity was only an aggravation of his preſent miſery; for what good did it do him to conſider that in his life-time he had, it may be, a great retinue, and many to wait on him, whereas in hell, his attendants were only devils and damned ſpirits.

O Lord, I beſeech thee, may it never be ſaid to me, as it was to this miſerable great one, Thou haſt had, in thy life-time, thy good things! thou haſt received thy

thy conſolation! O Lord, I beſeech thee, give me not my portion in this life! O let me not have a ſhort heaven here, and an eternal hell hereafter! Let me not be ſatisfied with the bleſſings of thy footſtool, without thoſe of thy throne; nor with the fatneſs of the earth, without the dew of heaven! Let me not ſay to gold, thou art my hope; nor to the fine gold, thou art my confidence! Let me not count theſe lower things my good things, becauſe they may conſiſt with reprobation, and a Dives may have them, and go to hell; but let me account thoſe good things which cannot conſiſt with reprobation! O viſit me, Lord, with the favor of thy choſen! O let me not ſo much covet to be clothed with purple and fine linen, as to be like the King's daughter, all glorious within, and be clothed with the righteouſneſs of Chriſt! O help me to put on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and to make no proviſion for the fleſh, to fulfil the luſt thereof!

Geneſis 22. 9, 12.

Abraham bound Iſaac his ſon, and laid him on the altar, upon the wood.——Lay not thine hand on the lad, neither do thou any thing unto him.

Lord, when I read with what obedience faithful Abraham complied with that command to ſlay his ſon in ſacrifice—a command which not only ran croſs to his natural affection, but ſeemingly would diſappoint the promiſe which he ſo long waited for, and at length received with ſo much delight and ſatisfaction, that he named his ſon Iſaac, laughter, as a witneſs and memorial of his joys—and when I read how, when he had ſtretched out his hand, and taken his knife to ſlay his ſon, thou calledſt from heaven to him, *Lay not thine hand upon the lad;* the conſideration of all this makes me aſhamed, to think how ſlow and backward I was to yield to thy gracious commands and calls to devote myſelf entirely to thee, in a courſe of ſtrict religion, and to preſent my body as a living ſacrifice,

holy and acceptable to thee—for fear of ſlaying my Iſaac, and loſing all my joy and delight.

But O Lord, I muſt acknowledge I was afraid where no fear was; for I find by bleſſed experience that religion, that being laid upon thine altar, neither ſtabs, nor burns up our delights, but only confines and regulates them: as I find in the hiſtory of the prodigal ſon, that though he had much mad jollity before, yet he never knew what true joy was, till he came to himſelf, and returned to his father; for it was then, and not till then, that he and his began to be truly merry.

Matthew 7. 21.

Not every one that ſaith unto me, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that does the will of my Father which is in heaven.

O Lord, when I read that it is not a calling upon thee, Lord, Lord; but obeying thee as ſuch, by doing thy will, that will give entrance into thy kingdom, how deſirous am I to live up to my prayers! And as I every day pray, as thou haſt taught me, that thy will may be done, ſo, Lord, enable me to do thy will, even when it is moſt contrary to my own!

Let thy will commanding be my will obeying! Help me to reſign my will wholly to thine! Make me cheerfully to do, and patiently to ſuffer thy will! Lord, let thy will be done by me, and upon me!

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS.

On the different manner of working of a Bee and Spider.

While I am attending to this deſpicable Spider, which, deſpicable at it is, has yet ſome of its kind that have the honor to inhabit the courts of potentates, (for the inſpired volumes tell us, *they are in king's palaces*) I am led to conſider that the work he is ſo buſily

buſily employed in, while he ſpins his webs entirely out of his own bowels, without having help from any thing without him, is, when finiſhed, good for nothing, but is ſoon bruſhed down, and flung away. While the induſtrious Bee, who is buſily employed in making his uſeful combs, daily flies abroad to enable him to do ſo, and flying from one flower to another, gathers from each that which both renews his own ſtrength, and yields ſweetneſs to others.

By the Spider's work, I am reminded of a formaliſt, or proud profeſſor, who works all from himſelf, and his own ſtrength, and never goes out of himſelf to get ſtrength for his performances; and therefore his thin-ſpun righteouſneſs is good for nothing, and will be thrown away.

The Bee's going abroad is an emblem of the real Chriſtian, who is renewed in the ſpirit of his mind, and, that he may be enabled to work the great work for which he came into the world, goes out to an ordinance, and to Chriſt in a promiſe, for ſtrength by which to work, and thus obtains it; and this makes his work yield honey, and turn to advantage.

O Lord, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, let me not dare work from myſelf, but go out daily to thee for ability with which to work my great and indiſpenſable work, that I may deny my own righteouſneſs, and make mention of thine only; and may find ſuch ſweetneſs from every ordinance and promiſe, that my ſoul may be like a garden which the Lord hath bleſſed, and may exceedingly thrive and proſper.

On feeding the poor at the gate with ſome broken meat left at a feaſt.

How thankful are theſe neceſſitous perſons for the fragments of that feaſt which was ſo plentiful to thoſe who ſat within at the table! Improve this, O my ſoul, by conſidering the different ſtates of the *church triumphant*, and that which is yet *militant*.

The

The church *triumphant* is in poſſeſſion of eternal bliſs, happy in the fruition of God in his fulleſt love, and is continually feaſted at the marriage-ſupper of the Lamb: while the church *militant*, as yet without the door of heaven, is glad of ſome taſtes of thoſe pleaſures which are earneſts of the purchaſed poſſeſſion, and previous guſts of it; or, as it were, ſome of the fragments of the full, conſtant and delicious feaſts of thoſe bleſſed inhabitants of the New Jeruſalem.

O Lord, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, entertain me ſometimes with ſome taſtes of the joys which thoſe partake, who are preſent with thyſelf! Let me ſee through the lattice, till I ſhall ſee thee as the pure in heart ſhall ſee thee in another world; that ſo I may long to be diſſolved, and be with Chriſt. Believing in thee, let me even here rejoice with joy unſpeakable and full of glory, which may make me thankful to thee for what I here enjoy of thee; knowing that Chriſt poſſeſſed by faith is a young heaven, glory in the bud:—and thereby do thou raiſe my deſires to go to thoſe celeſtial manſions where glory is full blown, and where I ſhall be entertained with rivers of pleaſures at thy right hand for evermore!

On my gardener's chooſing young thriving ſtocks to graft on, and rejecting old and withered ones.

My gardener's care, in grafting, to chooſe young and flouriſhing ſtocks, and paſſing by thoſe which are old and withered, puts me in mind of God's dealings with his creatures, in grafting his grace upon their hearts. . . . . .

Though the mercy of God ought not to be confined to any age, yet we may obſerve that God doth not frequently work ſaving grace in old and withering creatures, but chooſes young diſciples, delighting to graft his grace on ſuch, that they may go on to bring forth more fruit in old age, having given God the *Spring* of their lives by a ſolemn act of early dedication. Theſe

by

setting out betimes on their journey to heaven, have a long time in which to glorify God, and to be examples and encouragers to others to come in and serve God, by assuring them that his yoke is easy, that all his ways are pleasantness, and his paths peace.

O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee, by this meditation, let my heart be lifted up in the high praises of thee, my great and good God, for not suffering me to continue so long under the reigning power of sin, as to be cast off, like an old and withered stock; but that thou wert pleased to shew me the beauties of holiness betimes, before the autumn of my age! Though, Lord, I confess, with St. Augustine, that too late, O Lord, I knew and loved thee, and heartily grieve that I did not, as I ought, devote the entire spring of my years to thee, but did give so much of my young time to sin and folly, being too conformable to the wicked world!

But O! for ever admired be thy mercy, which plucked me as a brand out of the fire, and left me not to be fuel for everlasting burnings! Thou mightest, Lord, justly have said to me, *Thou art filthy; be filthy still;* and mightest have punished my former iniquity, by leaving me to die in my sins. But, blessed be thy name, thou didst implant in me the graces of thy holy Spirit before my old age; by which thou hast been pleased to give me more time to serve thee, and taste the pleasures of thy service; and hast thereby enabled me to declare to others that thou art good to the soul that seeks thee, and that the purest, most satisfying and lasting pleasures are to be found in a holy and strict walk with thee, that in keeping thy commandments there is great reward, and that the religious have their joys, though the blind sinners of this world want eyes to see them. Lord, make me now in my old age to bring forth more fruit, that thou mayst not say of me, as justly thou didst of the fruitless fig-tree, *Cut it down: why cumbers it the ground?*

On

On seeing a fine carpet taken off a dusty table.

While this elegant carpet was upon the table, it might be thought very fine and clean, but when the adorning cover was removed, how foul and dusty was it found to be!

This brings to mind a formal professor, who places all his religion in the formality of outward duties, which to beholders make him appear decently; but all this while, under that outside appearance of devotion, his heart is foul and filthy; his care being only to appear, like a painted sepulchre, beautiful without, while within there is all uncleanness. So he thinks by a hypocritical outside to conceal all his faults, and serve the devil securely in the livery of Christ.

O Lord, I humbly beseech thee, suffer me not to satisfy myself with the outward formality of duties, which may seem well to spectators; but make me to mind their inward and spiritual performance, and how my heart is affected in them. Let me look to heart-purification, knowing that thou, my great God, lookest at the heart; and that though I may by covering over a sinful heart with a fine outward formality, deceive men, yet I cannot deceive thee, the great Searcher of the heart, before whom all things are naked and open.

On lighting many candles at one.

This candle, that has lighted so many, still gives as much light as it did before, and has lost nothing by what it has imparted to them.

Improve this, O my soul, by considering that some excellent Christians, like John Baptist, that *burning and shining light*, are so conspicuous, that all beholders take notice of their well-ordered conversations; their light so shining before men, that others, seeing their good works, are thereby excited to glorify God. They are so communicative of that light with which God

God hath vouchsafed to illuminate their understandings, that they are in a spiritual, what Job was in another sense, *eyes to the blind;* and are still teaching young disciples what they, who are old, have been taught of God, and so are training them up in Christianity. Yet by imparting their knowledge of God, they know him not less themselves, but many times the more; and while they are acquainting others with the pleasures of religion, and bringing them into the holy path which leads to eternal life, they hinder not their own progress to heaven.

O Lord, I most humbly beseech thee, let this meditation provoke me to communicate, more than I have ever yet done, to my fellow-Christians, especially to my family under my authority, what I know of thee; that by declaring how good a God thou art, I may bring others to know thee, not only with a general, but an experimental knowledge, such as will make them say as I do, that *thou art good, and dost good.* O let me by declaring what thou hast been to my soul, cause others to join me in adoring thee for thy greatness, and loving thee for thy goodness, that we may magnify thy name together; and that I may be at once a burning and shining light myself, and instrumental to impart light to others.

On a person of lively genius and great knowledge, but unsanctified.

This person, who in this profane age, is celebrated as a great wit, and is very acceptable to all his companions on that account, yet makes so ill a use of the parts God hath bestowed on him, that he employs them only to laugh and jest at all that is sacred or serious; endeavoring to turn all devotion into ridicule. Thus he perverts the knowledge that God has conferred on him; and instead of glorifying with it his great Creator, renders it an instrument of his own destruction, a torch to light him to damnation.

O Lord,

O Lord, I moſt humbly beſeech thee, let this meditation make me chooſe to have a little ſanctified knowledge, rather than the quickeſt and moſt elevated parts unſanctified. Help me to improve the powers thou haſt beſtowed upon me, to thy honor, that I may never fight againſt thee with thy own weapons, but bring ſome glory to thee by them! O be pleaſed to give me light in my head, and fire in my heart, even that fire from heaven by which I may inflame others with true zeal for thy glory; that uſing for thee the weak parts thou haſt vouchſafed to me, I may by the little knowledge I have, be lighted to the regions of bliſs, while others, with their greateſt knowledge, devoid of grace, go down to utter darkneſs.

We conclude the memoirs of this pious lady with ſome paſſages of a Letter which ſhe wrote to Earl Berkeley, in reply to his requeſt of ſome rules for a religious life.

..... As ſoon as you awake, fix your thoughts on that God who gives you time to think. Do as holy David did, who ſaid, *When I wake, I am ſtill with Thee.* Conſider that your bed might have been your grave; for many, every night, go down to the place of ſilence. Conſider alſo what a mercy ſleep is. If we miſs but a night's reſt, how burdenſome and uneaſy we are to ourſelves. Therefore begin the morning with bleſſing God for it; and then commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be ſtill. Reflect what a mercy it is to have another day added to your life. Think what many a poor, dying creature would give for a day to repent in; and at what a high rate, if it were to be purchaſed, the damned ſpirits would purchaſe a day to repent in. Conſider that a day is a precious thing. The Emperor Veſpaſian

pasian, a heathen could say, when he had spent a day without doing good: "O my friends, I have lost a day!" Another would say: "He was not corthy the name of a man, who spent a whole day in worldly pleasures." Remember that this little moment of time is all we have given us in which to provide for eternity; and therefore is not to be thrown away carelessly, as if we had no God to serve, no soul to save.

When you are ready to retire to your closet, let none of the business of the world be first dispatched, though the devil be ever so busy to persuade you to it; but say to all your worldly employments, Stay here, while I go yonder and worship. When you shut your door, have a care to shut out vain, distracting thoughts which will be very busy to steal away your heart.—Begin your private devotions by reading some portion of the word of God, and remember it is the word by which we must one day be judged. When you have done this, consider seriously what you are going about; that you are going to speak to that God, before whom the angels and cherubim cover their faces in reverence, as not able or worthy to behold so much glory; and before whom the father of the faithful esteemed himself *dust and ashes*. Therefore prostrate yourself before the most High with humility, remembering that He has said, *He will have respect to the lowly*; and yet come with confidence, as to a gracious Father, who has promised that *whosoever comes to him shall in no wise be cast out*, that *while we are yet speaking, he will hear*. Remember that prayer is the key of heaven; and that it is by prayer you can pour out all your wants to God, as to a most loving Father, with a confidence that he will supply them. Not only make conscience of prayer, but make conscience also how you pray. Do not satisfy yourself with the body of the duty without the soul; but as pious Hannah did, pour out your spirit before the Lord, and this in the name of Christ, for such things as you stand in

need of. Remember that David said the Lord had heard the voice of his *weeping*. Therefore, if you can, weep for your sins. At least, mourn that you cannot mourn, for sinning against so gracious a Father: and do not leave your prayers, till you have enjoyed some communion with God in them.

Be as cheerful as you can. Give me leave to assure you, that however the devil and wicked men may persuade you that religion will make you melancholy, I can assert from my own experience, that nothing can give you such comfort, serenity and composedness of mind. This will keep you clear of disquieting remorses. It will give you the peace of God that passes all understanding, and the continual feast of a good conscience. It will make you rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It will calm your desires, and quiet your wishes, so that you shall find that the consolations of God are not small. You will find you have made a happy exchange, having gold for brass, and pearls for pebbles. Truly, my Lord, I am upon trial convinced that all the pleasures of this world are not satisfactory. We expect a great deal more from them than we find. Though I had as much as most in this kingdom, to please me, and was an eye-witness to all the glories of the court, and was young and vain enough to have my share in its vanities, I never found that they satisfied me; God having given me a nature incapable of satisfaction in any thing below the highest excellency. I never in all my life experienced real and satisfying comfort, but in the ways of God, and I am very confident that your Lordship never will. Therefore I beseech you to make the experiment, and then I verily believe you will be of my opinion, that the ways of religion are pleasantness, and all her paths peace.

Set apart some time every day for reading good books, and for meditation. Do not fear that a little time alone will make you melancholy. You will find

yourself

yourſelf never *leſs* alone: for certainly that God who makes all others good company, muſt needs be beſt himſelf.

Be often in the profitable work of ſelf-examination. Be not a ſtranger at home, but pray St. Auguſtine's prayer: "Lord, make me to know thee, and myſelf!" You will find the practice of this rule conduce much to the good of your ſoul. This will make you ſee what ſin is moſt predominant, and what grace is moſt weak, and has need of ſtrengthening. It will keep ſin from growing undiſcerned.

Meditation is a moſt profitable duty. Therefore meditate on the tranſitory and unſatisfying nature of all this world's glories. Your Lordſhip has, young as you are, ſeen ſuch ſtrange revolutions as are ſufficient to convince you that there is nothing certain in this life, and that all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.—God has in our age caſt contempt upon Princes, and ſtained all the glory of human excellencies, to make us ceaſe to put confidence in man, whoſe breath is in his noſtrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of? God hath humbled all the gods of the earth, that he might be God alone; and hath imbittered the ſtream, that we might apply to the fountain. In this manner often meditate, that you may be kept from over-loving any ſublunary enjoyment.

Meditate on the ſhortneſs of your life, and the uncertainty of the time of your death, on the dark abyſſes of eternity, and the great account you muſt give of all you have done in the body, whither it be good or evil: *for we muſt all appear before the judgment ſeat of Chriſt.* Think too, of the joys of heaven; of the reſt that remains to the people of God; of the better country, even the heavenly; of the joys which eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived, but which God hath laid up for thoſe who love him. Heaven will make us happy, not as philoſophy pretends to do, by the *confinement*, but by the *fruition*

fruition of our desires. There shall we be past doing, as well as suffering ill. There all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, we shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. They are *unmixed* blessings which are reserved for the other life. We shall there enjoy health without sickness, pleasure without sorrow, and happiness to eternity: but what is above all, *we shall be ever with the Lord*, and see Him who will be *all in all* to us. Yea, we shall follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes. I would have you frequent in such meditations as these, that while you are musing, the fire of heavenly devotion may burn, and inflame your heart with love to God; that so your meditation of him may be sweet.

I would also recommend to you the frequenting of the public ordinances, which are excellent helps to devotion: God hath promised that they who wait on him shall renew their strength, and that he will make them joyful in his house of prayer. I know your Lordship too well to persuade you to works of charity; for I am not ignorant that your Lordship abounds in good works. Only to encourage you to continue in this exercise, I would put you in mind that God hath said: *He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:* and that *whosoever gives a disciple in the name of a disciple, though it be but a cup of cold water, shall not lose his reward.*

My Lord, I fear I have tired you with too many tedious rules, and shall therefore put an end to them, when I have added one more; which is, to conclude the day always with prayer, and not give sleep to your eyes, till you have called yourself to account, what mercies you have received in the day, that you may praise God for them; and what sins you have committed, that you may be humbled for them—remembering what the good Primate of Armagh said; *that the best man living did enough in the day, to bring him upon his knees*

at

at night. Therefore every night make your peace with God, remembering that many have ſhut their eyes in a healthful ſleep, and yet waked in another world.

LADY ELIZABETH BROOKE.

SHE was born January 1661, of an ancient and reſpectable family, from which, however, ſhe received leſs honor, than ſhe reflected on it by her ſingular virtues.

In her infancy ſhe loſt her mother, and in her childhood, her father; ſo that ſhe was early caſt on the care of the *Father of the fatherleſs*.

She had rare endowments from nature; an excellent mind, lodged in a fine form, and looking through a beautiful countenance, the traces of which were diſcernible in old age. She poſſeſſed an extraordinary quickneſs of apprehenſion, and richneſs of fancy, united with a ſolid judgment, and retentive memory.

But her greateſt glory was religion, in which ſhe was eminent. She devoted herſelf early to God, remembering him as her Creator and Redeemer in the days of her youth. And ſhe continued to *walk with God* with great ſteadineſs through a long life; ſo that ſhe was found at death, not only full of years, but full of grace.

As ſhe early applied herſelf to religion, and experienced its power, her genius, induſtry, length of

time, use of excellent books, and converse with learned men, all united, rendered her one of the most intelligent of her sex, especially in divinity, and the holy scriptures.

Her knowledge of the book of God was not confined to the practical, but extended to the doctrinal and critical parts. Many of the difficulties in Scripture chronology she was able to solve.

She could discourse pertinently on the great points of theology. She could oppose an atheist by arguments drawn from topics of natural religion; and answer the objections of other cavillers by weapons drawn from the Scriptures. Students in divinity might profitably spend their time in hearing her discourse; and some of her own chaplains confessed that her conversation was more *edifying* as well as pleasant, than their studies; and that while they *taught*, they *learned*.

These uncommon acquisitions will appear less wonderful, when we consider the assiduity and skill with which she used the best *means* of knowledge.—She was an indefatigable reader of books, especially the Scriptures, and the most valuable commentaries on them. She perused a multitude of treatises, not only of the practical, but the learned kind; and, among others, several of the ancient philosophers.—She was a most diligent *inquirer*; embracing every opportunity of suggesting questions to her learned friends, on subjects most interesting and difficult; such as cases of conscience, obscure texts of scripture, and the accomplishment of the prophecies. She generally took notes from the books she read, that she might recur to the most important ideas they contained, without a second perusal. She was industrious to preserve what either instructed her mind, or affected her heart, in the sermons she heard, to which she gave great attention while they were preached, and had them repeated in her family; making them

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the ſubjects of converſation not only ſoon after their delivery, but the following week. Beſide this, ſhe wrote down the ſubſtance of them, and diſpoſed many of them into queſtions and anſwers, or diſtinct ſubjects ſuitable for meditation. By theſe methods, ſhe was conſtantly either enlarging her knowledge, or confirming what ſhe had already acquired.

Theſe precious treaſures ſhe was aſſiduous to improve, through divine help, on which ſhe felt a habitual and ſenſible dependance, to the beſt practical purpoſes; making it the buſineſs of her life to work out her ſalvation, to adorn her Chriſtian profeſſion, and to glorify her God.

Her piety was ſtrict and univerſal; having reſpect to all God's commands, whether of the firſt or ſecond table. Nor was it leſs affectionate. Her whole heart was warmly and vigorouſly engaged in religion. Yet her zeal, grounded in ſincerity, was guided by exemplary prudence and diſcretion.

Her religion was likewiſe grave, ſolid, ſubſtantial, without any tincture of enthuſiaſm; though ſhe had a cordial and experimental perſuaſion of a divine influence, and firmly believed that the ſame Holy Spirit which dictated the ſcriptures, both guides the underſtandings, and ſanctifies the hearts, of all true Chriſtians.

As her own practice was holy, ſhe endeavored that her family might walk in the ſame ſteps, and with her, *ſerve the Lord*. For this purpoſe, ſhe not only kept up family prayer, with the reading of the ſcriptures, morning and evening, and the repetition of ſermons on the ſabbath, but engaged a divine to come every fortnight to her houſe, to perform the office of a catechiſt, by expounding methodically the principles of religion, and examining the ſervants.

While her heart expanded with love to all mankind, ſhe felt a particular complacency in Chriſtians, and in thoſe moſt of all, who exhibited moſt of the image

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of God. The evidences of grace, though in persons on some accounts less agreeable, were to her a recommendation both more certain and more powerful, than any or every other accomplishment. Among the friends of Christ, his ministers had a peculiar share of her regard. She manifested her *fear of the Lord* by *obeying the voice of his servants.* What they delivered in harmony with the Scriptures, she received and treated as a message from God.

In *rendering to all their dues,* and in matters of justice generally, she was strictly and uniformly conscientious. To have a title to any thing *in law,* was little to her, unless it was ratified in the court of conscience.

Her liberality was remarkable. She considered herself as only the steward of her estate; and gave away a great portion of it, for the encouragement of the ministry, and the relief of the indigent. Every one, indeed, who had occasion for her charity, experienced it, and in the way which was most suitable and beneficial. So cheerful was she in the discharge of this part of duty, that when an occasion presented, it was never a question with her, whether she should give, but only in what proportion; on which subject it was common for her frankly to refer herself to others, saying, "I will give what you think is meet and fit in this case."

Her friends experienced from her a benevolence and largeness of heart which greatly adorned and recommended religion. It could little have been expected that one so communicative to the poor, should be able to display such generosity to those who were not so. But her economy performed wonders.

To all who applied for her assistance in their spiritual concerns, not excepting the meanest, she most readily imparted suitable instruction, counsel and comfort. The prudence, patience and compassion with which she treated such as were tempted, or disquieted

in

in mind, were remarkable. One of her servants coming to her closet on thisaccount, and beginning to open to her the grief of her mind, she injoined her to forget that she was a servant; and having discoursed with her with great prudence and tenderness, she dismissed her much comforted.

That part of religion which is peculiarly styled *devotion*, was her solace and delight. A considerable portion of her time was daily employed in prayer, searching the scriptures, and meditation. In these exercises, which were her element, she conversed with God, and was least alone when most alone. She rested not in the form, but commanded the affections of her soul to wait on her God; at sometimes enjoying sensible and refreshing communion; at others lamenting her infirmities, the difficulty of praying aright, and of preserving a sense of the divine majesty and presence.

The sabbath was her delight, and a day in God's house better to her than a thousand others. The enjoyment of God in ordinances was a kind of heaven to her soul. Through the week, she longed for the day and courts of the Lord; and great was her affliction, when her hearing was so impaired that she could not enjoy public worship, though few supplied the want of it so well, by the exercises of the family and closet.

Amidst all her attainments, she was humble, and cloathed with the ornament of a lowly spirit. She seemed sincerely to apprehend that others excelled her in godliness, and accounted herself among the least of saints. The original writer of her life declares that 'notwithstanding her quality, her exquisite knowledge, 'eminent grace, and the high value her friends had 'justly for her, he could never perceive in her, in the 'whole course of eighteen years converse, the least in-'dication of vain-glory or self-admiration.'

Her

Her humility was of an excellent kind; the fruit of great knowledge, a deep sense of the corruption of human nature, with the imperfection of grace, and the remains of sin, in the sanctified. It was cherished by a realizing sense of God, and acquaintance with him, by a frequent examination of herself and her conversation by the standard of the Scriptures, and by tenderly observing how sin was prone to mingle itself in her best actions.

She was in the best sense *polite;* treating all around her with the courtesy proper to their stations; complying where she could with innocence; though studiously careful that nothing in her conversation might border on such freedoms as dishonor God, and blemish the Christian profession. She was solicitous in this way to adorn the gospel, and evince that religon, with all its purity and strictness, involves in it neither melancholy nor moroseness. Nor was it uncommon for her greatly to deny herself, and relinquish her own rights that she might avoid giving offence, and maintain love and peace in the church and world.

She carefully avoided censoriousness; putting the best construction on the words and actions of others; not lightly speaking evil of any, nor readily receiving an evil report. She peculiarly abhored a censorious spirit in reference to preachers and sermons. She was a most candid hearer; judicious indeed, and critical, but very distant from severity and captiousness. If but truth were spoken, and piety enforced, though in an ordinary method, she was so far satisfied as to find no fault. But her favorite discourses were such as were either peculiarly argumentative, or clearly illustrated the sense of Scripture, or unfolded the excellence of the gospel, or displayed Christ in his person, undertaking and offices, or detected the difference between the *real* and *almost* Christian, and came nearest the conscience, urging the exactest conversation, and the strictest government of the heart, thoughts and affections.

In.

In all her relations, she exhibited the Christian. As a wife, she was faithful, affectionate, prudent, complying. As a mother, watchful and indefatigable; restraining her children from evil, bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, constantly endeavoring to instil into their minds the principles of holiness, charity and justice. Those who became her children by marriage, she treated with the same kindness and affection as her own. To her servants and tenants she was just and good: to her neighbors, all that they could desire.

She was greatly endeared to her particular friends, by her prudence, fidelity, and almost excess of love. She was sedulous in improving her friendships to serve the great purposes of religion.

By these excellencies, and many more which might be named, she obtained a *good*, and (what she was far from desiring) a *great* name. She had the most honorable testimonials from several eminent divines of her day, who personally knew her. One of them (Bishop Reynolds) after being most generously entertained at her house, declared that 'the best of his entertainment was his converse with so excellent a lady.' Another, who frequented her house, (Dr. Sibbs) used to say that 'he went to other places to satisfy others, but that he went thither to please himself.' A third returned from a visit which he made her, exclaiming that 'the one half was not told him.'

She had great mercies, and interchangeably great afflictions. The first she received with humility, the last with patience. To the former head may be referred the great kindness of her husband, a numerous family, and plentiful estate; a fine temperature of body, so that she was seldom sick, though never strong; the continuance of her senses, the vigor of her intellects, and the soundness of her judgment, even in the last years of her life; the attention and respect she received from the most respectable persons in her neighborhood;

borhood; the concluſion of ſome unkind law-ſuits, which as ſhe did not begin, ſhe could not prevent; the bleſſing of long life, and that of ſeeing every ſurviving branch of her family amply provided for. What was more than all, ſhe enjoyed much inward peace, which, though ſometimes interrupted by doubts and fears, was generally even and firm, and ſometimes advanced to joy and ſtrong conſolation.

Her afflictions were chiefly widowhood, and the loſs of children. The ſharpeſt of her trials was the untimely death of her laſt ſon, who was drowned. It was moſt ſeverely felt, and ſeemed to threaten, for a time, both her reaſon and life. But ſo graciouſly was ſhe ſupported and carried through, that ſhe ſurvived many years, and recovered a conſiderable meaſure of her former cheerfulneſs. In her greateſt diſtreſs, and when ſhe ſeemed moſt in danger of ſinking under this ſad event, ſhe was ſtill meek and reſigned, often juſtifying God, acknowledging the righteouſneſs of the diſpenſation, and expreſſing a lively concern leſt her extreme affliction ſhould bring diſhonor on religion.

The cloſe of her life was a languiſhment of ſeveral months, attended at times with grievous pain, which ſhe bore with exemplary patience. During her ſickneſs, her mind was calm, her conſcience witneſſed her integrity, and ſhe maintained an unſhaken hope in God, that he would crown his grace in her with perſeverance and eternal glory. She was deeply ſenſible of her need of Chriſt, adhered to him, rejoiced in him, and deſired to be with him. She expired almoſt inſenſibly, paſſing by an eaſy tranſition to that long-deſired *reſt which remains to the people of God.*

To conclude our account of this lady, it may be remarked of her, that ſhe had the knowledge of a divine, the faith, purity and zeal of a Chriſtian, the wiſdom of the ſerpent, and the innocence of the dove. She was ſerious, but not melancholy; and cheerful, without

without any tincture of levity. She was very holy, and humble, and thankful to God for all his mercies, and above all for Jesus Christ, on whose merits she entirely relied, renouncing all her own works in the article of justification. In fine, she was (to use the expressions of one who undertook to give a brief idea of her character) a *Sarah* to her husband, a *Eunice* to her children, a *Lois* to her grand-children, a *Lydia* to ministers, a *Martha* to her guests, a *Dorcas* to the poor, and an *Anna* to her God.

She left behind her evidences of unusual and admirable industry in her numerous manuscripts, among which were the following: A Body of Divinity; shewing what a Christian must believe and practise—Collections of Commentaries on a great part of the Holy Scriptures; and the sum of the controversies between the Protestants and Papists—Observations, Experiences, and Rules for practice. Of the *latter*, as they seem peculiarly an image of her mind, we have selected the most valuable parts, and present them, as happily supplying the defects of these memoirs of her life.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

Vanity of the world.

All my comforts below, are dying comforts. No one creature, nor all the creatures that ever I enjoyed, have given my soul satisfaction.

Good actions will bear consideration: but evil actions will not.

Every act of piety and obedience will bear consideration; but so will not any sinful action. If we consider, before we attempt a sinful action, either we shall not commit it, or we shall do it with regret, and

a conscience half set on fire. But if we consider before a holy action or duty, our revolving thoughts will much animate us to the service. Wherefore I conclude that *sin shames*, and that *religion justifies* itself.

The worship of God is made pleasant by a sense of his presence in it.

God's presence was formerly manifested by visible signs, as the cloud, fire, and brightness: but though we cannot expect these, yet we have the same special presence of God with us. And whenever by faith we attain any lively apprehensions of it, how solemn, profitable and delightful do they make the worship of God! With what joy do they bring us to the public assemblies; and how unwilling are we to be kept from them, when we have this expectation from them! And finding our expectation answered, how devoutly do we behave in them! How joyfully do we return home, as those who have seen God, and conversed with him!

It is difficult to pray without some wandering thoughts.

It is very difficult to carry sincerity, and keep up a sense of God, through every part of prayer; which is necessary to be endeavored, and is the life of the duty. I find it hard to keep my soul intent; for my thoughts are slippery and swift, and my heart is snatched away sometimes against my will, and before I am aware; yea, even sometimes when I have made the greatest preparation, and had the greatest resolutions, through grace, to avoid wandering thoughts. My best prayers therefore need Christ's incense to perfume them.

A deep sense of God in prayer is desirable and ravishing.

Could I understand my near approach to God in prayer, it would exalt my soul above measure. And why am I not ravished with the thoughts of being in the

the preſence of God, and having the ear, yea, the heart, of the King of heaven? It is nothing but want of faith, and the ſtrange power of ſenſe, that weakens my ſpiritual apprehenſions, and keeps me from an unſpeakable delight in my addreſſes to God. What a high privilege is this, to ſpeak to the great Jehovah, as a child to a Father, or a friend to a friend! But how ſlow of heart am I to conceive the glory and happineſs thereof! Could I but manage this great duty as I ought, it would be a heaven upon earth: it would bring God down to me, or carry me up to him. Why ſhould I not be carried above the world, when I am ſo near to God? Why ſhould I not be changed into the ſame image, from glory to glory? Why am I not even tranſported beyond myſelf?

We ought to be conſtant in prayer.

Inconſtancy in prayer is not only ſinful, but dangerous. Omiſſion breeds diſlike, ſtrengthens corruption, diſcourages the ſpirit, and animates the unregenerate part. Conſtancy in this duty breeds a holy confidence towards God. Inconſtancy breeds ſtrangeneſs. Upon an omiſſion, I muſt never approach God again, or my next prayer muſt be an exerciſe of repentance for my laſt omiſſion.

Sincere prayers are never offered in vain.

Formality is apt to grow upon our ſecret prayers. One of the beſt ways to prevent it, is to come to God with an expectation. This ſets an edge upon our ſpirits. I do not enough obſerve the returns of prayer, though God hath ſaid, I ſhall never ſeek him in vain. But when I obſerve, I muſt acknowledge I have daily anſwers of my prayers, in ſome kind or other. Nay, I think I may ſay, I never offered a fervent prayer to God, but I received ſomething from him, at leaſt as to the frame of my own ſpirit.

Prayer

Prayer promotes piety, and acquaintance with God.

It is the Chriſtian's duty in every thing to pray; and holineſs lies at the bottom of this duty. If in every thing I commit myſelf to God, I ſhall be ſure to keep his way, or my prayer will upbraid me. This keeps me from tempting him, and makes me careful to find a clear call in all I undertake; knowing that if I go only where I am ſent, the Angel of his preſence will go before me, and my way will be cleared of temptations and miſchiefs. When our call is clear, our way is ſafe. Beſides, the practice of this leads me into much acquaintance with God. My very praying is an acquainting myſelf with him: and if in every thing I pray, I ſhall in every thing give thanks; and this brings me into ſtill more acquaintance with him. By theſe means my life will be filled up with a going to, and returning from God.

The real Chriſtian loves ſolitude.

Solitude is no burden to a real Chriſtian. He is leaſt alone, when alone. His ſolitude is as buſy and laborious as any part of his life. It is impoſſible to be religious indeed, and not in ſome meaſure to love ſolitude; for all the duties of religion cannot be performed in public. It is alſo as noble as it is neceſſary, to love to converſe with our own thoughts. The *vain* mind does not more naturally love company, than the *divine* mind, frequent retirement. Such perſons have work to do, and meat to eat, that the world knows not of. Their pleaſures are ſecret, and their chief delight is between God and themſelves.

There is more neceſſary to render us truly religious than a mere external Revelation of truth.

True religion is heaven-born. Not only the outward Revelation is neceſſary, but alſo an inward, ſecret and divine impreſſion. The favoring of divine things,

things is from the power of the Higheſt overſhadowing the mind; for till God makes this inward impreſſion, men are not able to perceive the things of God. There muſt be a light within us, as well as without us; otherwiſe the goſpel may be hid, even where it ſhines: ſo that whoever conclude aright, that they are under the power of religion, muſt have experienced ſomething ſupernatural; ſomething that is the work of God, and not of men; ſomething above all their own power, and the power of the whole world.

Religion in its practice is highly rational.

Religion makes a man live up to his Reaſon. So far as a man is a Chriſtian, ſo far is Reaſon exalted, ſits on the throne, and commands all the powers of the ſoul. Religion enlightens and ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Reaſon helps and ſerves Religion. Reaſon is inſeparable from the ſoul (we ſhall be all *rational* in heaven.)

The whole practice of godlineſs, both in divine and moral duties, and the frame of a Chriſtian's ſpirit, are but the rational conſequences of two great principles, which the Chriſtian hides and embraces in his heart; namely, that there is a God, and that the ſcripture is his word. The inferences from theſe two truths, and the life of a Chriſtian, are the ſame.

Religion in its practice, is a living in, and converſing with God.

True Religion makes a man not only live above the world, and in converſe with his own reaſon, but alſo to live out of himſelf in God, converſing much with him. A real Chriſtian will deny himſelf for God, quit all ſelf-intereſt, and reſign to him in all points of duty and ſervice. The glory of God is his end, his work, his direction. He takes no pleaſure in himſelf, nor in any thing without himſelf, further

than he sees the stamp of God upon it. He forgets himself, and minds nothing but the will of God: he triumphs in nothing more than in his own emptiness, and the divine all-sufficiency and fulness. This is *having nothing, and yet possessing all things*. This is the divine life, and the height of religion, to know and perceive that not only as to our *natural* life, we depend on Providence, and live, and move in God, but that also as to our *spiritual life*, we receive all out of his fulness, and are acted by a life in and from him. Of this I desire to be more and continually sensible.

Religion gives us a real enjoyment of God.

The true Christian lives above himself, not only in a way of self-denial, but in the very enjoyment of God. His fellowship is with the Father, and with the Son. He every where, and in every thing, seeks out God. In ordinances, duties and providences, whether prosperous or adverse, nothing pleases, unless God be found in them, or admitted into them. That is to him an ordinance indeed, in which he meets with God. That is a merciful providence indeed, in which there appears much of the finger of God. God is nearer to the true Christian than *he* is to others: for there is an inward feeling, an intellectual touch, which carnal men have not. And herein lies the very soul and quintessence of religion, that it unites us in a nearness to God, and gives us already to enjoy him.

Religion gives a man power over himself, who by nature is his own worst enemy.

True religion gives a man a great command, and restores him to a just power and dominion, over himself, by subduing in him his own will and passions. Man in his depraved condition, is himself his greatest enemy: for the devil and the world prevail against him, not by their own strength, but by the treachery and

and baseneſs of his own heart. The deſtruction of ſouls is of themſelves. Ignorance and neglect of God take away fear: and there is in men ſuch an inclination to ſin, as leads them to a delightful entertainment of temptations: ſo that they are not ſo much the devil and the world without, as the devil and the world within; not the baits of honor, wealth and pleaſure from without, but ambition, covetouſneſs and ſenſuality within, which prevail upon men. Wherefore to purified ſouls, and mortified minds, many temptations in a manner ceaſe to be temptations.

Self-denial bears a great part in the practice of true Religion.

The great property of true religion is that it teaches *ſelf-denial*; which ſelf-denial is indeed the foundation of religion, and the ſum of all the precepts of the goſpel. Every true Chriſtian ſincerely, though imperfectly, denies himſelf, and makes a free-will offering of himſelf to God, in reſigning himſelf to his will. Indeed we can never have peace in proſperity unleſs our will as to action is ſwallowed up in the divine will: nor can we have contentment in adverſity, unleſs our will be complying with God's will. This is the great victory, to conquer ourſelves: and *to him who* thus *overcomes*, is the promiſe given, *of ſitting with Chriſt on his throne.*

We glorify God, not by giving to him, but by receiving from him.

I know I can add nothing to God's glory. I glorify him by receiving from him the impreſs of his glory upon me, rather than by communicating any glory to him. When the frame of my mind and life is according to his preſcription, when I am moſt like to him, when a ſpirit of love and holineſs runs through all my actions, then I glorify him. God ſeeks his

own

own glory by communicating grace and happineſs to me; and I glorify him by deſiring and endeavoring to partake of his grace and happineſs.

God's Being, Providence and Covenant, moſt agreeable.

The notion of God is moſt agreeable to my mind. I ſhould not know how to live in the world, if there were not a God to govern it. His Being delights me, his Providence ſupports me, his Covenant and Love rejoice me. Without theſe, I ſhould not value my own being and life.

Peace and hope generally attend ſincerity.

I have peace, though not always great aſſurance. My hopes are ſuch as keep me in the way that leads to heaven. The word of God delights me; the commands of God are not grievous to me. I rejoice in his promiſes, and his ordinances are to me a ſpiritual feaſt. The knowledge I have of God, the notice I take of his providence, and the meditation of his word, afford me no little pleaſure.

The method of attaining great ſpiritual comfort.

Could I exerciſe grace with greater ſtrength, and more fully mortify ſin; could I believe more ſteadfaſtly, pray more fervently, walk more evenly, and be more ſpiritual, heavenly and humble, I ſhould have more ſtrong and abiding comforts. But above all, my faith is weak: and there is nothing to which I am more liable than to diſtruſt God, to be jealous of him, and not to think myſelf ſecure without ſuch demonſtrations of his love as are not to be enjoyed here, and which would take away faith, and turn all into viſion.

A good name is a great bleſſing, which God only can preſerve to us.

A good name ought to be valued. It is better than precious ointment. It is a real, and a promiſed bleſſing.

ing. It is to be valued next to life, if it is not equal to it. It is an honor to God, and our profeſſion. It even makes us capable of doing good; it gives ſtrength to our inſtructions and reproofs, and without it, we become uſeleſs in the world. But it is hard to keep a good name. It requires much innocence, prudence and watchfulneſs: and when all is done, unleſs God reſtrains the ſpirits of men, every lying tongue, or malicious, or unkind ſpirit may blot our name. It is hard to preſerve a good name, conſidering our own liableneſs to miſcarriages, and the enmity of the world againſt holineſs.

God muſt not only be known, but acknowledged.

God may in ſome ſort be known, and not acknowledged. Knowledge is *rational;* acknowledgment is *practical. Acknowledgment* of God is fruit and ſubſtance; knowledge is but leaves and ſhadows. To acknowledge God is to converſe with him, to have a lively ſenſe of his being, of his all-governing providence, and of his preſence every where. It is to conſider his majeſty, greatneſs, and glory with due reverence, his wiſdom with eſteem and admiration, his power with fear, truſt, pleaſure, hope, and his holineſs with deep reflection on our own ſinfulneſs, and with deſire to imitate ſuch an excellent pattern.

Death is a Chriſtian's paſſage to heaven.

To conſider death as a paſſage to heaven, and the way to the Father, will help a Chriſtian cheerfully to paſs through the world, and willingly to leave it.

Neceſſity of the aſſiſtance of the holy Ghoſt.

I find it hard to preſerve entire my communion with the holy Spirit, though I perceive my need of him is very great. He is the original and principle of all ſpiritual life and motion; and without his continual

tinual influence, I am as a disjointed, weak member, which hath neither consistency nor uniformity in its motions or actions.

Conscience must not be offended by allowing any sin.

I find it better to offend a world of men, than my own conscience. Conscience is quickly offended, but not so soon pacified. Conscience hath a good memory, and will keep the remembrance of offences a long time, and give many a secret wound, make faith and confidence in God weak, hinder the vigor of prayer, and freedom in our converse with him.

They who know God's law, and will consider and reflect, will discern much sin in themselves.

If we are not sensible of sin in our souls, it proceeds either from ignorance of what is sin, or from not reflecting on ourselves. They who know the strictness of God's law, and are observers of themselves, will find many workings and motions of pride, vain-glory, love of the world, selfishness, and other evil affections; and that they cannot keep themselves pure without a continual care of their hearts.

It is the *spiritual* part of religion that is hard; the outward part is easy.

The remainder of sin within us is very active.

Sin within always works, and labors to bring forth the deeds of the flesh. It is always either inclining to evil, or hindering from good, or disframing the soul, and making it less meet for converse with God. It deceives, seduces, tempts, and in some measure corrupts and pollutes all that we perform to God, or do for him.

Sin

Sin cannot be mortified by our own ſtrength.

I find an aptneſs, when ſin afflicts me, preſently to promiſe myſelf and God, that I will do ſo no more, and reſolve by prayer and watchfulneſs to prevent it. And this will do ſomething for a ſeaſon, till my heat abates, my ſenſe of ſin wears off, and then my mortification vaniſhes alſo. Therefore I reſolve never to think of mortifying ſin by my own ſtrength, but humbly to look up to God for the help of his holy Spirit.

There ariſes great pleaſure from reſiſting temptations.

There will never be found ſo much ſatisfaction in the gratifying a temptation, as in a noble, generous refuſal of it. The more I reſiſt, the more I find of peace: and the denial of the moſt pleaſing temptation brings with it the ſweeteſt joys.

It is better to prevent ſin, than to admit, and mortify it.

If ſin enters, it muſt be diſlodged; and it is far eaſier to prevent than to eject it. It is not eaſy to bring the ſoul back again into the ſtate in which it was before it contracted guilt.

Anger is ſeldom innocent.

I have no reaſon to truſt my anger. It is not ſo juſt and righteous as it ſometimes ſeems to be. Anger is apt to blind my mind, and then tyrannize over it. There is in it ſomething of rage and violence. It ſtirs me up to act, but takes away my rule by which I ſhould act. I find an aptneſs to credit my paſſion; and that foments it: and when I am under the power of paſſion, I have cauſe to ſuſpect my own apprehenſions; for paſſion is blind, and cannot judge. It is furious, and hath no leiſure to debate and conſider. Giving way to it, makes me unfit to act or receive grace.

There

There is a chain of graces.

It is moſt certain there is a chain of graces inſeparably linked together; and they who have one, have all in ſome good meaſure. They who have a lively hope, have fervent love to God; and they who love God, love their neighbors; and they who love God and their neighbors, hate ſin; and they who hate ſin, ſorrow for it; and they who ſorrow for it, will avoid the occaſions of it; and they who are thus watchful, will pray fervently; and they who pray, will meditate; and they who pray and meditate at home, will join ſeriouſly in the public worſhip of God. Thus graces are combined, and holy duties connected together, and no grace is found alone. It is not with graces, as with gifts, where to one is given this, and another that.

To be impartial in piety and mortification, is difficult.

It is a moſt difficult thing to withdraw the love of the ſoul from every ſin. To proceed a little way in religion is not hard, but it is really ſo, to go to the extent of mortification and piety. Some morality, and an outward devotion are not difficult to fleſh and blood, neither do they ſhake Satan's kingdom, nor do they trouble the moſt of thoſe with whom we converſe. But when we come once to engage in a cloſe walk with God, and to live by rule in every part of life; reſolving ſeriouſly to indulge no ſin whatever, we pull the kingdom of darkneſs upon our heads. Then corruption will ſtrive, Satan will rage, and the world will ſcoff, watch for our halting, and glory in our miſcarriages; and we ſhall find it difficult to run againſt the courſe of nature, oppoſe Satan, and go contrary to men. But all this of neceſſity muſt be; for any ſin indulged will ſeparate us from Chriſt.

To

To trust in God, is a Christian's necessary duty.

I find trusting in God my most necessary duty. My condition is such that I cannot see before me. I know not what a day may bring forth. I find myself weak and impotent, unable to do or suffer as I ought. I cannot preserve my soul, life or health, or any thing dear to me; and without trusting in God, I cannot expect God should fulfil to me any promise.

Trusting in God produces real comfort.

I find it comfortable to trust in God. It raises my hope, and gives me present rest, and holy contentment. Trusting in God, like many other duties, is my work, and my wages.

To trust in God is one of our most difficult duties.

I find it difficult to trust in God at all times. When providences cross my expectation, they discourage me, and prove a temptation through my weakness. I have but feeble apprehensions of the power and goodness of God, when I come to make use of them for my particular security and benefit. I think I may say it is easier to obey, and act for God, than to trust in him.

Faith is the root of other graces.

Faith is the principle of spiritual life and motion. Every truly good work, and exercise of grace, takes its rise, and derives its vigor from faith. A Christian prays, reads and meditates; hears, hopes, loves; is zealous for God, and does good to others. Why? Because he believes. Whence spring repentance and godly sorrow, but from the soul's being acted by faith; or its belief of the sinfulness of sin, its opposition and contradiction to God, the high obligations we are under to avoid it, the misery we incur by

venturing upon it, and the folly and madneſs of ruining our ſouls by it?

I find faith moſt neceſſary, and that I cannot be without it. Whither can I go, or what can I undertake, where faith will not be neceſſary? If I pray, or meditate, they will be ſtrange exerciſes, if faith be wanting. If I read or hear the word, it will not profit me, unleſs I mix it with faith. Would I hope in any promiſe? I muſt call forth my faith. Would I be heavenly-minded? It is faith muſt raiſe me above the world. Would I be zealous for God? Zeal will not gather heat, unleſs faith fan the fire. Would I have peace and joy? They muſt be had by believing. Nay, I can do nothing in my more ordinary affairs without faith. I muſt know and believe my deſign is good, and centers in my great end, the glory of God; and the means I employ muſt be known and believed to be regular and holy; or I dare not make uſe of them. And then I muſt be able to caſt my care upon God, and to commit the iſſue and event to him; or elſe my buſineſs becomes burdenſome, and I have no reſt.

The Devil is a mighty, but not an invincible enemy.

I have a powerful, ſubtil, watchful and malicious enemy to encounter; but he is a known enemy, for the word has diſcovered him, and his power is limited. God hath promiſed me victory over him: nay, my Lord hath already conquered him. And I am not alone in this warfare againſt Satan: there is a whole army engaged in the quarrel. The whole church prays and fights againſt him. The ſaints collectively make war upon him. All the prayers of the people of God go up to heaven for my aſſiſtance, ſo that I have help againſt temptation from every quarter. All ſtrike this dart into his ſide: *Lord, lead us not into temptation.* And we all fight under our victorious

Captain

Captain, Chriſt Jeſus. The honor of God, and of Chriſt my Head, is bound up in my ſafety, and therefore I ſhall conquer; and the very temptations of Satan ſhall turn to my good. All theſe conſiderations afford me encouragement.

The things which the holy Ghoſt teaches.

The holy Spirit teaches every gracious ſoul to regard the immortal ſpirit above the body, to obey God rather than man, and to make proviſion for eternity rather than time. And all the circumſpect walk of ſaints, their redeeming their time, their daily devotion, their ſelf-denial, their conſcientious carriage, and whatever provokes profane mouths to reproach them, are but the neceſſary effects of theſe three principles of wiſdom. And all the wickedneſs of ungodly men proceeds from the want of them.

Holineſs is a privilege.

I look upon holineſs as none of the leaſt of a Chriſtian's privileges. We are to conſider it not more neceſſary than glorious; not more our duty than our ornament. Acceptance with God is a privilege: and is likeneſs to him inferior to it? Is freedom from Satan's malice a privilege, and is not the deſtruction of his image in us a privilege? From carnal to become ſpiritual, from earthly to be made heavenly, from pride to be changed into humility, from peeviſh to become kind, and from ſinners to be converted into ſaints; are not theſe things privileges?

Let this truth then be entertained; that holineſs is a privilege. And when we ſee the beauty of holineſs, and deſire it becauſe we love and eſteem it, then will God open the treaſures of his grace, and give us a more plentiful effuſion of his Spirit.

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The neceſſity of having ſome ſtated rules, and living by them.

In order to ſhake off the tyrannical government of paſſion, ambition and ſelf-will, and that we may not be hurried by every motion of our mind, it is neceſſary to have ſome fixed and ſtated rules of good and evil; without which we ſhall never live as becomes reaſonable creatures. Such is our ignorance, that we ſhall not know how to govern ourſelves, unleſs we apply to ſome rule for information; and ſo many and great are our temptations, that they will prevail, unleſs we keep ſome fixed rule for our actions. He who acts always according to preſent thoughts and inclinations will never be able to reſiſt temptations to ſin. Such alſo are our incogitancy and forgetfulneſs, that it is needful to fix ſome rules for our actions, to which we bind ourſelves; for theſe will alarm and enlighten conſcience; and conſcience is the ſureſt help to memory.

Our inconſtancy to ourſelves makes it needful; that ſo every thought, every company, every accident of life, may not alter our minds and actions.

When we converſe with God in holy ordinances.

The way and means by which God communicates himſelf are the public ordinances, and the private duties of religion. Theſe are like the tabernacle and ark of old. As they were ſometimes filled and covered with the cloud, ſo theſe with ſpiritual and inviſible glory. But a bare attendance on theſe is not our communion with God. This conſiſts in having our ſouls ſuitably affected with the matter of them. When the heart is hot, the affections moving, and grace exerciſed; when a threatening awes us, a command delights us, and a promiſe enters the ear like good news in a perilous time; when a diſcourſe of Chriſt inflames the ſoul with love and deſire; when a diſcourſe

of

of heaven raiſes the mind above the world; when truths are accompanied with light and love, ſo that the ſoul cleaves to them, and hangs upon them; this is communion with God; and then are ordinances and duties filled with the holy Spirit.

To govern the tongue is one of the difficult parts of religion.

It is hard to govern the tongue aright. Much of mortification lies in reſtraining it; much poſitive ſanctification in the right uſe of it. It requires much knowledge, wiſdom, faithfulneſs, courage, watchfulneſs, deliberation, examination of ourſelves, much prayer, yea, much and ſtrong grace, to govern it well. The right government of it is alſo a glorious part of our Chriſtian profeſſion, and a powerful commendation of it to others.

He who governs his tongue aright, is a perfect man.

The due government of the tongue implies and ſuppoſes whatever elſe goes to the making up of evangelical perfection. Where the tongue is governed, the whole life alſo is ordered by rule: and it will be found that whoever wants grace, fails much in this particular, and diſcovers the want of it, either by his ſpeech, or by his ſilence; for the ſame light which directs the government of the tongue, the ſame arguments that move to it, and the ſame power that aſſiſts it, will enlighten us to ſee other duties, move us ſtrongly to undertake them, and as effectually help us to perform them.

Meekneſs produces peace and joy.

The exerciſe of that meekneſs which is a ſupernatural grace, a diſpoſition in the ſoul wrought by the holy Ghoſt, which aims at the glory of God and

the honor of religion, renders the conſcience ſerene and joyful. When I can reflect on paſſions reſtrained, injuries forgiven, an enemy loved, contentment in every condition, ready ſubmiſſion to every providence, and much ſelf-denial that God may be pleaſed, how pleaſant is the review of conſcience!

Meekneſs gives us the poſſeſſion of ourſelves.

Meekneſs gives us the entire poſſeſſion of ourſelves, and uſe of our faculties. But anger and impatience prevent the enjoyment of ourſelves, and our application to any affair that lies before us, choking our way with thorns, and making every thing tedious and troubleſome to us.

The expectation of death is profitable to a Chriſtian.

The ſerious expectation of death frees us from the afflicting, diſcompoſing apprehenſions of it. It is of great ſervice to the Chriſtian. It takes off the ſoul from carnal pleaſures, covetous deſires and ambitious purſuits, and aſſiſts patience and contentment. It helps the Chriſtian to redeem his time, prompts him to ſettle the affairs of his ſoul, to put his heart and houſe in order, and to leave nothing to be done to-morrow, that may be done to day. It excites to frequent examination, quickens repentance, and ſuffers him not to continue in ſin. It aſſiſts fervency in prayer, as it drives away worldly cares, and helps againſt diſtractions; for death is a ſolemn thing, the thoughts of it breed a paſſion in the mind; and all ſoft paſſions cheriſh devotion. The expectation of death ſweetens all labor and duty, becauſe of the everlaſting reſt to which death leads us.

It moves us to pray for others, counſel them, and and do what we can for them. Thus *death is ours.*

The

The government of our thoughts is neceſſary.

It is no little ſelf-denial to manage our thoughts ſtrictly: yet it is the moſt reaſonable part of religon, not properly the height of piety, but its foundation, without which it cannot ſtand. He who can bluſh at his thoughts, and endeavors to ſuppreſs them, who dares not entertain the leaſt ſin, no, not ſo much as in his imagination, looking upon God and conſcience as more than a thouſand witneſſes; this man is religious indeed.

The end of our actions muſt be good.

Great care muſt be had concerning the end of our actions; for this, like the altar, ſanctifies the gift. A man's end has a mighty influence on him. As is the end, ſuch is the man. He whoſe end is worldly, is himſelf earthly: but if God be a man's end, it makes him godlike.

We muſt beware of ſpiritual ſloth.

Spiritual ſloth leads to ſpiritual poverty. To have raiſed affections in holy duties requires much force, to which nature is averſe. Corrupt nature does not always diſcover its oppoſition to that which is good by paſſionate contradiction, but oftentimes too ſucceſsfully, by ſloth and ſluggiſhneſs.

Detraction muſt be avoided.

We are naturally prone to ſpeak evil of others with delight, and to aggravate their faults. This ſin perſiſted in will ſhut us out of heaven as really as murder or theft: and there is a ſecret plague attending it in this life; for the way of divine Providence is frequently retaliation.

Divine

Divine illumination neceſſary to diſcern the precioufneſs of the promiſes.

The promiſes, which are the diſplay of the covenant of grace, are moſt precious in their matter, and moſt neceſſary and uſeful to the ſpiritual life of the Chriſtian. They help and ſupport, when all other things fail. The ſatisfaction they yield is a real pleaſure; but yet their glory and excellence are not to be ſeen, till God opens the eyes of the Chriſtian, and gives him a new light. There is a veil upon the promiſes, or rather a film upon the eye of the ſoul; and till that is removed, the promiſes are dark; they have no form nor comelineſs in them. They are great and precious in themſelves; yet they cannot be ſo to us, unleſs God and the promiſe come in together. The Spirit muſt move upon the face of the waters, before they become refreſhing ſtreams to make glad the heart. The Chriſtian's own arm will not reach comfort from them: for this, God muſt be ſought, and the promiſe muſt be our meditation.

The Holy Ghoſt proceeds in his operations gradually.

The Spirit of God operates gradually. He teaches firſt one truth, and then another. He lays a foundation in the heart for the whole of religion; and then draws us on gradually to more and more of it.

RULES FOR PRACTICE.

1. Let love and charity be univerſal; for no pretence whatever, no, not of religion and zeal for God, can juſtify your not loving any perſon in the world. Treat all men with kindneſs, and wiſh them well. Do them good according to their neceſſity, and your power and opportunity. If perſons be above you; expreſs

expreſs your love by paying them the honor their place and authority call for. If they be in worldly reſpects beneath you, manifeſt your love by kindneſs, affability, and granting them an eaſy acceſs to you. If they excel in natural or acquired endowments of mind, expreſs your love by a due eſteem. If they be rather wanting than excelling, ſhow your love by pitying them, and deſpiſe not their weakneſs. If any be in miſery, compaſſionate them, pray for them, comfort them with your preſence if you can reach them, and relieve them according to your power. If any be defamed, ſhow your love by ſtopping and rebuking the defamation.

2. Be careful not to harbor an evil affection in your heart againſt any perſon whatever; for though you are far from intending any actual miſchief, yet you tempt God to let looſe your corruption, and his providence to permit an opportunity, and ſo, ere you are aware, you may be drawn to an act you never before thought of. Beſides, by an evil affection harbored in your mind, you will prevent the bleſſed illapſes of the Spirit of God, and open a wide door for the entrance of the devil into your ſoul. And indeed an unkind diſpoſition towards any man is ſo much akin to Satan, that if you admit the one, you cannot exclude the other.

3. Deſpiſe none; for love never rides in triumph over inferiors.

4. Look upon all unavoidable temptations as opportunities for a high exerciſe of grace. Are you injured? Be ſorry for him who has done the wrong, and bleſs God for the opportunity of ſhewing yourſelf a Chriſtian by patient bearing, forgiving, doing good againſt evil, treating your adverſary with meekneſs, and breaking his heart with love. Every provocation is a *price in your hand.* Get a heart to improve it.

5. Put a due value upon your name and reputation; but be not over ſolicitous about it; for that diſcovers ſome unmortified luſt at the bottom. 6. Purſue

6. Purſue piety as an imitation of God; and then ſo great a pleaſure will reſult from it, that neither men nor devils ſhall be able to make you queſtion his being and attributes. This notion will raiſe an eſteem of piety, will render it lovely, make the duties of religion more eaſy, and gradually wear out the remains of unbelief, and unkind jealouſy of God.

7. Let humility be the conſtant covering of your ſoul, and let repentance follow all your performances. This will demonſtrate that your religion is inward; for if religion enter deep into the heart, it will always find work for repentance, while we are in a ſtate of imperfection.

8. Love nothing above God and Chriſt: for to love any thing more than God or Chriſt is the way either never to enjoy it, or ſoon to be deprived of it, or to find yourſelf deceived in it.

9. Do nothing upon which you dare not aſk God's bleſſing.

10. Eſteem time as your moſt precious talent, which when you beſtow on any, you give them more than you can underſtand. A joint aſſiſtance of men and angels cannot reſtore it to you again.

11. Never ſpeak of religion for the ſake of diſcourſe and entertainment, but for the purpoſe of piety.

12. On the Lord's day, conſider in private the love of God, in the ſeveral inſtances of it, to yourſelf and the world, in creation and redemption, the promiſes of eternal life, the care of his Providence, his mercies to you, your friends and family; and ſtay upon theſe conſiderations, till your heart be lifted up in his praiſe, and you can ſay with David, "Now will I go to God my exceeding joy." Conſider alſo your miſcarriages in the week paſt, and induſtriouſly endeavor to prevent them in the week to come.

13. Be diligent in your particular calling, in obedience to God's command: for the ſame God who ſaid, Be fervent in prayer, hath alſo ſaid, Be not ſlothful.

ful in buſineſs. That therefore which puts a good man upon praying in his cloſet, calls him out again; even ſubmiſſion to God, the great Maſter of the world, by whom we are placed in our preſent ſtations.

14. Carefully avoid all thoſe ſins to which your calling and diligence in it, expoſes you.

15. Never let the infirmity of a brother be your recreation. Let not that which grieves God, make you merry. Let not that be your ſport which is heaven's ſorrow; for ſo is every thing evil.

16. Let the uſe of refreſhments make you compaſſionate to the poor who want them. This will be an evidence that they are ſanctified to you.

17. Cenſure not any man's actions which contradict not a plain rule, and in which there is the uſe of prudence; becauſe much of prudence depends on circumſtances of which you are ignorant. God hath made you a feoffee in truſt of your neighbor's name: and it is a greatneſs of mind not to ſpeak evil of others.

Before a brother's face, flatter not. Behind his back, be as tender of his reputation as of his life.

18. In converſe, though your diſcourſe be not always of religion, yet make it your deſign thereby to recommend religion.

19. Let not fretting and diſcontent prey upon your time. They will make you neglect ſome preſent duty. You will be like a ſhip toſſed upon the mighty waters, which is moved, but brought to no place.

20. Be exact in your actions, becauſe they muſt ſtand on record to eternity.

21. That you may think of God aright, you muſt abſtract from your preſent temper, and your own ſenſe; for experience tells us that if a man be convinced of ſin, and under terrors, all the art of man cannot ſatisfy him, that God will pardon ſuch a ſinner as he is, becauſe he judges of God by what he feels. On the other hand, as to him who perceives

not

not the bitterneſs of ſin, all arguments can ſcarcely perſuade him that ſin is ſo great an evil as it really is, or that God will ſeverely puniſh it, becauſe he judges of God according to his preſent temper, or his own ſenſe of things.

22. Give God the honor of his attributes together. You deſire his mercy: let him have alſo the glory of his wiſdom in his chooſing the channel in which his goodneſs ſhall flow.

23. Never be a ſpenthrift of that of which alone you can be covetous; that is, of your time.

24. Meditate much on the promiſes: for though meditation can add nothing to the promiſes, yet it diſcovers the beauty, and draws forth the ſweetneſs contained in them.

25. Apply the promiſes frequently, though you find not ſuch ſenſible effects either of grace or comfort iſſuing from them as you expect or deſire. The manner of fulfilling them may be various, but the performance is moſt certain. The bleſſing of the promiſe ſometimes deſcends like rain in viſible ſhowers, producing the ſenſible effects of peace and joy in the ſoul; and ſometimes like dew which diſtils in ſilence, without making any perceivable alteration in the heart. The virtue of it is real, but hidden and ſecret.

MISS MARGARET

MISS MARGARET ANDREWS.

SHE was the only child of Sir Henry Andrews, whose pious instructions, and those of his lady, seemed early attended with a special blessing to their beloved daughter. Almost as soon as she understood any thing, she exhibited promising symptoms of piety, in the delight she took in prayer, and singing the praises of God; in her meekness, especially in receiving and regarding reproof; in her strict regard to justice, and utter detestation of falsehood; in her tenderness and pity to the poor, and eagerness to help them. At the age of seven or eight years, she gave more satisfactory evidences of a regenerate state; appearing very solicitous respecting her soul, and giving her chief attention to the things pertaining to its salvation. Her pleasure in the scriptures manifested itself not only in reading them with great attention, but in committing whole chapters to memory, which she did with great facility. She had a high respect for good ministers; delighting to hear them pray and preach, and asking them questions concerning God and her duty. Her charity also was proportionably improved. She was remarkably attentive to enquire out the necessities of the poor, and to procure relief for their distresses, as they were made known to her.

She early manifested a superiority and indifference to those objects which attract and occupy the hearts of most, especially the young. She valued the world and its allurements as little as multitudes do their souls. These things had very little place even in her thoughts.

Her mind was so conversant with heaven and its glories, that she seemed to be borne to a great distance from such earthly vanities; regarding them as unworthy her esteem, and far too small to satisfy the enlarged desires of her soul. Being once observed to sigh, and some around expressing their wonder respecting the cause, since she seemed to possess such advantages for being happy; she replied: "I want nothing in this world. I do not sigh for that; but how much better is heaven than all this!" Then starting up from her seat, and spreading her hands, she added, "O there are such joys in heaven, as cannot be conceived." She had a great indifference to those gaieties of dress which the young, especially of her sex, are apt to admire: for though she submitted to wear clothes suited to her rank, it was evident they were the objects neither of her desire nor delight. When her parents bestowed any rarities upon her, they were thankfully acknowledged and prized, as tokens of their kindness, but little noticed on any other account: so that when she shewed her closet and its curiosities, to gratify her friends, it would be plainly seen that her heart was on very different things. Before the age of twelve, she was once taken by some of her friends, to see a play. As on her return she made no comments, she was asked, how she liked it. Her reply was; "I like it so, that I never desire to see another." Nor did she ever vary from this determination. Not that she wanted either capacity or taste for what was sprightly and humorous. But her mind was so much occupied by things solid and useful, and so habitually conversant with heaven and its objects, that while the most innocent recreations had few charms for her, those that did but border on the contrary, were absolutely disgusting.

She was constant and diligent in reading books of piety. She appointed herself a daily portion of the scriptures, which she read with much observation; asking

asking of others an explanation of such parts as she did not understand. In this way, she soon obtained a share of knowledge which enabled her to instruct most who conversed with her. Reading once in the psalms, she was much affected with the troubles of David, and thence took occasion to discourse with her maid about the afflictions of life in general, and particularly, her own. The servant observing that *she* could have but little trouble, she replied, "They that have the least trouble, have a great deal: and if we do but consider what joys there are in heaven, it is enough to make us impatient to live here."

She was much in meditation; and when alone, was sometimes so much absorbed, as to be seen walking with her hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, and expressing, in other ways, much joy and comfort. When walking with others, she would discourse on the *works*, as well as the word of God, in a strain which shewed them to be familiar to her thoughts. Her mind was much employed on the great subject of death. It was common for her, at going to bed, to converse with her maids about it; saying, "How ought we to think of our death, when this night may be the last!" Sometimes, when taking leave of them at night, she would say, "Well, I am going to death's kinsman."

Her devotion was eminent. She prayed regularly three times a day at least; and rarely an hour passed without secret ejaculations. Nor was it uncommon for her, in the midst of her youthful employments or recreations, to send away her maids, and retire for prayer. Such fervor and delight did she feel in this duty, that she sometimes forgot herself and her health so far, as to continue for two hours in her closet, even amid the severest cold. Not only on these occasions, but during the prayers of the family, it was common for her to shed tears in abundance. No company, no engagements, were permitted to supersede her devotions. Being once invited to go into the presence of the

the Queen, and being of courſe neceſſitated to ſpend a conſiderable time in dreſſing, ſhe immediately after retired to her cloſet. The Lady who was to introduce her being come, and waiting for her, her mother, not knowing the cauſe of her delay, went haſtily into the chamber, where ſhe found her with her hands lifted up to heaven, and her face bedewed with tears, uttering theſe words: "Good Lord, for the ſake of Jeſus Chriſt, ſuffer not Satan to prevail over me!"

The latter part of her life, it was thought that ſhe uſed ſtated prayer at leaſt ten times a day. In this way ſhe conſecrated every place into which ſhe came, and converted every room of the houſe into a kind of Oratory. Yet though ſhe ſpent ſo much of her time in retirement, ſhe was cheerful, as well as affable, in company; and appeared as if her heart were almoſt continually filled with comfort and joy. The prayers, ſighs and tears which ſhe ſent to heaven, ſeemed to return in peace and bleſſings into her ſoul. Her exemplary devotion imparted to her whole demeanor a ſweetneſs and ſolemnity which were equally engaging.

She was exemplarily ſtrict in her obſervance of the ſabbath. By ſecret devotion ſhe prepared for the public worſhip of God. She heard his word with ſolemn and reverent attention. Returning from the ſanctuary, ſhe repeated in private what ſhe could remember of the ſermons, and ſpent the reſt of the day in reading to others, or alone; in prayer, meditation, and other pious exerciſes. When requeſted for the ſake of her health to walk abroad, ſhe generally declined, leſt her mind ſhould be diverted from things divine.

She manifeſted a ſincere love to the ſouls of others; inſtructing and admoniſhing the ignorant, reproving the wicked, comforting the diſconſolate, and doing what was in her power to prevent ſin in all. She taught the ſervants the things of religion; exhorting them to be conſtant in prayer and reading the ſcriptures, to avoid falſehood, and be kind, according to

their

their ability, to the poor. She warned them againſt letting any buſineſs whatever prevent them from prayer; and eſpecially, that they ſhould guard their hearts from wandering in that duty; adding, "This I tell you, becauſe my heart is apt to do ſo." If any of them were about to partake the Sacrament, ſhe inſtructed them into the danger of doing it unprepared; ſhewing the neceſſity of repenting and forſaking ſin, eſpecially the ſin to which they were moſt inclined. Such pious counſels, ſtrengthened by her good example, ſeemed much bleſſed to ſeveral of the ſervants. One of them in particular acknowledged that ſhe had received more good to her ſoul by this young lady, than ſhe had got elſewhere in all her life before.

Though anger was rarely, if ever, manifeſted by her on any other account, yet ſhe has been known to reprove for ſin with great pungency, where the occaſion required it. In a perſon of ſuch a ſweet, gentle, inoffenſive diſpoſition, this diſcovered great zeal for the honor of God, and a lively ſenſe of the danger of the guilty perſon. Nor was her fidelity in giving reproof greater than her humility, and even gratitude in receiving it.

So tender was her compaſſion to thoſe who were afflicted, eſpecially in mind, that though her modeſty was great, ſhe frequently found herſelf compelled to offer conſolation to thoſe in this ſtate, who were much older than herſelf. To a viſitant recently deprived of ſeveral near relatives, and otherwiſe much diſtreſſed, ſhe judiciouſly enlarged on the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, who knew what was beſt for her, and no doubt had gracious purpoſes in ſending thoſe afflictions; repreſenting in addition, what might be the probable intention of them, and which way they might turn to her advantage, and the conſequent reaſons for ſetting bounds to her ſorrow.

If any fault was committed in the houſe, ſhe would deſire her mother not to aſk the ſervants about it, leſt

for fear of her anger, any of them ſhould tell a lie to conceal it. When a boy in the family was taken in a fault, ſhe deſired her mother to correct him; to which her mother replied, 'ſhe had forgiven him ſo many faults, that ſhe would turn him away.' "No, mother," rejoined the young interceſſor, "pray let him be corrected, and tell him the ſin, and ſet before him the terrors of conſcience, and the torments of hell, and I warrant you it will do him good."

If any poor came to the houſe, ſhe did not fail to intercede for them with her parents, nor to add ſomething of her own, though very ſecretly. When ſhe met with a diſtreſſed object, ſhe would come in with tears of compaſſion to deſire relief: and when viſited by ſome whom ſhe ſuſpected to be reduced to indigence from circumſtances of eaſe, ſhe would moſt tenderly draw from them an account of their ſtate, and offer her aſſiſtance, if there was need. Nor was ſhe contented to ſupply thoſe who came to her father's houſe, but went abroad in queſt of objects of charity; yet concealing her deſign as much as poſſible. She once, on the morning of Monday, came unperceived behind a poor woman hard at work, who was that moment thinking how ſhe ſhould maintain her family through the week, and making her ſad complaint to God; and putting a piece of money into her hand, went away. The unexpected relief greatly affected the poor woman, who thought it came, as by an angel from heaven. So frequent were ſuch viſits, with this compaſſionate young lady, that ſhe was well acquainted with the condition of the poor of the pariſh, and ſometimes gave particular information of their neceſſities to her parents, informing them who wanted victuals, clothes or fire, and importuning them for a ſupply till it was granted. On one of theſe occaſions, ſhe ſaid to them: "If you will but give what wood I will carry, they ſhall not want." She would alſo particularly reckon up to them the poor's charge,

what

what they were allowed, and what they could earn, and then put the queſtion to her parents, whether they could live upon ſo little; and this ſo judiciouſly, that they ſeldom or never had reaſon to controvert her ſtatements. When ſhe could not go abroad herſelf, ſhe ſent money to the poor by her maid, charging her not to ſay any thing of it. She alſo injoined on her, that when any poor people came, ſhe ſhould not ſpeak harſhly to them, but go to her parents, and repreſent their condition; adding a charge that ſhe ſhould do the ſame wherever ſhe might be placed; and that when ſhe ſhould be ſettled in the world, ſhe ſhould be kind to the poor; ſaying ſhe would find that far from having leſs at the year's end, ſhe would be doubly paid by Providence.

So diſpleaſed was ſhe to hear any thing ſaid injurious to the reputation of another, that ſhe would reprove and ſilence the leaſt whiſpers of detraction.

To theſe excellencies, truly uncommon in one ſo young, it may be added, that her diſcretion and judgment were ſo eminent, that even the aged were cautious what they ſaid before her; and that ſuch was her humility, meekneſs and univerſal exemplarineſs, as to rank her among the firſt-rate Chriſtians.

A little before her laſt ſickneſs, ſhe thus expoſtulated with her mother, in whom ſhe diſcovered an immoderate anxiety about her: "Am I not," ſaid ſhe, "in the hands of God? Cannot he preſerve me? If it be his pleaſure, I ſhall live. If not, your care cannot preſerve me. And what if he ſhould take me? You will not be long after me. If you live twenty or thirty years after me, what is that to eternity?"—Such expreſſions render it not improbable that ſhe had ſome apprehenſions of approaching death; eſpecially as ſhe was heard about this time to expreſs a wiſh that her mother had another child, and that her parents had leſs affection for her. She likewiſe obſerved, in conſequence of a journey being planned for her,

that

that if she went to the place contemplated, she should never return.

Soon after, being within some months of fourteen, she was seized with the sickness which gave her up to God and glory. Being in great pain at night, she often called on God, and said, "He is very merciful to me; for what I feel is nothing to the sufferings of Christ for me." After some ease, she said, "God is very gracious in giving us pain; otherwise, we should not know how to be thankful for ease."

She spent much of her sickness in prayer; and when she could not speak, shewed great signs of inward devotion.

Two or three hours before her death, her mother said to her, "My dear, are you so ill that you think you shall die? Be not backward to tell me, for it will not be hard for me to part with you to God, if it be his pleasure." To this question she replied, smiling, "I hope God will pardon my sins"—thus intimating her hope that she should find the sting of death taken out. She afterwards asked the Doctor, "Do you think I shall die?" He answered, "Madam, no one can tell that." She replied, "Pray, Doctor, deal plainly with me: I would not be deluded." He answered, "It is doubtful." She then said, "I have been a great sinner; but I hope God will pardon me. My Savior is in heaven, and I hope he will put on me the white robe." She confessed the former mercies of God to her, said she had been troubled for sin, but the Lord had given her the Comforter, and sealed her, and she had been comforted ever since. She then, with the consent of her parents, ordered considerable sums of money to be given to the poor after her death. After this, addressing her father and mother, she said, "Pray, do not be troubled when I am gone. Do you think you shall be long after me?" Her father and the rest of the family kneeling down, and recommending her to God, she seemed devout and cheerful.

Prayer

Prayer being ended, she bowed forward, expressing her gratitude to God, and her acknowledgments to her father. She then asked for the minister, who coming to her when her spirits were almost spent, she said to him, "O Sir, I have been a great sinner, but I hope God will pardon me." Afterwards she was heard to pray, and to call upon the name of Jesus. Thus, without any cloud upon her intellects, she departed to the eternal vision and enjoyment of him.

Her funeral sermon was preached, according to her desire, from 2d *Timothy*, 4. 7, 8.

How does such an example of piety thus mature in one less than fourteen, reprove the irreligious, useless, perhaps pernicious old age of multitudes! While it forcibly allures the young, the thoughtless and the gay, to that religion which confers such real dignity, and such substantial pleasure; which can render them in life so useful, in death so happy!

In a Latin epitaph, prefixed to her life, are expressions to the following purpose:

"She was a person rarely paralleled—the hope and love of her parents—the delight and ornament of her family—Her bosom was the temple of modesty, purity and goodness—To the poor she richly scattered blessings—the pomps of the world she disdained—the powers of Satan she vanquished—for God dwelt in her, and she in God.—Wonder not that such a spirit made so short a visit to our world, as its prayers and devout breathings were the wings and gales that wafted it to its heavenly rest. Depart, traveller; ponder, and be wise."

LADY

LADY ALICE LUCY.

SHE was the wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, an amiable man, to whom she was married while very young. All the virtues which can be wished for in a wife, her favored husband found in her: while she, no less favored, received from him every proof and expression of the tenderest regard.

The rational and refined enjoyment which might be anticipated from the union of virtuous and congenial minds, was indulged them for a period of thirty years; at the close of which the lady who is the subject of these brief memoirs, found herself plunged into the depths of distress, by the loss of one who was far dearer to her than life. But the Being who afflicted her, was her refuge and support. He upheld her when ready to sink, and gave her comfort in all her tribulation. Though confined, far the greater part of the time, to her chamber by bodily infirmities, she was still enabled to manage with singular prudence the extensive concerns connected with a large estate, and to govern a numerous family with admirable wisdom.

She continually carried about the burden of a weak body, but she bore it with exemplary patience, and improved the trial to her spiritual advantage. It was her great affliction that she could not visit the house of God, and attend on those ordinances in which He has promised his presence, and where his people may expect his blessing. But as she could not go from her habitation to the house of God, she made a church of her

her houſe, where for ſeveral years, unleſs prevented by extraordinary weakneſs, ſhe heard the preaching of the word every Lord's day evening; ſtrictly requiring the preſence of all her family, and ſetting them the example of great reverence and ſolemnity of attention.

Her firſt employment every day was to addreſs her heavenly Father in ſecret. Her next was to read ſome portion from the ſcriptures, and from other pious and profitable books, with which her library was well furniſhed. No ſooner was ſhe informed of any valuable publication of the religious kind, than ſhe endeavored to make it her own, and to make herſelf the better by it.

As ſhe poſſeſſed an excellent underſtanding, and an ardent thirſt for knowledge, eſpecially in ſpiritual things, ſhe ſpent much of her time in reading: and what ſhe read, ſhe digeſted, and endeavored to make her own. The ſame practice which ſhe found beneficial to herſelf, ſhe recommended to her children. She inculcated on them a ſerious care and diligence in the acquiſition of divine knowledge, and cauſed them to read every day ſome portion both from the Old and New Teſtament, in her preſence and hearing.

About an hour before ſupper, ſhe appointed one of her children to read ſome pious and uſeful ſermon before herſelf and the other children; frequently taking occaſion to inſtil into their minds pleaſant and profitable inſtruction, and exhorting them to a conſtant, religious walk with God. In the evening, a little before ſhe went to reſt, ſhe collected them all into her lodging-room, where they joined in ſinging a pſalm; the ſervants uniformly doing the ſame after ſupper, before they roſe from the table. After her children had done ſinging, ſhe gave them many pious exhortations, and her maternal benediction, and then diſmiſſed them. Such was her continual courſe.

Thus

Thus ſerious and exemplary was her diligence to increaſe the ſpirit of piety in herſelf, and to transfuſe it to the boſoms of her children. Some of them taſted death before their dear mother: yet ſhe left no leſs than ten behind her—five ſons, and five daughters—who were all preſent at her funeral, and who were all inclined, with the children of the virtuous woman ſpoken of in ſcripture, to *call her bleſſed*.

Next to the golden chain of graces mentioned by St. Peter, (2d *Epiſt.* 1. 5, 6, 7.) with which ſhe was eminently beautified, and *the ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit*, ſhe accounted her children her chief ornaments. Her earneſt deſires and endeavors were, to be inſtrumental to ennoble and adorn them with every virtuous habit, and to make them the true children of God. She felt, and was ſolicitous to have them alſo feel, that if they would be happy, they muſt have ſomething far ſuperior to an illuſtrious natural deſcent, and ſplendid alliances; namely, a *new* and *celeſtial birth*, and a relation to the family of heaven. Often did ſhe inculcate on them, that real holineſs is true greatneſs; and that unleſs to their great eſtate the riches of divine grace were ſuperadded, they would one day wiſh they had never been born. Nor was ſhe leſs concerned to let them know, that the more any of them feared and ſerved God, the greater ſhare might they expect in her love.

She was not more diſtinguiſhed or abundant in the duties of piety, than in thoſe of charity. Beſide the bleſſing of a great eſtate, God had given her what was far more deſirable; a heart to make the beſt uſe of it.

Not a day paſſed, but in which ſhe reached out her hands to the needy. A great number ſhe relieved at her gates; and gave charge to her porter, that when there came any who were very aged, or who had ſuſtained great loſſes in the times of civil war, eſpecially if they ſeemed honeſt, he ſhould come and acquaint her; that ſhe might enlarge her bounty to a correſpondence

pondence with their neceſſities. Nor was ſhe a little diſpleaſed when theſe orders, or thoſe which ſhe gave her ſervants for the relief of the ordinary poor, were neglected.

In times of ſcarcity, ſhe ſent many loaves every week to various towns in the neighborhood. She cauſed her corn to be ſold in the markets in ſuch ſmall quantities, as might not exceed the abilities of the poor to purchaſe. She allowed certain meals in her houſe to ſeveral poor neighbors, whoſe want was viſible in their pale faces: and when they had by her bounty recovered their former complexion, and received, as it were, a new life, ſhe remarked, that the ſight of ſo happy an alteration in them did her as much good as any thing which ſhe ate herſelf.

Like another Dorcas, ſhe provided many coats and garments for the poor. She likewiſe conſtantly employed many elderly men and women in ſuch works as were adapted to their age and ſtrength.

Whenever the phyſician came to her houſe, ſhe inquired whether there were any ſick perſons in the town, that ſhe might furniſh ſuch as were unprovided, with the ſame accommodations which ſhe enjoyed herſelf. And on all occaſions, when ſhe heard of any who were ill, ſhe very cheerfully communicated whatever ſhe thought moſt conducive to their recovery; having not only ample ſtores of cordials and reſtoratives always with her, but great ſkill and judgment in their application.

Thus extenſive and various was her liberality. Its crowning excellence was that it proceeded from principle. She deeply felt that faith is but a fancy, without the labor of love, and that the more any poſſeſs, the more good they are bound to do. She had well weighed the meaning and importance of that inſpired declaration (*James* 1. 27.) that *pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is, to viſit the fatherleſs and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's ſelf*

unspotted from the world. The whole of this *pure and undefiled* religion was exemplified in her: for as she *visited the fatherless and widows*, so she *kept herself unspotted from the world.* She was not indeed free from all remainders of human infirmity and corruption; but was remarkably exempt, through life, from such failings and miscarriages as peculiarly tend to dishonor God, and tarnish the Christian profession. Her soul might be compared to a beautiful, well-cultivated garden, not only free, in good measure, from weeds, but richly replenished with every kind of fragrant flowers and useful fruits. Or she might be resembled to the sun, which is not only free from spots, but full of light. As Boaz said to Ruth, that all the city knew that she was a virtuous woman, so it might be said of this eminent woman, that all the country bore testimony to the purity and excellence of her character.

At her entrance on her last sickness, which continued about a fortnight, she apprehended her life would be very short, and accordingly endeavored to be prepared for her dissolution. Yet though her mind was tranquil in the prospect of death, and she saw no hope of recovery, she esteemed it her duty to comply with the prescriptions of her physicians, especially as she had been indebted to their eminent assiduity, and skill, under the blessing of Providence, for her restoration, in former instances, from the very gates of death. But the time was come when physicians were unavailing, and medicines without efficacy.—The last words of this pious woman were the following: "My God! I come flying unto thee." Soon after, her soul took its flight from sin and sorrow, and rested in the bosom of her Lord and Savior, in the year 1648.

Such was her modesty and humility, that though, having erected a magnificent monument for her husband, she desired that she might be laid by his side, she was yet unwilling to have any epitaph at all for herself.

self. She seemed to think that the most that could be said of him was too little, and the least concerning herself, too much. Being over-ruled by her friends in her favorite wish, she barely permitted that something should be inscribed expressive of her affection for her "dearest husband" while she enjoyed him, and her tender remembrance of him after his decease. Only one thing more was added, and this against her will: that her other exquisite virtues were forbidden by her excessive modesty to make their appearance on that marble.

LADY MARGARET HOUGHTON.

FROM a sermon preached at the funeral of this lady, Jan. 4. 1657, by the eminent Mr. Ambrose, the following description of some leading traits in her character is in substance extracted.

After discoursing from *Ephesians* 5. 16, on *redeeming the time*, he expresses himself to the following purpose.

The deceased redeemed her time in life and death.

1. In life. Ordinarily, every morning and every evening she was exercised in the duties of meditation and prayer. This was her course; and daily, in her walks, or private chamber, she spent both her early and later hours in communion with God. I speak not this by report, but in consequence of an intimate acquaintance

acquaintance contracted by frequently viſiting her houſe. It was an abode of religion : a peaceful retirement from the noiſe and temptations of the world ; affording her and myſelf a happy opportunity for uninterrupted devotion.

The books ſhe read were calculated to aſſiſt either contemplation, or devotion, or a holy walk : but of all books, ſhe preferred, for conſtant uſe, the Bible ; often remarking, that other books had their uſe and delight, till by by frequent reading, they loſt ſomething of their luſtre and excellence ; but that the Bible was ever freſh and knew. She found in it ſuch perpetual ſtreams of ſpiritual and heavenly delights, that, with Tertullian, ſhe "could not but admire and adore the fulneſs of the Scriptures."

The reſt of the day ſhe ordinarily ſpent in works of the needle, and attention to the concerns of her family. She conſidered idleneſs as the ruſt and canker of the ſoul, and Satan's favorite ſeaſon of temptation. She ſometimes viſited poor cottages, and relieved the neceſſities ſhe found there. In a word, take her character in all its parts, and ſhe ſeemed a worthy pattern for moſt of the ladies in the nation. At leaſt, ſhe ſhone among them with a diſtinguiſhing and ſuperior luſtre.

2. As ſhe redeemed her time in life, ſo ſhe redeemed it at or near the ſeaſon of death. Being taken from her ordinary duties, ſhe was more abundant in the exerciſe of thoſe ſpiritual graces which ſhe had manifeſted through life.

She was eminent in meekneſs. She exhibited much of a mild and quiet ſpirit. Often have I obſerved her amidſt provocations, peaceable, meek, gentle, and eaſy to be intreated. In her ſickneſs, ſhe behaved herſelf as a lamb. Not a word of paſſion or peeviſhneſs dropped from her lips. The very image of that divine Savior who ſaid, *Learn of me, for I am meek ;* ſeemed, in this reſpect, drawn fair within her.

She

She was eminent for humility. Though of high, and even royal deſcent, ſhe was lowly in ſpirit. She never deſpiſed the pooreſt creature, but often ſtooped to what others viewed as wonderful condeſcenſions. In her ſickneſs, as well as death, ſhe laid her honor in the duſt; and through life, *clothed* herſelf *with humility*.

She was remarkable for her patience, and ſubmiſſion to the divine diſpoſals. Her ſickneſs was ſevere and tedious in itſelf; and ſeemed the more ſo on account of her former health, which through her great care and conſtant exerciſe, had been remarkably firm and uninterrupted. Yet though the reverſe was ſo great, that ſhe found herſelf unable even to move, ſhe was patiently ſubmiſſive under the hand of God; having learned the church's leſſon: *I will bear the indignation of the Lord, becauſe I have ſinned againſt him.*

She was eminent for faith. She often acknowledged her vileneſs and wretchedneſs, that ſhe was of little faith, and had no ability to help herſelf. Indeed her weakneſs in every grace, and in all religious performances, was her conſtant complaint. I have ſeen others in ſickneſs, very confident of their ſalvation, whom though I dare not cenſure, becauſe unacquainted with their grounds; yet I muſt acknowledge that I dearly love a humble, trembling, ſelf-condemning frame. Sure I am, that they who are the vileſt in their own eyes, are the ſouls in whom God moſt delights. The man who will, as it were, kiſs the duſt of Jeſus' feet, He will take in his arms, and lay in his boſom. Such was the ſpirit of this good lady. She was preſt with a ſenſe of her ſpiritual poverty; yet ſhe caſt herſelf into the arms of Chriſt: yea, ſhe lay at his feet, crying, "*Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.*" At another time: "Though the Lord ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him." At another: "He hath delivered, he doth deliver, and I truſt in him

that he will deliver me ſtill." And again: "Hold out faith, and anon thou wilt come to viſion." This expreſſion, "hold out faith," was one of the laſt ſhe uttered.

She was remarkable for her love to the miniſters of Chriſt. Her heart, wholly ſet on Jeſus, was attracted to his bleſſed image, wherever it was diſcerned, eſpecially in his ambaſſadors. Among others, ſhe was pleaſed to ſhew her regard to me, the unworthieſt of all my Maſter's meſſengers. The Lord made her the firſt wheel of his providence in bringing me hither. Indeed ſhe honored all the miniſters of Chriſt, and the function itſelf, for his ſake.

She was full of love and charity to all. Many diſcords have happened in theſe ſad times, and ſhe has ſuffered much in many reſpects. In her approach to the confines of eternity, I deſired her to forgive others, as ſhe deſired God to forgive her: on which ſhe very affectionately declared that 'ſhe freely forgave all the world, and deſired all whom ſhe had offended to forgive her.' Her children kneeling about her, ſhe gave them her bleſſing, which ſhe pronounced with ſuch cheerfulneſs, affection and fervor of ſpirit, as melted the hearts, and drew a flood of tears from the eyes, of thoſe about her bed; inſomuch that ſhe felt conſtrained to rouſe herſelf up, and addreſs them, as Chriſt did the weeping women: "*Weep not for me, but weep for yourſelves.*" Why ſhould you weep for me who am going to my Chriſt, and to thoſe joys prepared by him." After this, ſhe gave a ſolemn charge reſpecting the duties incumbent on children of the ſame family, toward each other.

Finally, this pious lady was deſirous to die, and to be with Chriſt, which ſhe viewed as beſt of all. Sometimes ſhe exclaimed, "O! when will that bleſſed hour come?" And again: "O that I were diſſolved, that I might be with Chriſt!" Being reminded of her duty to wait with patience, ſhe replied: "I will wait.

wait. Lord, *I will wait till my change ſhall come.*" She comforted herſelf with the recollection of that promiſe (*Heb.* 10. 37.) *For yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.*—One thing occaſioned her trouble. She was afraid that her frame would not yield to the ſtroke of death without much ſtruggling. Her reaſons were beſt known to herſelf, but her apprehenſions were verified: for indeed, when death ſeized her heart, ſhe uttered ſuch groans, that ſhe out-groaned all our prayers. At laſt, the reſiſtance of nature was overcome; and ſhe calmly and quietly left the world, in the midſt of our ſupplications.

You ſee now, concludes the preacher, how ſhe redeemed the time in life and death. As Chriſt ſaid to the lawyer, ſo let me ſay to you: *Go thou, and do likewiſe.* It is not long that any of you have to live. Therefore I beſeech you, improve time, and lay hold of every ſeaſon to ſecure heaven. Walk accurately, exactly, *circumſpectly, not as fools, but as wiſe, redeeming the time, becauſe the days are evil.*

Miss

MISS ANN BAYNARD.

SHE was the beloved daughter, and only child, of Dr. Edward Baynard; who early discovering in her an elegant and sprightly genius, united with a natural propensity to learning, was induced to indulge her with a literary education. This privilege she improved to excellent purpose. By indefatigable diligence and application, she acquired an accurate and extensive knowledge of the mathematics, of astronomy, of natural philosophy, and the learned languages. She took peculiar pains to gain a perfect acquaintance with the Greek tongue, that so she might be able to read not only the New Testament in the original, but likewise the writings of some of the ancient Fathers, particularly St. Chrysostom. With the Latin she was so familiar, as to compose with ease in that language: and so far did she penetrate into the depths of metaphysics, as to become an accomplished reasoner. She possessed a very unusual extent of knowledge; yet her capacious and comprehensive mind was constantly coveting more. In these things, she would frequently observe, it was a sin to be contented with a little.

Yet with all these endowments and acquisitions, she deeply felt that there were other things of far greater importance. With profound humility, and prostration of mind, she would exclaim, in the language of the Apostle Paul, "I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. She has frequently been heard to

say,

ſay that 'human learning was worth nothing, unleſs, as a handmaid, it led to the knowledge of Chriſt revealed in the Goſpel, as our only Lord and Savior.—Nor was her progreſs ſmall, in this bleſſed and invaluable knowledge.

Her ſenſe of the precioufneſs of true religion, and her preference of it to all other acquiſitions, was often manifeſted in ſuch diſcourſes as theſe. "What avails," ſhe would ſay, "the ſkill of Solomon in all the works of nature, if we are not brought by them, to ſee the God of nature?—What is it to be ſo ſkilful in aſtronomy, and the knowledge of the heavens, as even to foretel things to come, if we never ſtudy, by our holy practice, to arrive at thoſe bleſſed regions? What is it to be ſo ſkilful in arithmetic, as that we can divide and ſubdivide to the ſmalleſt fraction, unleſs, as God hath revealed unto us in his holy word, we ſo learn to number our days, as to apply our hearts to wiſdom?—What is it for a phyſician to be ſo ſkilful in foreſeeing and preventing the diſeaſes of the body, unleſs, as God hath revealed unto him, he knows where to find the balm of Gilead, the wine and oil of that Samaritan, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, to pour into the feſtered wounds of his own ſoul and conſcience?"

Such ſentiments as theſe were familiar to her.—And they ſeemed not to be mere ſpeculations, but to determine her practical judgement, and influence her whole ſpirit and life. She gave a conſtant and devout attendance on the preaching of the word, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper: nor was ſhe abſent from the daily prayers of the Church unleſs prevented by bodily indiſpoſition. In the duties of private devotion, ſhe was equally conſcientious. In her cloſet, like holy David, ſhe communed with her own heart, and ſolemnly examined the ſtate and condition of her ſoul, that ſhe might ſtand in awe, and not ſin. She cheerfully embraced all convenient opportunities for retirement, that ſhe might enjoy more

ſenſible

ſenſible and uninterrupted intercourſe with heaven. She believed that one of the moſt effectual ways of overcoming the world, and living above it, was to withdraw herſelf from it; and that the beſt preparative for death, was to die daily in holy ſolitude and privacy. By the bleſſing of God on theſe attempts, ſhe was ſo happy as to find herſelf early reconciled to her diſſolution; an event which was much in her thoughts, and of which ſhe ſeemed to have ſome peculiar premonitions.

Amid her fondneſs for retirement, however, the ſocial duties were neither forgotten nor neglected. Her circumſtances did not permit her to extend her liberality as ſhe wiſhed. Yet ſhe was cheerful and conſtant, if not abundant, in giving. Nor did ſhe fail to ſequeſter a certain proportion of what was allowed her, to benevolent and pious uſes. But her charity diſplayed itſelf in ways ſtill more noble and important. She tenderly loved the ſouls of her fellow-creatures, and was greatly afflicted at the errors, follies and vices of the age in which ſhe lived. She was peculiarly pained to obſerve that many who called themſelves Chriſtians, indulged ſuch principles and practices as were groſsly diſhonorable to their ſacred profeſſion, and ſuch as while they looked with a ſad aſpect, on their own ſalvation, were directly calculated to fruſtrate that of others. In her neareſt approaches to her God, ſhe lamented theſe evils, and earneſtly implored their ſuppreſſion. Her zeal likewiſe imparted to her a courage and diſcretion above her years, in endeavoring to benefit the ſouls of thoſe with whom ſhe converſed, by pious inſtructions and counſels, and faithful, though friendly reproofs.

About two years before her death, happening, amid her ſolitary walks for meditation, to enter the churchyard, and indulging, as ſhe reſted herſelf in the porch, thoſe contemplations which the ſcene ſuggeſted, ſhe felt a ſudden and ſtrong impreſſion that ſhe ſhould

ſhortly

ſhortly die, and find her grave in that place. This impreſſion, which never left her till the event actually occurred, imparted no horror, and little melancholy, to her mind. On the contrary, ſhe felt, from that time, a peculiar attachment to the place, and made it the ſcene of her frequent retirements.

Mr. Prude, the miniſter of the place in which ſhe lived, ſpeaks very highly, in her funeral ſermon, of her piety and accompliſhments; while he laments it as his infelicity, that he knew her no longer time before ſhe was removed from our world. "I ſhould otherwiſe," he remarks, "have learned much more from her: I ſhould, as the wiſe man ſpeaks, have attended to her wiſdom, and bowed my ear to her underſtanding."

In another part of his diſcourſe, he expreſſes himſelf thus: "Be pleaſed to underſtand that ſhe deſired me, on her death-bed, that I would exhort all young people to the ſtudy of wiſdom and knowledge, as the means to improve their virtue, and bring them to the trueſt happineſs. And this I think I cannot do better, than in the words which were taken from her own mouth, juſt when her ſoul was hovering on her lips, ready to take wing for that other world. Her words were theſe:

"I deſire that all young people may be exhorted to the practice of virtue, and to increaſe their knowledge by the ſtudy of philoſophy, and more eſpecially to read the great book of nature, wherein they may ſee the wiſdom and power of the great Creator in the order of the univerſe, and in the production and preſervation of all things. It will fix in their minds a love to ſo much perfection, frame a divine idea and an awful regard of God, which will heighten devotion, lower the ſpirit of pride, and give a habit and diſpoſition to his ſervice. It will make us tremble at folly and profaneneſs, and command reverence and proſtration to his great and holy name.

"That

"That women are capable of such improvements as will better their judgments and understandings, is past all doubt, would they attempt it in earnest, and spend but half of that time in study and thinking, which they do in visits, vanity and folly. It would introduce a composure of mind, and lay a solid basis for wisdom and knowledge, by which they would be enabled to serve God, and benefit mankind."

The following concise character of this young lady is given by Mr. Collier in his *historical Dictionary*. "Ann Baynard," says he, "for her prudence, piety and learning, deserves to have her memory perpetuated; being not only well skilled in the learned languages, but in all manner of literature and philosophy, without vanity or affectation. Her words were few, well-chosen, and expressive. She was seldom seen to smile, being rather of a reserved and stoical disposition, their doctrine, in most parts seeming agreeable to her natural temper; for she never read or spake of the Stoics, but with delight. She had a great contempt of the world, especially of the finery and gaiety of life. She had a great regard and veneration for the sacred name of God, and made it the whole business of her life to promote his honor and glory. The great end of her study was to encounter Atheists and Libertines, as may appear from some satires written in Latin, in which language, she had a great readiness and fluency of expression."

She died June 12, 1697, at the age of twenty five. On a small monument erected to her memory, is a Latin inscription to this purpose:

Mortals, how few among your race
Have given this thought its weight,
That on this flying moment hangs
Your everlasting state!

THE

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY FRANCES HOBART.

SHE was born in London 1603; the eldeſt of eight daughters of the Earl of Bridgwater. She was carefully inſtructed in reading, writing, accompts, needle-work, family affairs, muſic vocal and inſtrumental, and among other things, in the French language, which, having her organs of ſpeech formed to it in childhood, ſhe pronounced with an accuracy attained by few of her nation.

In her education, *the principal thing* was not omitted. She was thoroughly inſtructed in the principles of religion; and this partly by the aſſiduity of her Father, whom ſhe often mentioned with honor on this account. So exactly was her time apportioned to various objects of inſtruction, that none remained, excepting a ſmall ſpace for exerciſe, and the hours allotted to ſecret and family devotion.

In her youth, ſhe was frequently at the court of King James, and was in great favor with the Queen. On this period of her life, ſhe often reflected with pain; condemning her miſimprovement of precious time, eſpecially the Lord's day; and with equal frankneſs commending one of her ſiſters who had a juſt ſenſe of the error of ſuch a conduct, and courage enough to reſiſt the temptations to it.

Her ſoul early appeared to be formed for ſomething nobler than viſits, ceremonies and amuſements. Diſ-

positions of seriousness and religious contemplation discovered themselves in her in childhood, at which period, she took great pleasure in reading Mr. Dod's exposition of the Commandments, and was peculiarly delighted with those ministers whose doctrines were most serious, and whose lives most pure and holy. But she ever attributed the change of her heart to the blessing of God on the preaching of Mr. Carter of Norwich: and her subsequent life afforded ample evidence of the genuineness of her conversion.

She was married to Sir John Hobart, a person of amiable dispositions: and in the relations of wife, mother, and mistress of a family of servants, exhibited a remarkable portion of virtue and discretion.

On the subject of chastity, she judged it not enough to be unimpeachable, unless she were likewise above suspicion. Her deportment, though affable, was guarded by a purity, and a dignified gravity, which commanded respect and awe, even from the gay and unprincipled.

To her husband, she was respectful and affectionate, making his interest, his joys and affections, her own. Finding him encumbered with a heavy debt, she by prudently managing his estate, and personally auditing all his accounts, expunged several thousand pounds of it.

In the severe indispositions with which he was visited from the time of their marriage, she was a most tender, sympathetic, indefatigable nurse. In the most trying periods of his disorder, she confined herself to his chamber, seldom leaving him an hour, unless for refreshment, or for secret or public devotion. At night, she watched with him so constantly, that all about her wondered that her slender frame could bear the fatigue; as she seldom took any rest till two or three o'clock in the morning, and then on an ordinary couch in his chamber, where she might hear every groan, and be at hand to render every possible relief.

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She was no leſs his help-meet in things pertaining to the ſoul and eternity. From the experience which he had of her excellence in this reſpect, he was accuſtomed to give her the familiar appellation of *his dear ſaint*. No ſooner had God wrought a change in her own heart, than the everlaſting intereſts of the friend of her boſom became a ſubject of the moſt tender ſolicitude. By her prudent admonitions, and pathetic entreaties, he was recovered from the vanities of youth, ſo as to abhor the things in which he had delighted, and to find pleaſure in thoſe ways of God to which he was formerly a ſtranger. He now not only took ſatisfaction in the exerciſes and duties of religion, but became a monitor to his friends, and faithfully reproved in others, eſpecially his ſervants, the faults he had once practiſed. In ſhort, by the bleſſing of God on the public preaching of the word, and the pious pains of his lady, he appeared not only externally reformed, but internally ſanctified; exhibiting at death, and long before, many happy evidences of a Chriſtian hope and ſtate.

Of nine children whom God gave her, one only ſurvived to adult age; and ſhe deceaſed ſeveral years before her excellent mother. While they were indulged to her, ſhe ſpared no pains in endeavoring to form them to every thing virtuous and excellent: nor were her attempts unattended with indications of ſucceſs.

Her treatment of her domeſtics was at once prudent, affectionate and dignified. In the choice of them, ſhe ever preferred thoſe who exhibited evidences of ſobriety and the fear of God. Though in this reſpect, ſhe was ſometimes deceived, her diligent inſpection and careful diſcipline of her family corrected the error: nor did ſhe ſuffer any to continue with her, whom ſhe found groſsly and incorrigibly wicked.

She not only provided amply for the maintenance of her ſervants, but beſtowed peculiar concern on their

their ſouls. She had a miniſter in her family, who not only prayed with it thrice a day, but expounded the ſcriptures, repeated ſermons, eſpecially on Lord's days, and catechized the ſervants. To render this laſt exerciſe more acceptable to thoſe for whoſe benefit it was principally deſigned, ſhe prevailed with her daughter to join with them. When by ſickneſs ſhe was diſabled from attending the prayers of the family in the uſual place, ſhe transferred them to her own chamber.

After her huſband's diſeaſe, ſhe prevailed on the ſame pious miniſter to continue with her; and that ſhe might extend the advantage of his inſtructions as far as poſſible, ſhe converted ſome leſs uſeful rooms of her houſe into a chapel which could accommodate more than two hundred perſons. Here he preached a lecture every week; and on every Lord's day evening, repeated the ſermons (or one of them) which he had delivered in the day. This exerciſe was continued for ſixteen hears, to a full auditory, with great advantage to many young perſons, to whom it was bleſt as the mean of their firſt acquaintance with God and religion.

Thus, and in many other ways, was ſhe a precious bleſſing to the place in which ſhe lived, and to the world. Very few in any age, have more exactly realized the deſcription given by the Apoſtle, of *a widow indeed* (1 *Tim.* v. 5, 6, 10.) She *lived not in pleaſure*—ſhe *truſted in God*, and *continued in ſupplications and prayers, night and day*——ſhe *was well reported of for good works—lodged ſtrangers—relieved the afflicted—and diligently followed every good work.*

She was far from waſting her precious time in unneceſſary ſleep, or banquets, or amuſements, or inſignificant viſits. What ſhe could ſpare from other neceſſary duties, ſhe employed either in the exerciſes of religion, private or public, or in ſuch viſits as gave her opportunity either of doing or receiving good. If

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She made any other, they were rather her burden than her pleasure, and submitted to in acknowledgment of the civilities of others. She seldom spent half an hour either at dinner or supper; and both ate and drank so sparingly, as to afford a striking demonstration how little is necessary to supply the demands of nature. She was so far from affecting an expensive style of dress, that for some time after the loss of her husband, she declined wearing so much as a silk gown; and this, that she might have the more to bestow on the poor. If at any time she met with an object of charity that required a greater relief than consisted with her present convenience, she would answer the complete demand, saying, 'it was but wearing a gown two or three months longer.'

Till some few years before her death, when increasing infirmities necessitated a departure from her chosen plan, the manner in which she spent her time, may be thus described. She was seldom in bed after four o'clock in the morning. From the hour she rose, till seven, she spent her time in closet meditation and devotion. Then she came out to the duties of the family, which, including prayer, reading and expounding the scriptures, &c. occupied something more than an hour. Thence till noon, she employed her time in her chamber, in dressing, reading, inspecting her accounts, &c. and sometimes in a walk of half an hour. At noon, she again attended prayer in her family, in which, and in dinner and conversation afterward, she generally spent two hours; sometimes devoting half an hour in addition, to exercise. Her afternoon was employed in reading, or making visits, (chiefly to Christians with whom she was intimate) or sometimes, in spinning or sewing with her maids. About six, she returned to family duties, in which, at supper, and discourse after it, she ordinarily spent three hours and then withdrew to her closet, where, for many years, she read and prayed till twelve or one o'clock. The

latter part of her life, she was prevailed on by her physician, to curtail an hour or two from these late exercises. Thus she led a life mortified to all worldly delights, and drew her pleasures only from communion with God and his people; exercising as great severity to herself, as many who imagine that such a discipline will purchase heaven.

It was no less true of her, that she *trusted in God*; if an ardent love to his word and ordinances, freedom from distracting cares, affectionate adherence to him, fear of offending him, and hope in his mercy, are evidences of such a trust. Her value for the word of God was most remarkable. She was rarely found alone, without her bible before her. She drew up for herself a method of reading the scriptures, to which she strictly adhered; so that every year she read the New Testament thrice, the Psalms twelve times, and the other parts of the Old Testament once. She furnished herself with a large library of English divines, which she constantly used; and this principally for the explanation of the scriptures. While in health, she was unwearied in her attendance on sermons; preferring such as opened the truths of God with the greatest life, and fullest evidence from scripture. Beside three sermons on the Lord's day, she generally heard three or four in the week.

She was indeed exercised with doubts and jealousies concerning herself: "but these," says her minister and historian, "were rather evidences for, than against her. I have seen her," he adds, "in great agonies and conflicts, and almost refusing to be satisfied; but could never find that they argued more than an earnest thirsting after farther evidences of divine love than it pleased God for some time to vouchsafe her. She was possessed indeed of a noble estate; and so had not the same temptations as others, to distrustful cares for the things of this life. Yet so far as she could, she exercised this act of faith; never caring for

to-morrow,

to-morrow, but freely ſpending her whole revenue (that part of it I mean which ſhe could ſpare from the frugal expenſes of her houſehold) in pious and charitable works; profeſſing that ſhe deſired no more than to make her account of receipts and diſburſements even at the year's end. Her love to God was very great, whether we view it in the ſecret motions of her ſoul, or in more imperate acts. What ſighs, what heart-breaking ſadneſs," continues the hiſtorian, "have I been witneſs to, when ſhe lay at any time under apprehenſions of divine deſertion, or any ſuſpicion of the truth of grace in her own heart! What tears, in ſuch dark hours, have I ſeen flow from her eyes in her cloſet! What groans have I heard from her while we have been praying!—On the other ſide, if at any time ſhe could lay hold on any good word of God, or if ſhe found more freedom of ſpirit, or felt what ſhe judged an efflux of divine love upon her ſoul, what a cheerfulneſs did we all the day ſee in her countenance! What freedom did we diſcern in her converſe! It was not hard from the obſervation of her converſe and countenance through the day, to judge how it had fared with her ſpirit in her addreſſes to God in the morning. Her dread of God was great. I have ſometimes trembled to hear with what earneſtneſs ſhe would adjure me to be faithful to her in the buſineſs of her ſoul, and not to ſuffer ſin to reſt upon her. Her fear indeed was for ſome time too ſervile, ſavoring too much of the ſpirit of bondage; but it was afterward more conſtantly filial; in all things diſcovered by a reverential ſenſe of the great and glorious Majeſty of God, and a dread of wilful ſinning againſt him.

Her love to miniſters and other Chriſtians was diſtinguiſhed. She had not only, like the *Shunamite*, prepared a *table*, a *bed*, and a *candleſtick*, for the ſervants of God who paſſed that way; but like Lydia, ſhe would beſeech them, that if they judged her faithful, they would come to her houſe. She ſet apart one chamber,

chamber, to which she gave the name of the *minister's chamber*. She highly prized every diligent and pious minister of her acquaintance, and that for his work's sake; while she no less disesteemed the indolent, and such as by their lives dishonored their doctrine and function. It was calculated by one who well knew her, that she constantly spent a fourth part of her income upon good ministers, and Christians of the poorer class. What she did of this kind, she did nobly; for God gave her a large heart, and an open hand. She often lodged strangers, relieved them, and washed, if not their feet, yet their wounds. Her coach was frequently seen waiting for her at the doors of the poor, and she never thought it could be disgraced by a Christian cottage. When some in very low circumstances, yet of great piety and experience in the ways of God, have been lying on beds of affliction, she would scarce be two days absent from them: nor did she think any time too long to spend with them. She frequently said, she believed that love constrained equally, if not more, in spiritual, than in natural relations. When, in her gloomy hours, she wanted such evidences of grace as she wished, she would derive relief from this consideration; that if St. John's argument was infallible, *We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren*; she still had a ground of hope; for that, if her heart did not strangely deceive her, she truly loved them, and that because of their holiness. Her compassion to the poor did not spend itself in an empty-handed visit, nor in mere professions of pity, but she many ways refreshed their hearts. If she found their bodily distempers threatening, she would send her own skilful physician to them. If she found them in spiritual trouble, she sent them her minister. She put her own hands to the wounds of the poor. She sent them food from her own table. When she made them a visit, she would, at her departure, like the good Samaritan

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in the gospel, take money out of her purse, and give it to nurses, charging them to take care of the sick person, and promising that whatever they spent more, she would repay them. In a word, the self-denial manifested in her charity to the souls and bodies of others, was the just admiration of all thoughtful persons in the place where God had fixed her, and gained a tribute of love and respect from every description of characters.

Her conversation and deportment were remarkably distant from moroseness. Her piety taught her affability, and a readiness to do good to all, though her delight was in those whom she apprehended dear to God, and she was most abundant in doing good to such as were of the household of faith. Amidst all, she was humble, and remarkably unconcerned about the praises of men. So much was this the case, that having expressed, in her last will, her wish that her minister should preach her funeral sermon, she added: "I desire him to forbear all commendations of me, a vile, sinful creature."

Her last sickness was a dropsy, and continued about half a year. It found her in a blessed preparation for her change. Her work was finished. Her house and her heart were set in order. She had little to do, but to be still, and wait for the salvation of God. She had sown in tears before, and seemed now to reap in joy. Her death, though long foreseen, was somewhat sudden at last. After being bereaved of her senses and speech for two or three days, she quietly fell asleep on the evening of the Sabbath, Nov. 27. 1664.

"Thus lived, thus died," says her biographer, "this twice noble, excellent lady, about the sixty-first year of her age; possibly the brightest example of piety, and truest pattern of honor, liberality, temperance, humility and courtesy, which it hath pleased God in this last age to shew in that part of the world where he had fixed her. A woman indeed not without her infirmities;

infirmities; to assert that, were to discharge her from her relation to human nature: but as they were of no reproachable magnitude, and the products of natural temperature, not of vitious habits; so they were so much outshone by her eminent graces and virtues, as that a curious eye could hardly take notice of them. In a word, none ever lived more desired, or died more universally lamented by all worthy persons in the city of Norwich."

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY CATHARINE COURTEN.

"I SHALL not undertake," says her biographer, Dr. Collinges, "the complete portraiture of this Lady; partly because the circumstances of her birth and education were much the same with her elder sister's, whose description I have given more fully;* and partly because she was not known to me, till the two last years of her life."

In April, 1650, on an invitation from her sister, Lady Frances Hobart, she came to spend with her the retired part of her life. Her season of health there was short; not above three quarters of a year. The rest of her days, she might rather be said to be dying, than living. During

* *He was the original writer of the preceding life.*

During the months of her health, she was remarkable for her quiet, cheerful and thankful submission to divine Providence. Few, very few, have been exercised with severer trials. She was married to William Courten Esq; a gentleman of great opulence; and what was far more to her, found in him a most tender and affectionate husband. Their union and happiness were crowned with a numerous offspring. Thus her mountain seemed to stand strong; and in the height of her prosperity, she was ready to say, *she should never be moved.* But it was not long before God in the dispensations of his providence, *hid his face from her, and she was troubled.* He first bereaved her of children, taking away one after another, till only one son and one daughter were left. He next frowned upon her husband's traffic to the Indies, every successive year bringing intelligence of some great loss, till he was not only stripped of his whole estate, but found himself involved in an inextricable debt, and was obliged to seek refuge in a foreign land. Such was the desolate and afflicted condition of this worthy woman—bereaved of children, of substance, of her beloved husband--and cast on the charity of her friends. Yet *she charged not God foolishly.* She acknowledged that the *Lord had given, and taken away*; and she *blessed his holy name.* With a meek and quiet spirit she submitted to her heavy trials, *holding her peace,* because they were the allotment of that Being who she felt had an infinite right to do with her and hers as he pleased. She was even filled with admiration of the goodness of God, in disposing the hearts of her friends to shew kindness to her, and to her children, in their distressed state. Her sense of his great mercy seemed to absorb and triumph over her grief. She was often heard to say, that 'she now saw more of the goodness of God in a single ten pounds which a friend sent her, (and could better acknowledge it) than she did before, in the many thou-

sands

ſands which were her own.' And when, after all theſe humbling and emptying diſpenſations, it pleaſed a ſovereign God to lay his hand upon her frame, and viſit her with a tormenting and incurable diſeaſe, ſhe put her hand upon her mouth, and not only acknowledged the juſtice, but admired the mercy of her heavenly Father. If at any time, He was pleaſed to give her a reſpite from her agonizing pains, her tongue ſeemed incapable of expreſſing the thankfulneſs of her ſpirit. Praiſe waited in her grateful ſoul for her God. "Sometimes indeed," ſays Dr. Collinges, "I ſaw her troubled at God's more external diſpenſations to her, and that to a degree beyond what might be called a juſt ſenſe of them: but upon diſcourſing with her, I conſtantly found the cauſe was either a bitter reflection on the influence which the ſad providence of God's blaſting her dear huſband's eſtate, had upon many other perſons and families, which ſhe could never think on without tears, and which ſhe often declared, troubled her more than her own, her huſband's and children's concerns;—or elſe ſome fears (wrought in her by the advantage her ſubtil adverſary took of her afflicted ſtate) leſt the rod of God was an indication of his wrath, the dread of which troubled her infinitely more than her low condition as to the comforts of life, upon which the Lord had taught her to ſet a very cheap eſtimate. Indeed, it hath often ſtartled me," ſays the Doctor, "to ſuppoſe my ſoul in her ſoul's ſtead, and to think what I ſhould have been under ſuch diſpenſations as it pleaſed God to meaſure out to her, but which ſhe embraced with meekneſs and cheerfulneſs."

Another thing eminently conſpicuous in this lady, was her great tenderneſs of conſcience, and watchful jealouſy over her own heart. "It would have made a good Chriſtian ſuſpect himſelf," ſays her hiſtorian, "to have ſeen her ſcrupuloſity of every action, and how afraid ſhe was of the leaſt ſin againſt God. She often

often discovered to me, as I lived with her under the same roof, the state of her soul; what she found, what she wanted, what she resolved on, what grievances and what comforts she at any time experienced; but scarce ever did it without adjuring me to be faithful, in telling her what I judged of her condition in reference to eternity. Indeed the hearing her strictly charge me not to flatter her, but to deal faithfully, hath often made me tremble, lest through temptation or weakness, I should fall short of my duty to her. Indeed, she was over-jealous; and through fear of sin, would sometimes hesitate in regard to what was her duty, yea, her greatest duty. How often did I hear from her these words—"Oh! Sir, Satan is very busy. He would have me let go my hold of my dear Savior; but I am resolved to keep it till I die. Sir, may I not? I beseech you, tell me if you think I may not."

Another thing observable in her, was her love to public ordinances. With the royal Psalmist she could say, *How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!* To enjoy this privilege, was her great motive for preferring her dear sister's family, as the place of her recess; for she there found a private chapel where she could attend the ordinances of God, exempt from the notice of the world. She was neither absent from any sermon, nor negligent in hearing it. When unable, by reason of sickness, to go down stairs herself, she was carried down by others, till the advice of her physicians laid a restraint upon her. During religious exercises, her aspect and posture discovered with what reverence and trembling she heard the word of God. She indeed received it *as His word.*

Her secret communion with God was not less remarkable. Though she wished it to be *indeed* secret, as far as possible, yet no company prevented her from being punctual to her hours of retired prayer; and in her conversation she frequently commended it, as that by which a Christian comes best to understand his own

heart. It was eaſy for thoſe who converſed with her when ſhe came out of her cloſet, to determine by her countenance and diſcourſe, how ſhe had been employed. She ſpent much time in prayer, and much in reading the ſcriptures, and other inſtructive books on religion, together with notes which ſhe had taken of ſermons. Nor is it leſs certain, that ſhe was much employed in applying what ſhe read, and examining her heart by it.

Another excellence obſervable in this lady, was her tender and well-ordered affection to her neareſt relatives. Her huſband's and her children's perſons were exceedingly dear to her; but the ſalvation of their ſouls was deareſt of all. None could have known by any peculiar dejection of her countenance, that ſhe was a woman of ſuch affliction, had not the recollection of the exiled ſtate of her beloved huſband, frequently interrupted her peace and ſerenity. There was not a Chriſtian of her acquaintance, whoſe prayers ſhe did not earneſtly deſire for her huſband and children. When ſhe apprehended her death approaching, ſhe fervently requeſted her miniſter, that when ſhe was no more, he would never ceaſe to pray for her huſband, that God would preſerve him from the temptations and pollutions of that Popiſh country in which his lot was caſt; and for her children, that Jeſus Chriſt might be formed in them. The firſt wiſh of her heart for her children was, that they might be found walking in the truth, and poſſeſſed of a treaſure which neither moth could corrupt, nor thief invade.

She was remarkable for her faithfulneſs to her friends in general. This faithfulneſs was manifeſted in the performance of every kind office in her power, in ſtudiouſly concealing their ſecrets, and particularly, in prudently hinting and reproving their faults. On this ſubject, ſhe did not ſpare her neareſt relatives and friends, however warm were her affections toward them, or however numerous the obligations under which they

they had laid her. She rightly judged that her love to them was beſt demonſtrated, and her obligations beſt diſcharged, by benevolent, honeſt efforts to ſave their ſouls from death.

All who attentively obſerved her, were witneſſes at once to the gravity, and the innocent cheerfulneſs of her converſation. The nobleneſs of her ſpirit diſcovered itſelf in a ſweet affability and courteſy of behavior towards all, and in the admiſſion of perſons far below her rank to a great freedom, eſpecially if they feared God, and manifeſted an experience of his good ways. As ſhe was endowed with a deep ſagacity, and with uncommon degrees of knowledge, it was her conſtant care to improve them to the glory of the divine Giver. The hours ſhe ſpent neither in her cloſet, nor in public ordinances, which were not many, were uſually occupied with diſcourſe tending to edification: nor was ſhe ever more in her element, than when, in converſe with others, ſhe was inveſtigating ſome truth for the information of her judgment, or the guidance of her practice. She was impatient at hearing what ſhe conceived was plainly contrary to truth, or what tended to countenance the leaſt ſin againſt God.

During the moſt diſtreſſing periods of the diſorder which ſeized her at her ſiſter's houſe, and even after ſhe had been afflicted with excruciating pain for ſeveral days, ſhe diſplayed a wonderful patience. She kept faſt hold on God, ſaying, amid the ſevereſt attacks of her diſeaſe, that 'the Lord was her hope, that ſhe clave to him, and would not let him go, let God do what he pleaſed with her, and Satan ſuggeſt what he could againſt her.'

About four days before her diſſolution, her pain ſomewhat abated. The day immediately preceding was a day of great revival to her. She had not been, for many weeks, ſo cheerful, nor ſo free from diſtreſs. Her miniſter coming in at noon, to pray with her, ſhe appeared to be even raviſhed with a ſenſe of the good-

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neſs of God to her, in granting ſome relaxation from her agonies; and was exceedingly earneſt in preſſing him to praiſe God with her, and for her. After prayer, ſhe continued very cheerful: but ſuddenly her miniſter perceived her take his hand, and manifeſt a deſire to whiſper ſomething in his ear. As ſoon as ſhe perceived her ſiſter's back turned, and the reſt of the company out of hearing, ſhe ſaid to him: "I think I may tell you (you will not ſpeak of it) I believe I am very near my Father's houſe." He determined to be ſilent, till he ſaw the iſſue; and the more becauſe ſhe ſeemed to him further from death, than ſhe had appeared at any time for ſome weeks before. In this frame ſhe continued the remainder of the day. In the evening, he found her very cheerful, and able to diſcourſe with eaſe and freedom. But it ſo pleaſed the ſovereign Lord of life and death, that before the next morning, her ſpirits failed, and ſhe in great meaſure loſt her ſpeech. She expreſſed, by ſigns, her deſire that prayer might be made for her. Once ſhe ſaid, *I fear;* and by and by, *I hope, I hope;*—and thus, without any pain, ſo far as could be diſcovered, ſhe yielded her ſoul to God, on the twenty-fifth day of March, 1652.

"Thus," ſays her hiſtorian, "ſhe fought the good fight, and kept the faith, and hath now put on the crown of glory—being entered into the actual poſſeſſion and beatific ſight of thoſe things which eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived; even the things which God hath prepared for thoſe who love him."

THE

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY CUTTS.

THOUGH this lady died young, having but juſt paſſed the age of eighteen, ſhe was continued long enough in our world, to hold forth a bright example of female excellence.

The foundation of her character was laid in ſtrict, unaffected piety.

Her devotion was exemplary. Morning and evening came not more conſtantly than her ſeaſons of ſecret prayer, which ſhe obſerved, not as a matter of formality or conſtraint, but with ardent deſire and delight. On no occaſion would ſhe diſpenſe with this duty. She eſteemed it her great honor and happineſs to attend upon God; and ſhe reſolved to find leiſure for this, for whatever elſe ſhe might want it.

How theſe ſecret tranſactions between God and her ſoul were conducted, is known to Him alone whom ſhe worſhipped. But if one might judge of her privacies by what was ſeen of her in public, the concluſion muſt be, that ſhe was full of humility, devotion and fervor; for ſo ſhe eminently was in the religious exerciſes of God's houſe. There, her behavior was moſt devout and ſolemn, yet ſtrikingly decent, eaſy and unaffected. It was throughout ſuch as declared itſelf not the reſult of the paſſions merely, but to flow from an underſtanding divinely enlightened, and enriched with ſtores of religious knowledge.

This knowledge, of which the foundation was laid by the bleſſing of God on early inſtruction, was much increaſed by frequent reading and meditation, of which from childhood ſhe was very fond; and by a diligent attendance on public ſermons; at which exerciſes, ſhe was all attention, all ear. She kept her heart intenſely fixed on its holy work, by keeping her eye from wandering. She often expreſſed her diſſatisfaction at that indecency of deportment which prevails in aſſemblies for public worſhip; and wondered that thoſe ſhould often be moſt careleſs of their behavior towards God, who are moſt ſcrupulouſly nice in exacting and paying all the little decencies in uſe among men.

When the bread of life was diſtributed from the ſacramental table, ſhe never failed to be preſent. On theſe occaſions, the ſtrictneſs of her attention, and the reverence of her behavior, were, if poſſible, raiſed and improved.

Books were her delight; eſpecially books of divinity and devotion, which ſhe ſtudied and reliſhed above all others. But of all books, the book of God was that in which ſhe was moſt delighted and employed. It was never, for any conſiderable time, out of her hands. She knew and felt its great uſe, and ſweet influence in calming her mind, regulating her deſires, and liſting up her thoughts to heaven; in feeding and ſpreading that holy flame which the love of God had kindled in her heart, and which ſhe took care, by theſe means, to keep perpetually burning.

When ſhe met with any thing in the holy Oracles, or any other pious book, which ſhe thought would be of ſpecial uſe in the conduct of her life, ſhe truſted not her memory with it, though it was ſo retentive that ſhe ſafely truſted it with things of ſmaller moment; but immediately committed it to writing. Many ſuch obſervations ſhe has left behind her, chiefly drawn from the ſacred pages, and equally exhibiting her piety and judgment.

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The paſſages of holy writ which ſhe noted, were generally ſuch as related either to the concerns of her ſpiritual ſtate, or to matters of prudence; but ſhe likewiſe ſpent no inconſiderable part of her time in meditating on thoſe paſſages which contain the ſublimeſt points of Chriſtian doctrine, and in poſſeſſing her mind with a deep ſenſe of the wonderful love of God to man, as manifeſted in the myſterious work of Redemption. She endeavored to underſtand the great articles of Chriſtian faith, as well as to practiſe the rules of life contained in the goſpel; and ſhe ſenſibly found that the beſt way to be excited to holy duties, was to acquire and maintain a thorough acquaintance with evangelical doctrines.

The Lord's day was not only held ſacred by herſelf, but in her family, wore a face of devotion ſuitable to its divine dignity. It was truly a day of reſt to all under her roof. Her ſervants were diſmiſſed from a great part of their attendance on her, that they might be at liberty to attend on that Lord and Maſter whom ſhe and they were equally bound to obey. There was ſuch a ſilence and ſolemnity obſerved by all about her, as might have become the houſe of mourning; and yet ſo much eaſe and ſerenity were viſible (eſpecially in *her*) as ſhewed that they who were in the houſe of feaſting were not better ſatisfied. Thus did ſhe prepare for the enjoyment of that perfect reſt, the celebration of that endleſs ſabbath, on which ſhe was ſo ſoon to enter. Thus did ſhe practiſe on earth the duties, the devotions, the cuſtoms and manners of heaven.

To promote her progreſs in piety, ſhe kept an exact journal of her life, in which ſhe recorded her religious experience, and the various ſtate and temperament of her ſoul.

At this glaſs ſhe dreſſed her mind from day to day. To this faithful monitor ſhe frequently repaired for advice and direction. She compared the preſent with the

the paſt, judged of what would be by what had been, accurately obſerved the ſeveral degrees of holineſs ſhe attained, and of infirmity ſhe ſurmounted, and traced every ſtep ſhe took in her way to heaven. One would have thought that ſo much exactneſs and ſeverity in private, would have inſenſibly wrought itſelf into her general deportment and converſe. Yet nothing could be more free, ſimple and natural. She had the reality, with little of the ſhew, or ſtrictneſs. All her rules and performances ſat ſo well upon her, that they appeared not leſs her pleaſure than her duty. In the midſt of them, ſhe was eaſy in herſelf, and a delight to all around her; ever cheerful, but calm and even, in her deportment. Her ſatisfaction, like a deep, untroubled ſtream, ran on without any of that violence and noiſe in which the ſhalloweſt pleaſures ſometimes abound.

Cheerful and agreeable as ſhe was, ſhe never carried her good humor ſo far as to ſmile at a profane, ill-natured, or indecent jeſt. In her higheſt mirth, ſuch a liberty made her remarkably grave and ſerious. She had a peculiar delicacy as to the leaſt approaches to ſuch faults; and ſhewed a very quick ſenſibility at any thing which ſtruck her as improper either for herſelf to hear, or others to ſpeak.

True piety, which principally conſiſts in a humility and ſubmiſſion of mind toward God, is ever attended with humility and goodneſs toward his creatures. So it was in this excellent woman. Never was there a more deep, artleſs, unfeigned lowlineſs of mind ſeen in any of her rank and ſtation. Far as ſhe was raiſed above moſt of the world, ſhe converſed, as it were, on a level with all. Yet when ſhe ſtooped loweſt, ſhe preſerved her dignity. Indeed, ſo much merit as hers did not need fear being familiar; for the effect of familiarity was, that being better known, ſhe was more loved and valued. Not only none of her inferiors came uneaſy from her, but none went uneaſy to her;

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so confident were all beforehand of the sweetness of her temper, and an obliging reception. When she opened her lips, gracious words proceeded thence, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. Her reserve and love of retirement might be sometimes misinterpreted as the indication of pride and self-satisfaction; but the least acquaintance with her banished such suspicions. For though the attractions both of her person and mind were extraordinary, she ever seemed unconscious of them. Nor was any one more distant from an ostentatious display of beauty or wit. Indeed, it was a distinguishing part of her character, that she little studied appearance, or made advances toward the good opinion of the world. She was contented to *be* what was good, without taking pains to *appear* so: and this, not from an affected disregard of public esteem, but from the modesty and facility of her disposition, which induced her to give way to others who were more willing to be observed. Yet she had also her hours of openness and freedom, when her soul poured itself into the bosoms of her friends and acquaintance: and then, out of the good treasure of her heart, what good things did she bring forth! With what delight was she listened to by those who had the happiness to converse with her! So that it is a doubt whether she was most to be admired for what she said, or for what she did not say. It was wonderful that one who could converse with so much ease and propriety, should choose to be so often silent: and it was surprising that such a lover of silence should, whenever she spoke, charm all who heard her.

To her command of her tongue, she added a strict and watchful guard upon her passions, those especially of the rough and troublesome kind, with which she was very seldom seen disquieted. She scarce knew what the disorders of anger were, even on occasions that might seem to justify, if not to require it. As much as she hated vice, she chose rather to look it out

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of countenance, than to be ſevere againſt it in words, and rather to win the bad to the ſide of virtue by her example, than her rebukes.

Her ſweet deportment toward thoſe who were in her company could be outdone by nothing but her tenderneſs in regard to the abſent, of whom ſhe thought and ſpoke as well as was poſſible. If their characters were plainly bad, ſhe ſhewed her diſlike by only ſaying nothing of them. Neither her good nature nor her religion would ſuffer her to ſpeak reproachfully of any. She thought ſhe had enough of that kind to do at home, without looking abroad, and therefore turned the edge of her reflections on herſelf. It was her ſettled opinion, that the good name of any one was too tender and ſerious a thing to be played with; and that it was a fooliſh kind of mirth, to ſay the leaſt, which, to divert ſome, hurt others. She could not think that the only thing which gave life and ſpirit to converſation, was to have ſomebody's faults for the ſubject; or that the pleaſure of a viſit lay in giving up the company alternately to one another's ſport and malice.

With all this gentleneſs and meekneſs of diſpoſition, ſhe had a degree of ſpirit and firmneſs unuſual in her ſex; and was particularly obſerved to have a wonderful preſence of mind in any occurrence of danger.

The purity of her mind baniſhed her from moſt of the public entertainments. She thought that no degree of wit or humor could make amends for what was wounding to the ear of chaſtity. She apprehended that theſe qualities rendered the poiſon more palatable, and therefore more to be dreaded. She had neither reliſh nor leiſure for ſuch entertainments, nor for a thouſand other things which the world miſcals pleaſures. Not that ſhe wanted a taſte for intellectual gratification: but her thoughts were ſo much engroſſed by ſubjects important and uſeful, and ſhe was ſo devoted to the improvement of her heart and life, as well as her underſtanding, that what was merely amuſing,

musing, was to her at best indifferent, and often tiresome and disgusting.

She did not think it the peculiar privilege of the great to have nothing to do, but took care to fill every moment of life with some useful or innocent employment. The several hours of the day had their peculiar business allotted to them, either conversation, or work, or reading, or domestic affairs, each of which came up regularly in its turn, and was *beautiful in its season*.

Yet her regularity was free from formality and constraint. If any accident intervened, it was interrupted with as much ease as it was ordinarily practised: for one of her discretionary rules was, to seem to have none, and to make those which she established for her general government give way to particular circumstances and occasions.

She often wrought with her own hands when she could have employed her time more pleasantly and profitably in reading or meditation; but she was willing to set the example to those around her who could not; and remembered that it was a part of an inspired description of a virtuous woman, that *she looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness*.

Diligence and frugality are sisters. She was strictly careful of her expenses, and yet knew how to be generous, and to abound, as occasion required. But of all ways of saving, she liked that the least which shuts the hands to the poor, toward whom she was always compassionate and charitable. Of the other delights which a great fortune furnished her, she was almost insensible; but on this account she valued it, that it gave her an opportunity of enjoying the pleasures of beneficence, and of tasting all the sweets of well-doing. *She delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon her,*

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and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. Yet so unostentatious and secret was she in the exercise of this virtue, that many of the most remarkable instances of her goodness were not known till after her death.

Retirement and privacy she always loved. More than three years before her marriage, she was at liberty to have lived in town; but from a settled aversion to the noise and hurry of such a life, she still hid herself in the country. She had too poor an opinion of herself, to think it so much the interest of virtue and religion as it really was, that she should be known and distinguished.

When afterward she went to court, as was sometimes necessary, her air and manner were such as plainly shewed that she went to pay her duty there, and not to enjoy the pomp and splendor of the scene.

Soon after her marriage, she declared to several friends her persuasion, that every woman of quality was as much more obliged, as she was more enabled, than other women, to do good in the world; and that the shortest and surest way of doing this was to endeavor to be as good a Christian, as good a wife, and as good a friend as was possible. All this she attempted; and came much nearer the mark than most. In each character, relation and duty that belonged to her, she excelled. She was devout, without superstition; strict, without ill-humor; good-natured, without weakness; cheerful, without levity; and regular, without affectation. She was to her husband, the best of wives, the most agreeable of companions and of friends; to her servants, the kindest of mistresses; to her relations, extremely respectful; to her inferiors, singularly condescending; and by all who knew her, either nearly, or at a distance, she was esteemed and confessed one of the best of women.

As her life was short, her death was sudden. A few hours only intervened between her being very easy in this world, and very happy in another. But she was

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ever in preparation; and was taken ill the moment after she had closed her morning devotions. In such a case, how desirable is sudden death! She had been so much used to have her conversation in heaven, and her soul had been so often on the wing thither, that it seemed glad to embrace the first call to quit its prison of clay. This excellent and happy woman stayed no longer after the summons, than to assure her beloved husband of her entire resignation to the divine will, and her perfect peace in the prospect of exchanging worlds. When this was over, and she had taken a tender leave, she had nothing more to do, but sunk to her long-desired rest in the bosom of her Savior.

MRS. ANNE ASKEWE, OTHERWISE KYME.

SHE was born about the year 1520, or 1521. She was favored with the advantages of a learned education, of which she made the best improvement; and her great learning was sanctified by early and unfeigned piety.

She was married to a person of the name of Kyme: a step to which she was induced, or rather overawed and constrained, by her father, Sir William Askewe, who cruelly sacrificed to his own convenience and interest, the happiness of his daughter. From a connexion thus unwarrantably formed, little good could be expected. Its consequences, direct and more remote, were unhappy indeed!

Although married much againſt her will, yet the moment ſhe was bound by obligations ſo ſolemn, ſhe applied herſelf to diſcharge them as became a Chriſtian. In all the duties incumbent on a wife, ſhe was conſcientious and exemplary. The book of God was her conſtant companion and delight. In ſearching its pages for light and direction, ſhe found abundant reaſon to be ſatisfied that many Popiſh ideas in which ſhe had been educated, were mere ſuperſtitions, neither grounded in the declarations of God's word, nor conſiſtent with them. She therefore, with the ſimplicity and ingenuouſneſs of a pious heart, rejected them, and embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. This alteration of ſentiments was ſoon diſcovered by ſeveral Popiſh prieſts, who moſt unhappily had a great aſcendency over her huſband, an unfeeling and cruel man; and who prevailed with him to expel her from his houſe. Thus circumſtanced, ſhe concluded herſelf warranted both by the principles of reaſon and ſcripture, to ſeek a diſſolution of the marriage relation; and accordingly went to London in order to obtain a legal divorce. Hither ſhe was purſued by the vigilance and cruelty of the Romiſh prieſts; and here, by the procurement of her huſband, ſhe was taken into cuſtody, to be examined concerning her faith.

This examination conſiſted partly of queſtions reſpecting the principal points in diſpute between the Papiſts and Proteſtants, and partly of interrogations equally inſignificant and enſnaring. To the former, her anſwers were generally enlightened, explicit and firm. To the latter, ſhe replied with ſo much brevity and prudence, as to give her examiners little advantage againſt her. Sometime after, ſhe was again queſtioned before the King's Council. During this examination, which continued about five hours, ſhe diſplayed the ſame courageous and determined adherence to the truth as before. The Biſhop of Wincheſter threatening her, that unleſs ſhe renounced her opinions,

ions, she should be burnt, she coolly replied: "I have searched all the scriptures, yet could never find that either Christ or his Apostles put any creature to death." She added, that God would laugh their threatenings to scorn. Her persecutors, finding that neither threats nor persuasions were of any avail, were compelled to desist for the present. But a short time afterward, this uncommon woman, and glorious sufferer for the truth of the gospel, was sent to Newgate. Neither her sex, nor the tenderness of her education, nor a severe and painful indisposition which she had at the time, could exempt her from this infamous and cruel imprisonment.

From Newgate she was brought to Guildhall, that she might be again examined, and condemned. Being told that she was a heretic, and condemned by the law, (a law which at that time existed, dooming to death such as denied the doctrine of transubstantiation) unless she would abandon her opinions, she replied, that she was no heretic, neither deserved death by the law of God; but the faith which she had uttered and written to the Council, she would not deny; because she knew it to be true. Being asked whether she would deny the sacrament to be Christ's body and blood, she answered, "Yes; for the same Son of God who was born of the virgin Mary, is now glorious in heaven, and will come again from thence at the latter day, in like manner as he went up. And as for that you call your God, it is a piece of bread; for a proof of which, (mark it when you please) let it lie in the box three months, and it will be mouldy, and so turn to nothing that is good. Therefore I am persuaded that it cannot be God." It being proposed to her that she should have a Priest, she replied, smiling, that 'she would confess her faults to God, for she was sure He would hear her with favor.' The issue of all was, that she was condemned to be burnt to death, and this without the indulgence of a trial by jury, though the

the law on which her condemnation was grounded, unjuſt and cruel as it was, had expreſsly provided this indulgence. Sentence being pronounced, ſhe again declared her unalterable adherence to her principles; adding, in the ſpirit of a Chriſtian martyr, that 'ſhe neither wiſhed death, nor feared its power, for which ſhe bleſſed God."

The perſecutions and perſuaſions of her bigotted adverſaries followed her ſtill. But finding them utterly unavailing, they changed their object; and, ſuſpecting there were perſons of diſtinction about the Court, who embraced the reformed doctrines, they endeavored to make uſe of her as an inſtrument to detect them. Finding all common methods both of art and violence ineffectual, they put her to the torture. The account of this barbarous tranſaction is beſt given in her own ſimple language. "Becauſe," ſays ſhe, "I would confeſs no ladies or gentlewomen to be of my opinion, they put me on the rack, and thereon they kept me a long time: and becauſe I lay ſtill and did not cry, the Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands, till I was near dead. Then the Lieutenant cauſed me to be looſed from the rack. Immediately I ſwooned, but they recovered me. After that I ſat two hours on the bare floor, reaſoning with the Lord Chancellor, while he, with many flattering words, perſuaded me to leave my opinion. But my Lord God, I thank his everlaſting goodneſs, gave me grace to perſevere, and will, I hope, to the very end. Then I was brought to a houſe, and laid in a bed with as weary and painful bones as ever patient Job had: I thank my Lord God therefor. Then my Lord Chancellor ſent me word, that if I would leave my opinion, I ſhould want nothing: if I would not, I ſhould forthwith go to Newgate, and be burned. I again ſent him word, that I would rather die than break my faith."

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Her sentence was executed at Smithfield. In the near prospect of death, she was so little intimidated or discomposed, that one who saw her on the morning of the fatal day, declared that she had a smiling face, and an angel's countenance: At the dreadful place of execution, she displayed an example of serenity and fortitude, which was astonishing to all present. Before the fire was kindled, the Lord Chancellor sent letters, offering her the King's pardon, if she would recant. But she refused so much as to look at them, saying, 'she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master.' It was remarkable that her example and exhortations at the stake, seemed the principal means of keeping up the courage of her three worthy fellow-sufferers, one of whom was a minister of Christ.

Thus gloriously terminated the life of Anne Askewe, a woman distinguished by her sufferings, and so distinguished by her piety, as to have the honorable testimony from the lips even of a bigotted Papist, who had long watched her with the most malicious designs, that 'she was the devoutest and godliest woman he ever knew.' In an emphatical and blessed sense, she *presented her body a living sacrifice to her God*, and sweetly breathed out her spirit into the bosom of her adored Redeemer.

She left behind her a variety of devout compositions, mostly written in prison. The following, conceived in the style of that early time, is preserved as a specimen.

"*The Confession of Faith which* Anne Askewe *made in* Newgate *before she suffered.*

I Anne Askewe, of good memory, though my merciful Father hath given me the bread of adversity, and the water of trouble, (yet not so much as my sins have deserved) confess myself here a sinner, before the throne of his heavenly Majesty, desiring his forgiveness and mercy. And forasmuch as I am by the law unrighteously condemned for evil opinions, I

take the same most merciful God of mine, who hath made both heaven and earth, to record, that I hold no opinions contrary to his most holy word: and I trust in my merciful Lord, who is the giver of all grace, that He will graciously assist me against all evil opinions which are contrary to his blessed verity; for I take him to witness that I have done, and will to my life's end utterly abhor them to the uttermost of my power. But this is the heresy which they report me to hold; that after the Priest hath spoken the words of consecration, there remaineth bread still. They both say, and also teach it as a necessary article of faith, that after these words are once spoken, there remaineth no bread, but the self-same body that hung on the cross, both flesh, blood and bone. To this belief of theirs I say nay; for then were our common Creed false, which saith that he sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, and from thence shall come to judge the quick and dead. Lo! this is the heresy I hold, and for it I must suffer death. But as touching the holy and blessed supper of the Lord, I believe it to be a most necessary remembrance of his glorious sufferings and death. Moreover, I believe as much therein as my eternal and only Redeemer would I should believe. Finally, I believe all those scriptures to be true, which he hath confirmed with his most precious blood. Yea, and as Saint Paul saith, those scriptures are sufficient for our learning and salvation, so that I believe we need no unwritten verities to rule his church with. Therefore what he hath said to me with his own mouth, in his holy gospel, that I have, with God's grace, closed up in my heart; and my full trust is, that it shall be as David saith, a lamp to my footsteps. There are some who say I deny the Eucharist, or Sacrament of Thanksgiving: but they report of me untruly. For I both say and believe, that if ordered as Christ instituted and left it, it would be a most singular comfort to us all. But as concerning

ing the mass, as now used, I do say and believe it to be the most abominable idol in the world; for my God will not be eaten with teeth, neither dieth he again. And upon these words which I have now spoken, will I suffer death.

O Lord, I have more enemies than there are hairs on my head; yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words, but fight thou, Lord, in my stead, for on thee I cast my care! With all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me, thy poor creature. Yet, sweet Lord, let me not fear them who are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And Lord, I heartily desire of thee that thou wilt, of thy most merciful goodness, forgive them the violence which they do, and have done unto me. Open thou also their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that which is alone acceptable before thee, and set forth thy verity aright, free from all the vain fancies of sinful men. So be it, O Lord, so be it!——By me,

ANNE ASKEWE."

The Christian fortitude and comfort exhibited by this pious sufferer, form a striking comment on the following description of Sir Richard Blackmore.

Thy force alone, Religion, death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms.
Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears:
We undismay'd this awful pow'r obey,
That guides us through the safe, though gloomy way,
Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
Where ravish'd minds enjoy what here they own'd, A GOD.

THE

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ELIZABETH HASTINGS.

THIS lady was daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, and was born April 19, 1682. There was an agreeable dawn of her future excellencies, in her childhood. A countenance that united in it ſomething great, and ſomething condeſcending, a quickneſs of underſtanding, a flexibility and ingenuouſneſs of diſpoſition, a benevolent ſpirit, and an inclination to ſerioufneſs and devotion, were perceived in her, even at this early period. She manifeſted not only a remarkable unexceptionableneſs of conduct, but a ſuperiority to the world and its amuſements, very unuſual at her age. She was much attached to retirement, and much engaged in the devout exerciſes of the cloſet.

She early diſplayed a ſingular prudence of diſpoſition and conduct; eſpecially in demeaning herſelf, amidſt ſome unhappy family conteſts, ſo unexceptionably as to preſerve the eſteem and affection of each of the contending parties.

After the death of her father, though her means were not ſo great, ſhe applied herſelf ſo aſſiduouſly to doing good, as ſtrikingly to manifeſt the benevolence and largeneſs of her heart. But her active life commenced more conſpicuouſly at the deceaſe of her brother; when her extraordinary virtues ſhone out, by what has been the eclipſe of virtue in others, the acceſſion

ceſſion of a large fortune. From this period, ſhe became known as a lady poſſeſſed of ſomething more than great beauty, fine accompliſhments, engaging manners, and external regularity in religious duties. Her aims were high; and no attainments in piety and goodneſs, which were ſhort of perfection, could limit her purſuits.

Her merit and accompliſhments were celebrated by the ingenious author of the papers called *the Tatler*, who ſpeaks of her under the name of *Aſpaſia*, as an "illuſtrious pattern to all who love things praiſe-worthy. Methinks," ſays this writer, "I now ſee her walking in her garden, like our firſt parent with unaffected charms before beauty had ſpectators, and bearing celeſtial, conſcious virtue in her aſpect. Her countenance is the lively picture of her mind, which is the ſeat of honor, truth, compaſſion, knowledge, and innocence.

There dwells the ſcorn of vice, and pity too.

In the midſt of the moſt ample fortune, and veneration of all that behold her, without the leaſt affectation ſhe conſults retirement, the contemplation of her own being, and that Supreme Power which beſtowed it. Without the learning of ſchools, or knowledge of a long courſe of arguments, ſhe goes on in a ſteady courſe of uninterrupted piety and virtue, and adds to the ſeverity of the laſt age, all the freedom and eaſe of this. The language and mien of a court ſhe is poſſeſſed of, in the higheſt degree; but the ſimplicity and humble thoughts of a cottage, are her more welcome entertainments. Aſpaſia is a female philoſopher, who does not only live up to the reſignation of the moſt retired lives of the ancient ſages, but alſo to the ſchemes and plans which they thought beautiful though inimitable. She is the moſt exact economiſt, without appearing buſy; the moſt ſtrictly virtuous, without taſting the praiſe of it; and ſhuns applauſe with as much induſtry as others do reproach. This

character

character is so particular, that it will be very easily fixed on her only, by all that know her; but I dare say, she will be the last that finds it out."

That she might be under the best advantages for improvement in piety, she formed an acquaintance with several persons esteemed eminent for religion; and among the rest, with Archbishop Sharp, Dr. Lucas and Mr. Nelson. Many years after their decease, she has been heard to felicitate herself on the privilege she had enjoyed in their friendship. By them she was much esteemed and honored. In a letter of the last gentleman mentioned, which yet remains, he celebrates her in that high eulogium of scripture: *Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.*

In the place where her Ladyship spent the greater part of her life, almost every eye beheld her with wonder. Her amiable example charmed multitudes around her into the love of goodness, while it confirmed and improved the virtues of others.

Such was the superiority of her understanding, that in things of great moment, hundreds have asked counsel of her, who were well qualified to bestow it on others. She was blessed with a rectitude of judgment that enabled her readily to penetrate through perplexities, and discern the wisest and safest course, having ever for her guide the interests of truth, justice and religion. Her grand object was the glory of God, and the good of her fellow-creatures, for whose benefit she kept her capacities, her powers, her fortune, continually on the stretch; weeping with those who wept, rejoicing with those who rejoiced, given to hospitality, distributing to the necessities of the saints, and of those who were not saints, having joy at the conversion of a sinner, and even the smallest appearances of it.

Beside an uncommon understanding of subjects pertaining immediately to the present life, she was endued with much of *the wisdom which is from above*; and

and was so habitually under its influence, that whatever she wrote or spoke was in consistency with it. Her mind was in full harmony with the self-denying precepts of the gospel. From this sacred source she drew her rules and maxims of conduct, and was solicitous to have her whole conversation conformed to them. Her will was bowed to the divine will in her afflictions. Because they were the pleasure of God, they were hers too: and when his arrows, stuck fast within her, and his hand pressed her sore, she possessed her soul not only in patience, but cheerfulness; and on the maturest reflection, preferred these painful seasons of life to the days of ease and health. Her affections were remarkably set on things above, panting and longing after the pleasures which are there, and attaching her to such employments as infallibly lead to them.

Her dress and mode of living were such as became her rank and station. She considered her body as the temple of the holy Ghost, and possessed it in sanctification and honor. Her portions of meat, and drink, and sleep, were all dictated and limited by necessity. The intervals in the last were improved in pious meditation, or in deliberating how she might better fulfil the duties of her Christian calling.

The word of God was a lamp to her feet, and a light to her path. Her delight was in his law, and she made it her every day's study. She held her bible to her heart, to receive its quickening virtue; while at the same time, she applied it as a mirror to her face, to discover every spot and blemish. The other books which she used, were well chosen; and often did she resort to them as means of direction and self-examination, and in order that she might learn what she had in common with the children of God, and in what she fell short of them. She compared spiritual things with spiritual, she communed with her own heart, and searched out her spirit, weighing herself as in a balance.

She

She uſed her pen much; ſometimes for herſelf, but oftener in the ſervice of others. Beſide thoſe papers which went abroad, many remained with her, but were unhappily deſtroyed, by a too ſevere a ſentence of her own. Had they been preſerved, ſhe would have been better known, and doubtleſs many excellent things might have been ſaid of her, which no other information can furniſh.

She began every day with ſecret prayer; addreſſing her God with much premeditation, recollection of ſpirit, and fervency. She well knew and appreciated the importance of prayer, its help to enlighten, relieve, ſtrengthen and purify the ſoul. Hence ſhe was almoſt continually in this duty, ever attending to the all-ſeeing eye of God upon her, and having her ſoul winged and carried up in holy pantings and aſpirations toward Him. It was likewiſe her cuſtom to collect her family for this exerciſe, excepting ſuch as were neceſſarily detained, four times a day. Happy were thoſe ſervants who came under her roof; for there was every thing for them that might do them good, in a tender, gracious bountiful, compaſſionate miſtreſs preſiding over them with the diſpoſitions of a parent, providing for the improvement of their minds and the decency of their behavior, and uſing every poſſible method to bring them to true religion. And as her great talents were remarkably calculated to turn many to righteouſneſs, ſo ſhe was remarkably ſucceſsful. She was inſtrumental greatly to enlarge the borders of God's kingdom, both near and afar off.

She delighted much in public worſhip, and conſtantly attended it. Her behavior in the houſe of God, though free from all Phariſaical affectation, was ſolemn, grave and awful, and much calculated to quicken and animate the devotions of others.

She was conſcientious in regard to every part of duty. Her care extended even to her cattle, becauſe that is declared to be a property of mercy. She ſpared

ed no pains nor expenſe in ſo accommodating her houſe, as might moſt conduce to the eaſe and comfort of her ſervants. She even attended to elegance, both within and around her dwelling; and this principally, that her poorer neighbors might be furniſhed with employment.

Viſits and ceremony were far from being agreeable to her; yet rather than incur the imputation of diſtance and ſupercilioufneſs, ſhe kept up an intercourſe with thoſe of her rank.

As a companion, ſhe was peculiarly amiable. She poſſeſſed ſhining talents for converſation, of which however ſhe made a very temperate uſe; frequently reſtraining a lively imagination, and manifeſting her excellent taſte in preferring ſolid ſenſe and real kindneſs, to all the brilliancies of wit and humor. It was her great care to convince thoſe with whom ſhe converſed of her regard, to make none uneaſy with her ſuperiority, to let none think themſelves neglected or overlooked, and to adapt her converſation to the ſubject; conſtantly watching, with eagerneſs and penetration, for a happy tranſition of the diſcourſe to religion. When this point was gained, ſhe was in her element, and highly enjoyed herſelf. Nor had ſhe ever much pleaſure in company, unleſs religion had ſome place in the converſation. She apprehended its ſpirit muſt be wanting, at leaſt in the greater part of thoſe preſent, if there was an entire ſilence on *the one thing needful.*

At her table, her countenance was open and ſerene, her voice ſoft and melodious, her converſation polite and ſeaſoned with ſalt, treating of things uſeful and important, and bringing out of her treaſures of wiſdom things new and old. Here ſhe diſplayed the elegancies of good breeding, addreſſing herſelf to all with meekneſs and condeſcenſion, and adapting herſelf to every one's talents and capacities. The ſmiles

of her benevolence were enjoyed by all, and every one felt the ſweetneſs of her company.

As her houſe and table were rarely deſtitute of ſome of her family connexions, ſo ſhe made them all parts of herſelf, and embraced all her relations according to their ſeveral degrees of conſanguinity, with true and tender affection. She would alſo inquire and ſeek after any of the withering and drooping branches of her family, that ſhe might ſupport and cheriſh them; aiming by kindneſſes of this nature, to ſerve their beſt intereſts, and allure them into the paths of piety.

It would be ſcarce poſſible to deſcribe the tenderneſs and conſtancy of her care exerciſed toward the ſtranger, the fatherleſs and widow, the needy, and him that had no helper, the lame, the halt and the blind. Such objects drew out the compaſſions of her ſoul. She ſhared in all their ſufferings. She inquired into their hiſtory with the utmoſt condeſcenſion. She ſtudied their particular caſes, and put them in a way to better their condition. She viſited them in ſickneſs, and defrayed the expenſes of it. Some of them were ever in her court-yard, or in her houſe; and frequently great numbers. Nor was it chargeable on any neglect of hers, if any one went away unrelieved with meat, phyſic, clothing, or money; and many times they were *all* beſtowed on a ſingle ſubject. Many who lived remote, had yearly allowances, and large ſums were frequently ſent into diſtant parts of the kingdom.

Her ſtill larger applications of her property were fixed penſions on reduced families, exhibitions to ſcholars at the Univerſities, the maintenance of her own charity ſchool, her contributions to other ſchools, diſburſements to the ſocieties for propagating the goſpel in foreign parts, and for promoting Chriſtian knowledge at home, with the erection and augmentation of churches. To which may be added, frequent remiſſions of debts in caſes of diſtreſs or inſolvency; together

together with a noble plenty, and a decent magnificence in her houſe, and conſtant acts of generoſity, not only to relations and friends, but to thoſe who were merely known to her. Her declared rule was to give the firſt place to *juſtice*, the ſecond to *charity*, and the third to *generoſity*. Of her eminence in the laſt virtue, very unuſual inſtances might be produced; ſuch as five hundred pounds a year given to one relation, three thouſand pounds at one time, to another, three hundred guineas (all ſhe had at the time) and large promiſes of more, to a young lady whoſe fortune was much impaired by the *ſouth-ſea ſcheme*.

While ſhe thus adorned her Chriſtian profeſſion, and exhibited the beauty of holineſs in her life, ſhe ſenſibly felt that the principal ſeat of religion is within, in *the hidden man of the heart*. Accordingly, her eye was ever there, to ſee that the ſource and principles of her actions were cleanſed from every mixture, were untainted with ſelfiſhneſs and unſullied by vain-glory. She carefully obſerved the bias and motions of her heart; and was anxious to find the power of ſin weakened and deſtroyed there. She lived a hidden life; a life of faith in the blood and righteouſneſs of her Redeemer, accounting her own righteouſneſs and beſt works as nothing, ſtrictly marking, and penitently lamenting, her daily ſins and ſhort-comings. Nor could any one manifeſt a more unaffected reluctance than ſhe, at hearing any thing ſpoken in her praiſe.

In this courſe of piety did ſhe walk cloſely with her God, and thus brightly did ſhe ſhine, an example of every virtue, through a period of almoſt thirty years. But we muſt now accompany her to her cloſing ſcene.

Her evening correſponded with her day; or rather, her ſun went down with an improved luſtre. She had received, in early life, a contuſion in her right breaſt, which left a ſmall inward tumor, which gave little pain, and was for a long time little noticed. But

about

about twenty months before her death, it aſſumed a formidable aſpect; in conſequence of which, application was made to Dr. Johnſon, a clergyman who was eminent for his ſkill in ſurgery. Immediately on examination, he gave his opinion that the part affected muſt be ſeparated from the body. This notice, which threw her family into the utmoſt conſternation and diſtreſs, was received by the lady herſelf, with perfect calmneſs and ſerenity. She declared that ſhe would not wiſh to be out of her preſent ſituation for all the world, nor would ſhe exchange it for any other, at any price. Accordingly, without any change of her temper, with great ſubmiſſion, and even cheerfulneſs, ſhe paſſed the time which preceded the operation, as one greatly indifferent whether life or death would be its conſequence.

When the important criſis arrived, every precaution was taken to ſecure a ſucceſsful operation. It was performed with great ſkill and accuracy, her hands being held by men of ſtrength. But they might have been held by a ſpider's web. A ſpectator would have thought her fleſh as inſenſible to pain, as her ſpirit was in reality ſuperior to it. She exhibited no reluctance, no ſtruggle, not even a complaint, excepting that toward the cloſe of the very diſtreſſing operation, ſhe heaved a ſigh, ſuch as may eſcape the breaſt of any compaſſionate reader in peruſing this account. The following night was not a night of much ſleep, but it was a ſeaſon of truly celeſtial reſt. Her ſpirit magnified the Lord for all his goodneſs to her ſoul and body; eſpecially for his out-ſtretched arm viſible in her recent deliverance. All her powers were delightfully exerciſed in acts of love, gratitude and adoration.

Sooner than was expected, ſhe was in a conſiderable meaſure reſtored; and with every improvement which ſhe could deviſe, ſhe returned to her former tenor of life; devoting herſelf with new ardor and application

application to the glory of God, and the benefit of mankind.

She saw and felt the great importance of learning as a handmaid to religion. She was the more capable of properly appreciating it, as she possessed no small share herself; being able to compose well, and to point out the excellencies and defects of authors, in which she displayed a very correct taste and judgment, especially on subjects of practical divinity.

Thus impressed, she conceived that to provide for the promotion of learning in schools and universities, was a proper object of her care and munificence.—Accordingly, she bequeathed an important part of her estate to *Queen's College, Oxford*, for the education of students for the ministry.

Finding herself feeble, she employed much time in providing for carrying into the best effect the settlements she had made for benevolent purposes, and for guarding them against the possibility of perversion or depredation. To this end she digested and improved several schemes with great ability and penetration.

Her labors of love were shortly to be exchanged for rest. Her distemper, only repressed for a time, broke out with increased malignity. But she had been so long in the school of affliction, had experienced so much of its salutary effects, and was so much in contemplation of the infinitely greater sufferings of her Savior, that she was but little moved. She trusted in God, and was favored with such a lively prospect and hope of an eternal weight of glory, as made her afflictions light. Though for many months she was unable, through the extremity of her pain, to turn herself in bed, yet her mind seemed wholly occupied with divine things, and pressed forward, with unabated ardor, to new attainments in holiness. Though she had little appetite to eat, she could find strength for prayer; and suffered scarce an hour in the day to pass without it. She was much concerned to pro-

mote the ſpiritual benefit of thoſe around her. And finding that ſome of her family who had leſs acquieſcence than herſelf, in the divine will, refuſed to be comforted, ſhe exerted herſelf to mitigate their grief, ſuppreſſing every complaint that could be ſuppreſſed, and aſſuming as much as poſſible, the appearance of cheerfulneſs.

In the near approach of death, ſhe was likewiſe ſolicitous to do good more extenſively. She wrote many letters to her friends and acquaintance, and after ſhe became unable to write, dictated others, ſtrikingly diſplaying the bleſſedneſs of religion, explaining its nature, and preſſing its neceſſity. Great numbers of perſons of all deſcriptions, reſorted to her houſe, to witneſs in her the power and ſupports of religion, and to receive her counſel. With theſe ſhe converſed in a very edifying and heavenly manner, while ſhe had ſtrength to ſpeak, and was careful to have others with her, who might give them ſeaſonable inſtruction and admonition. Nor did ſhe, amidſt her greateſt weakneſs and diſtreſs, loſe her care and tenderneſs for the indigent, but ſent large ſums for their relief. Forty guineas ſhe devoted at once, to the releaſe of a perſon who was impriſoned for debt, whom ſhe had never ſeen, but had heard favorably ſpoken of. Her compaſſion ſeemed peculiarly drawn forth toward ſuch as were pious as well as afflicted. "Where," would ſhe often ſay, "is there a poor member of Chriſt, whom I can comfort and refreſh?"

She frequently invited to her bed perſons eminent in holineſs, ſuch as ſhe had been intimate with, or were known to her by report; warming and refreſhing her ſpirit with them, enjoying ſweet communion, and imparting, as well as receiving, ſpiritual light, comfort and ſtrength.

She had been a very conſtant and exemplary attendant on public worſhip, not only in health, but after ſhe had become very feeble. And when it was totally

ly impoſſible for her to viſit the houſe of God, ſhe introduced his ſolemn worſhip to her own dwelling, and had the ſacrament adminiſtered to her every Lord's day.

She viewed the approach of death without diſmay. Her faith in the finiſhed righteouſneſs of her Redeemer ſupported and tranquilized her ſoul, and enabled her to look forward to the heavenly felicity as her reſt and her home. Nor did ſhe, for a conſiderable time, appear to have any tie to earth, excepting her wiſh to have her deſigns of benevolence and charity eſtabliſhed by law. In this reſpect, her deſire was granted.

Finding herſelf at length ready to launch into futurity, ſhe aſſembled her whole family, that by her dying counſels, ſhe might impreſs deeper in the minds of them all, the leſſons ſhe had inculcated before. The ſame pious care ſhe would have extended to the whole village, but was reſtrained by her phyſician. The miniſter, having been ſent for, and attended prayer with her, ſoon perceived a remarkable alteration in her appearance. She ſeemed in an unuſual manner tranſported, and almoſt overwhelmed, with impreſſions of coming glory. Her very eyes, which had long languiſhed with age and ſickneſs, exhibited a ſurpriſing luſtre: and ſhe broke out, with a raiſed accent, into expreſſions like theſe: "Lord! what is it that I ſee?—O the greatneſs of the glory that is revealed in me—that is before me!" Some time after, ſhe fell aſleep. Thus abundant was her entrance into the everlaſting kingdom of her Lord and Savior.

To the above account of this excellent woman, we ſubjoin what may be termed its epitome, as publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Jan. 1740.

"Though the ſplendor of her birth was truly great, it ſeemed as it were eclipſed by her ſhining qualities. She was genteel in her mien, polite in her manners, and agreeable in her converſation. Her judgment

was

was solid, her regard to friendship sacred, her sense of honor strict to the last degree, and she was of so rare modesty and humility, that a more disagreeable thing could not be done, than publishing her good deeds, and rendering her due praise. She was, above all, a sincere Christian. Her piety toward God was ardent and unaffected, and her benevolence to mankind was such as good Angels are blessed with. Thousands had she comforted and relieved; many, enriched and advanced. Her patience and resignation under her last long and tedious sickness, her mourning for the sins of men, her unwearied endeavors for their eternal welfare, her generous and charitable appointments, her tender expressions to her relations, friends and servants, require whole pages to set them in a proper light. In short, scarce any age has afforded a greater blessing to many, or a brighter example to all."

MRS JANE RATCLIFFE.

HER childhood and youth were too much devoted to vanity. But it pleased a sovereign and gracious God effectually to call her to himself soon after her marriage, by the ministry of Mr. Nicholas Byfield, whose powerful and instructive preaching was seconded by the loss of her first child; an event which she laid deeply to heart, and found greatly salutary, as well as painful.

Her

Her early exercises on the subject of religion were of a very distressing kind, and often full of terror, such as seemed to border on despair. But after a time, it pleased Him who *maketh sore, and bindeth up*, who *woundeth, and whose hands make whole*, to quiet her troubled spirit, and favor her with a comforting assurance of his love.

By an attentive perusal of sermons, and other pious books, especially the Bible, and by frequent conversation with the most informed and judicious Christians, she soon became a proficient in religion, and was very diligent in instructing her family in divine things.

She concerned herself but little in worldly affairs; and when duty required that they should employ her time and her hands, her heart was in better things. — In these she shone. It might be truly said, that the word of God dwelt richly in her in all wisdom. She was well prepared either to counsel or comfort, to reprove or defend, as occasion called. Yet she was far from talkative; and so sparing of her speech, that those who admired the prudence of her conversation, admired that of her silence too. Especially was she guarded against speaking evil of any, and of the absent above all. She censured others little; herself often.

She was a woman of a composed spirit, and of remarkable discretion; directing her conduct by the dictates of grace and reason, without any debasing mixtures of passion. If at any time, duty seemed to require a warmth in reprehending, that warmth was so tempered, as that nothing in her words, looks or gestures contradicted or dishonored religion.

Though she possessed eminent gifts, she was far from any affectation of singularity; and though she had less to do with worldly things than most in her situation would have had, yet in the management of them, she was provident and prudent.

As

As her faith and knowledge of God were remarkable, so was her devotion. She converſed much with her Maker, not only in the public ordinances, but in ſecret; and had gracious returns from him. He ſent forth the Spirit of grace and ſupplication into her heart, whereby ſhe cried *Abba*, Father. She was favored with great freedom in prayer: not only with a fervor, and holy importunity of ſpirit, but ſuch a pertinence and rich variety of expreſſion, as gave cauſe to wonder how one ſo ſparing of words in common converſation, ſhould be ſo eloquent in her intercourſe with God. Yet her ſpeech was frequently interrupted by floods of tears.

Such was the opinion which ſome of her intimate female friends entertained of her gift and prevalence in prayer, that when ſick, or in great diſtreſs, either of body or mind, they would ſometimes prevail with her to pray with them; and frequently were theſe pious and benevolent interceſſions followed by remarkable interpoſitions of divine mercy. A friend of hers who lodged with her for ſeveral weeks in London, and thus ſhared in her daily devotions, declared that excepting the interruptions of ſighs and tears, ſhe poured out her ſoul in a moſt remarkable abundance and variety of pertinent expreſſions.

When the heart is full of love, the mouth is apt to be filled with praiſe of the beloved object. When this pious woman found an opportunity to turn the diſcourſe on her favorite topic, and to ſpeak of her heavenly Father, it was with ſuch a reliſh, ſuch reverence and affection, as if her ſoul would leap out of her lips into the ears of others, and kindle the ſame holy fire in their hearts, which burned in her own. She longed that others might with her, taſte and ſee the goodneſs of the Lord, and rival her, in religious love. And great was her joy, when a ſinner was converted, or any ſubject of grace better enabled to promote the glory

glory of God, the end at which she aimed in her discourse concerning him.

After having given vent to her heart in spiritual conference, to the great delight and edification of her friends, she would frequently complain of her own expressions, as being faint and flat, and so far below what was suitable to the majesty of the great Jehovah, that all the acceptance she desired, was but pardon for her presumption, in taking upon her to speak of his excellency in terms so very poor and inadequate.

She had a most tender love to the people of God, and to his worship. The progress and prosperity of religion, whether at home or abroad, she preferred above her chief joy. And it was a great affliction to her to hear any ill tidings of a good man, or a good cause.

She highly prized the word of God, and in the Sacrament of the Lord's supper, she felt such a divine refreshment, that with peculiar propriety it might be said of her, that she had meat to eat, which others knew not of.

If by any insuperable obstacles, she was detained from public worship, her soul was fervently longing to be there. Far from absenting herself, with some, on slight occasions, she would often oblige her feeble body to carry her to the house of God, though the day before, she had been confined to her chamber, or even to her bed. And it was remarkable, that though by this zeal, her health was much hazarded, it seldom received any material injury.

She was greatly free from inordinate attachments to the world, particularly its gratifications. She not only abandoned the amusements which had engaged her youth, and exercised a remarkable abstinence in her diet, making it no object to gratify her appetite, but kept frequent fasts in secret. She found by happy experience the efficacy of fasting and prayer, to strengthen

ſtrengthen her for ſpiritual conflicts, and to elevate her ſoul to God and heaven.

So ſenſibly did ſhe cleave to God as her portion, and find her happineſs in the riches of his love, that ſhe had little regard to wealth. Though ſhe well knew there was no certain connexion between poverty and grace, and though ſhe was frugal and provident in the concerns of her family, yet ſhe often beſought the Lord rather to make and keep her poor, than ſuffer her heart to ſink down from her Maker, and go aſtray after Mammon.

It might be truly ſaid, that ſhe honored God with her ſubſtance. No miſer could be more gratified in laying up money for himſelf, than ſhe, in ſpending it for her Maker. She was much afflicted to hear of the parſimony of ſome in the city of Cheſter, where ſhe lived, in regard to the maintenance of the miniſtry. She declared ſhe would rather be at the charge of all the contributions herſelf, if her eſtate could bear it, than that God ſhould be murmured at, or the wages of his work unwillingly paid.

Her fervent affection to God, and deſire to be with him, induced a fear not very common. She was afraid ſhe ſhould have a long life. Death, which is an object of terror to moſt, ſhe ſo much wiſhed, that her friends found themſelves conſtrained to plead with her to be pleaſed with life; though with little ſucceſs, as appears from the two following *Statements* which ſhe drew up for her own uſe in the more immediate proſpect of death.

"*Firſt, why I deſire to die.*

"I deſire to die, becauſe I want, while I live here, the glorious preſence of God, which I love and long for; and the ſweet fellowſhip of angels and ſaints, who would be as glad of me, as I of them, and would entertain me with unwearied delight.

"I deſire

"I desire to die, because while I live, I shall want the perfection of my nature, and be as an estranged, banished child from my Father's house.

"I desire to die, because I would not live to offend so good a God, and grieve his holy Spirit. For *his loving kindness is better than life*, and He is abundant in mercy to me; and it often lies as a heavy load on my heart, to think of displeasing him.

"I desire to die, because this world is generally infected with the plague of sin, and some have this plague-sore running upon them, and I myself am tainted with the same disease. So that while I live here, I can be in no place, nor in any company, where I shall not be in danger of being infected, or of infecting others. And if this world hates me because I endeavor to follow goodness, how would it rejoice if my foot should slip! How woful would my life be to me, if I should give occasion to the world to triumph or blaspheme!

"I cannot but desire to die, when I consider that sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that there is no soundness in me. My mind, my memory, my will and affections, and my very conscience, are still impure. In every faculty of my soul, there is a miserable mixture of vile infection, which makes me weary of my life. As the disease is in this world incurable, and my inseparable companion, I can go no where to avoid it. There is no business I can dispatch relating to my happiness, but there is a mutiny in my heart. Though the works of God are all fair, yet there are in my nature so many defects, insufficiencies, mistakes and transgressions, that I may say with David, *Innumerable evils have compassed me about; my iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up.* I therefore desire heaven for holiness, rather than for happiness, that I may sin no more. I desire that condition in which I may most glorify God.

"I desire to die, because of the devil's malignant and perpetual assaults. I can stand no where before the Lord on earth, but one devil or another is at my right hand, and I must of necessity enter into conflict with them, and their temptations, and be buffeted and gored by them, which is a thousand-fold worse than death. It is more easy to wrestle *with flesh and blood*, than *with principalities and powers, with spiritual wickednesses, and the rulers of the darkness of this world;* for they are subtil and cruel, and, *like roaring lions, they go about, seeking whom they may devour.*

"I desire to die, because by death I shall rest from the hard labors of this life.

"I desire to die, because nothing in this world can give me solid and durable contentment. I like life the less, and have the greater desire of death, when I consider the misery that may come both on my body and estate. Fearful alterations may come; wars may come, and all the desolations which accompany them, and I may be left in the hands of the sons of violence. Besides, I daily suffer the loss of my friends, the companions of my life, and the channels of much pleasure to me; and those whom I lose by my life, I shall find by my death, and enjoy in another world, to all eternity. As to leaving my children, it doth not much trouble me; for that God who hath given them life and breath and all they have, while I am living, can provide for them when I am dead. My God will be their God if they are his; and if they are not, what comfort would it be for me to live? My life would be exceedingly bitter to me, if I should see them dishonor God, whom I so much love?"

Such were the reasons why she desired to die. The following are the *Reasons why she did not fear death.*

"I fear not death, because it is but the separation of the body from the soul, and that is but a shadow of the body of death, (*Rom.* 7. 24.) Whereas the separation

ation of the soul from God by sin, (*Isa.* 59. 2.) and of soul and body *for* sin, is death indeed.

"I fear not death, because it is an enemy that hath been often vanquished, and because I am armed for it, and the weapons of my warfare are mighty through God, and I am assured of victory.

"I do not fear death for the pain of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in life, as I shall find in death, and death will be the cure of all my pains. Beside, Christ died a terrible and cursed death; and so any kind of death may be blessed to me. And that God who hath greatly loved me in life, will not neglect me in death; but his Spirit will strengthen and comfort me, all the time of my combat.

"I do not fear death for any loss; for I shall only lose my body by it; and that is but a prison to my soul; an old rotten house, a tattered garment. Nay, I shall not lose that; for I shall have it restored at my Savior's second coming, much better than it now is: for this vile body shall be like the body of Christ; and by death I shall obtain a far better life."

As an incentive to divine love, and as matter for meditation and thanksgiving on her death-bed, she prepared a compendious account of God's principal mercies to her, as follows:

"How shall I praise God? 1. For my conversion. 2. For his Word, both in respect to my affection for it, and the wonderful comforts I have received from it. 3. For hearing my prayers. 4. For godly sorrow. 5. For fellowship with the godly. 6. For joy in the holy Ghost. 7. For the desire of death. 8. For contempt of the world. 9. For private helps and comforts. 10. For giving me some strength against my sin. 11. For preserving me from gross evils, both before and after my calling, &c.

She manifested her love to God by keeping his commandments. To know that any thing was enjoined

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or forbidden by him, was ever sufficient to determine her practice. Nothing was with her so small, but that his Word could give it weight enough to bow her soul to obedience. If the thing required was small, she apprehended that the contempt or neglect of it must incur aggravated guilt; and that the easier the duty, the greater would be the disobedience if it were left undone. In this way she advanced in sanctification, and kept at a distance from great offences: for he who is afraid of a small sin, will not easily be tempted to commit a great one.

She was very tender of the absent, and would suffer neither her tongue nor her ears to be guilty of any wrong to them. She considered the robbery of reputation as the worst of robberies. Far from charging them with imaginary faults, she seldom mentioned, and never aggravated those sins which were most known, nor disclosed those which were secret. She never denied, nor detracted from the virtues of any. Though her hatred of sin was such as became a Christian, yet she knew how to distinguish between sin and the sinner: and while she was incapable of being reconciled to the former, the latter had her love and compassion.

Her charity was regulated by the directions o Scripture, which she wrote down for her guidance, in four particulars, thus:

"1. I must give readily, *Job* 31. 16. *Prov.* 3. 28. 1 *Tim.* 6. 18.

2. I must give secretly, *Matth.* 6. 3.

3. I must give liberally, 2 *Cor.* 8. 12. and 9. 6.

4. I must give cheerfully, 2 *Cor.* 8. 12."

She distributed her alms according to her own ability, and the necessities of others. She preferred giving a little to many, to giving much to a few; and so ordered her charity as not to exhaust her whole stock on one, or a few occasions, but to have always something to communicate. If in cases peculiarly important or interesting,

interesting, her donations were not magnificent, the obstacle was in her circumstances, not in her mind.

She performed this duty with great cheerfulness. She bestowed nothing on herself with greater alacrity than she imparted what she could spare, for the relief of the distressed: nor could a thief be more silent and secret in stealing, than she generally was in giving. Few indeed did so much good, with so little appearance of it. As to the *objects* of her charity, she *did good to all*, but *especially to the household of faith*.

Her benevolence and affection to her friends were very great, but not confined to them. She had no enemy so bitter, whom she could not love. Though quick in perceiving what tended to the disturbance of peace and patience, her serenity of mind was seldom interrupted. In return for injuries, she could more easily pray and weep, than express sentiments of unkindness and indignation, either by actions or looks. In case of a misunderstanding between herself and others, she enjoyed the freedom of her judgment, but never felt, at liberty to withdraw her affection from them, or to pass unimproved an opportunity to do them good. She hated nothing but sin: and she hated that most of all in herself.

She tenderly sympathized in the sufferings of the Church of God, and of particular saints. In all their afflictions she was afflicted. Yet though she sensibly felt the trials of others, she sustained her own with remarkable fortitude and patience. If she received news of losses, as she sometimes did of great ones, she composed her spirit with such reflections as these. "It is that God who gave all, who now takes away some: why should I take it ill? He would not have me be in love with, or trust in uncertain riches, which were never true to any who trusted them, but to trust upon himself: and I willingly renounce them, to rest upon him. He can, if he see it good, recompense the loss in the like, or some better kind. If he takes

more from me, there will will yet be many poorer than myſelf: and if He takes away all my goods, He can give me contentment without them, for He is all-ſufficient; and ſo, though I *have nothing*, I may yet be as *poſſeſſing all things*. The world and I muſt part; and whether we be looſened from each other by degrees, or torn aſunder all at once, all is one to me. What God chooſes, is moſt for his glory, and my good, if I murmur not againſt him, but willingly, as is my prayer, give way to his will."

Her patience was likewiſe much tried by her bodily ſufferings. She was afflicted with a painful and lingering ſickneſs, to which were applied the moſt uncomfortable medicines; ſo that ſhe endured not only the anguiſh of her diſeaſe, but, with the woman in the goſpel, "ſuffered many things of the phyſicians." To all this was added the trial of deformity. Her lower jaw was ſo fallen, that ſhe could not make it meet with the upper. Her mouth was diſtorted and drawn awry toward her ear; ſo that with much difficulty her food was conveyed by an oblique paſſage to her throat. Theſe trials (in ſome reſpects enhanced by her having once poſſeſſed uncommon beauty) ſhe bore with admirable ſubmiſſion, declaring that if it pleaſed the Lord to continue her a ſpectacle of deformed miſery, ſhe would not repine at the allotment, but willingly abide it, till He freed her body from diſeaſe, or diſmiſſed her ſoul by death.

The modeſty and gravity of her countenance and whole demeanor were ſuch as, without the aid of ſpeech, to reprove every thing indecent either ſaid or done in her preſence. There was in her aſpect, mingled with much ſweetneſs, a majeſty which frequently overawed the moſt abandoned.

In humility ſhe was a great proficient. She could endure contradiction, and even reproach, without breaking peace with any. She was ever ready to wave her own claims, and yield to the opinions and demands of

of others, so far as she could with a good conscience. In lowliness of mind, she esteemed others better than herself. She disavowed the praise she received, though considered by others much less than her due; and gave place to those who were in fact far below her. The reason of this was her intimate acquaintance with herself, and the deep sense she entertained of her own failings, while she observed others most for what was best in them, and in order to improve herself at once by imitating their excellencies, and being humbled for her own comparative defects.

But most of all did she arraign and abase herself before her God. Comparing her own sins, infirmities and wretchedness with his infinite purity and majesty, she was filled with love and admiration of him, while she heartily lothed and detested herself. If compelled to see any thing in herself which was good, she assumed none of the glory of it, but acknowledge the sovereign, self-moved goodness of God in bestowing, as well as his patience and mercy in continuing it.

It was a favorite maxim with her, that if it be good to be *esteemed* virtuous, it is much better to be so indeed; and that the substance of a good thing is always to be preferred to its semblance. Hence, in the whole course of her life, she was eminently sincere, and hated every approach to hypocrisy. Her *deeds* of benevolence were always better than her *words*, of which she was so parsimonious, that some thought her wanting in affability. This being once suggested to her, she replied, that she liked not the lavish language of those who have their mouths full of compliments, while their hearts are contracted and shut. "Or if *they* have enough to maintain such liberality of words, I like," said she, "my own heart the worse, that it is not so ready to attend on my tongue, as suddenly to minister affections suitable to such expressions of friendship."

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In religion, she maintained an uncommon constancy and stability. Her heart was steadfast with God, and in his covenant. Her faith was so firmly fixed, that she was not carried about with every wind of doctrine. Her religion wore the same general complexion at her first conversion, and at all times afterward. But in regard to the *measure* of grace and holiness, she was habitually advancing; and her path was indeed that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

In the conjugal relation, she was a bright example. She had a deep sense of the importance of the duties of a wife, and wrote down for her regulation in this respect, a number of the leading hints suggested in the sacred Oracles.

After her husband's death, she would have exchanged her style of dress for one less elegant; but on more mature consideration, she apprehended that deference to the memory and rank of one who had been repeatedly Mayor of the city, and a member of Parliament, might dictate to her to retain it; which she did.

To sum up her character: she was an affectionate and submissive wife, a careful and tender mother, a gentle and beneficent mistress, a charitable neighbor, and a constant, faithful friend.

Toward the close of life, she was subjected to a series of fits, which though not distressing at the time, were enfeebling in the extreme, and finally left her without the power of speech or motion.

A little more than a week before she expired, death seemed to make his first assault. A paleness overspread her face, and was visible at the extremities of her fingers. The day following, an ague commenced, and soon after, a continued fever, attended with severe pains. During her sickness, she had strong desires for a speedy dissolution, which she expressed in the words of David, (*Psalm* 38. 22. and 40. 13.)

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Make haſte to help me, O Lord of my ſalvation. Be pleaſed, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haſte to help me. And the happy hour was now come when her beſt deſires were to be granted. She was helped in the ſofteſt and tendereſt manner; for when it was thought that ſhe was only fallen aſleep, her ſoul fled into the arms of her Redeemer. This bleſſed conſummation took place, Auguſt 17, 1638.

MRS. CATHARINE BRETTERG.

SHE was the daughter of Mr. John Bruen, and was born about the year 1580. She was educated in a very careful and religious manner. When a child, ſhe was a ſtudent in the holy Scriptures, by the attentive peruſal of which, ſhe attained ſuch a knowledge of divine things as was of great uſe to her in that forming age. She manifeſted very early ſymptoms of the fear of God, and of *walking before him with a perfect heart.* She was moderate in her enjoyment of the comforts of life, and remarkably indifferent to the amuſements and faſhions of the time. *Her* pleaſures were in the ſanctuary of the Lord, and the paths of religion.

The ſabbath was ever dear and welcome to her; and though frequently ſhe went far for it, ſhe could not be content without enjoying the miniſtry of the word. Her heart was ſo tender and ſuſceptible, that ſhe was often obſerved to hear ſermons, to read, pray and

and meditate, with tears. She made conſcience of all ſins, even the leaſt, and ſuch as many accounted no ſins. She was remarkably free from any thing light and unbecoming in her ſpeech. Neither the names nor titles of God were pronounced by her without great reverence. Her converſation was well ſeaſoned, and while it evidently proceeded from a ſanctified heart, miniſtered grace to the hearers. Her daily exerciſe was to converſe with God in reading, prayer, meditation and ſinging. Her delight was in the ſaints, the excellent of the earth. The precepts of the Lord were precious to her. She grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Jeſus Chriſt; and ſhewed herſelf able to give a reaſon of the faith and hope that were in her.

When about twenty years old, ſhe was married to Mr. William Bretterg, a young gentleman who ſincerely embraced religion, and ſuffered much for it at the hands of the Papiſts.

This pious pair lived together two years in ſuch mutual affection and comfort as became the children of God; in which time they had one daughter. Their habitation was ſituated in the midſt of Papiſts, many of whom were ſingularly ignorant and brutal. From theſe they continually received injuries. But her prudence, mildneſs and conſtancy in the truth, much edified and ſtrengthened her huſband in his holy faith, and animated him to bear with great equanimity the ill uſage and indignities he daily experienced.

Several times their horſes and cattle were killed in the night by thoſe malicious people. But this good woman not only ſubmitted to the affliction with admirable patience, but even rejoiced and praiſed God, reſigning herſelf to his holy and all-wiſe Providence. She would often remark: "It is good that ſuch things ſhould be; but wo be to thoſe who do them. It is good in God, thus to chaſten his children, and prevent ſome ſin into which He ſaw we were likely to fall. It

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is good in respect to the Church of God, that the weak may be confirmed in the truth, and that Popery may be disgraced, when the world sees what wickedness proceeds from it. It is good in God, that so the wicked may be without excuse in the day of judgment, when their consciences tell them, that though God suffers them to commit such abomination for some cause known to himself, they perpetrate it only from malice and revenge." In the midst of such troubles, she would often add: "The mercies of the Lord are infinite, who does not only by his word, but by his justice also, make us fit for his kingdom. Little do our enemies know what good they do us by these things, and what ruin they bring to their own kingdom, while they thus publish abroad its wickedness."

She often prayed that God would forgive those who did these wrongs, and give them repentance for their iniquity. She exhorted her husband to do the same; and followed up her exhortations with daily prayers, that God would sanctify his thoughts, and direct his heart aright, that he might seek the divine glory, to the exclusion of all revenge, and every other evil passion.

Her meekness, humility and blameless walk were such as to constrain many who were enemies to religion to speak well of her. She had a good report of all who knew her, for her holy and exemplary life. She was very tender and bountiful to the poor, neglecting no opportunity that presented itself, of shewing them kindness. She constantly had her stated seasons for prayer, reading, and meditation; and was no less conscientious respecting the religious duties of the family. It was her practice to read at least eight chapters every day in the holy Scriptures. Such time as she saw any spending idly, she called, "the time of temptations."

She diligently read other books of piety beside the Scriptures, such as judicious expositors, and the histo-

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ries of Martyrs. She was often so much affected with the torments which Christians had endured, as to weep very bitterly. She had an ardent zeal for the glory of God, and an immovable attachment to what she considered as his truth. Sin, of every kind, was hateful to her. She grieved for it in others, and especially in herself.

About two years after her marriage, she was seized with a fever, which was at times so violent as to interrupt the exercise of her reason. At other intervals, she sustained great conflicts of spirit, and distressing temptations of the adversary. A view of the strictness of divine justice, and of the greatness of her own sins, distressed, and almost overwhelmed her mind. At some times, she accused herself of pride, of impatience, of hypocrisy, and even of the sins of her parents. At others, her mind was perplexed about her election. At some times, she would seem almost ready to abandon the bible, saying that though it was indeed the book of life, she feared it had become to her the book of death. At others, she would complain that her sins had made her a prey to Satan, a spectacle to the world, a disgrace to religion, and a shame to her husband. Then she would weep bitterly, wish she had never been born, or that she had been made any other creature. Often she cried out, "Wo, wo, wo; a weak, woful, wretched, forsaken woman, &c." and after beginning to pray, would stop suddenly and say, "I may not pray, I may not pray."

These seasons, though most distressing to herself, and uncomfortable to her friends, were neither lasting nor unintermitted; but in the midst of them she would exhibit some happy symptoms of faith, in opposing and striving against her temptations and imploring strength from God to conquer them. She often, with a cheerful countenance entreated her friends not to faint, nor give over, but constantly to pray, and help her against the tempter.

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One of them inquiring whether she believed the promises, and whether she could pray? she answered, "O that I could! I would willingly, but he will not let me. Lord I believe: help my unbelief!" Her friend observing that her *desires* and *endeavors* were accepted for Christ's sake, she seemed much comforted.—Once, after a great conflict with her cruel enemy, she said, "Satan, reason not with me. I am but a weak woman. If thou hast any thing to say, say it to my Christ. He is my Advocate, my Strength, and my Redeemer, and he shall plead for me."

Sometimes, being afflicted with a sight of her sins, and her want of the light of God's countenance, she would say, with many tears, interrupted by frequent sobs, "Pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, to help and comfort me, a poor, woful, distressed woman."

A pious and compassionate friend reminded her of the mercies of God, the merits of Christ, the many gracious promises contained in the Word, &c. which, through the divine blessing, greatly refreshed her, and encouraged her often to call upon God for increase of grace, and deliverance from her grievous temptations. The Lord soon after granted her desires, so that she began to feel herself greatly delivered from her former fears and distresses. But the day before her death, she was set at perfect liberty, and filled with an abundance of spiritual consolation.

One day, her brother, Mr. John Bruen, a holy man, coming to visit her, he said, "Sister be not dismayed at your troubles. Remember what the Apostle says, that *judgment must begin at the house of God.*" She replied, "True; and *if it begin with us, and the righteous shall scarcely be saved, where shall the sinners and ungodly appear?*" She often repeated comforting passages of Scripture, especially the eighth chapter to the Romans, closing all with prayer, and a most joyful application of the word to herself. When any thing was offered her to drink, she would often repeat those

animating words: "To him that cometh will I give to drink of the water of life freely."

Once she took her bible in her hand, and joyfully kissing it, exclaimed: "O Lord, it is good to be afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver."

Calling her husband to her, she said: "Beware of Popery: keep yourself holy before the Lord: yield not to the abominations of the wicked, lest they rejoice, and so you dishonor God, and destroy your own soul. Let my little child be brought up in the true fear of God: so, though I must now leave her behind me on earth, I shall meet her in heaven."

She often repeated: "We have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father;" which last words she dwelt on with much affection and comfort.

The day before her death, she seemed to dismiss all thoughts of the world, her husband, child, and every thing else but heaven, and what is connected with it. She lay with a cheerful countenance, as one in transports of spirit, and her lips overflowed with the praises of God. Her husband reading some portions of Scripture, when he came to that in *John* 17. 4. *I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do, and now glorify me*—she desired him to pause, and then exclaimed. "Blessed be thy name, O blessed Savior! perfect the work, I humbly beseech thee, which thou hast begun in me." When he read verse 9. *I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me, for they are thine*; she said, "O Lord Jesus, dost thou pray for me? O blessed and sweet Savior! how wonderful! how wonderful how wonderful are thy mercies!—Read on; 'tis the most blessed reading I ever heard. The comfort of it sweetens my soul." When he read verse 22. *The glory that thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one;*

one ; she said in a transport of joy : " I confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and his wonderful works before the sons of men ; for he hath satisfied my soul, and filled my hungry soul with goodness."

When he read verse 24. *Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory &c.* " Stay," said she ; " let me meditate on the goodness of the Lord, for this is the sweetest saying that ever came to my soul. Now I perceive and feel that the countenance of Christ my Redeemer is turned toward me. The bright-shining beams of his mercy are spread over me. O happy am I, that I was ever born to see this blessed day. Praise, praise, O praise the Lord for his mercies ; for he hath brought me out of darkness and the shadow of death ; he hath delivered my soul from the snare of the fowler ; he hath taken me out of the den of lions, and set me in a place of rest and sweet refreshing. —— O my sweet Savior ! Shall I be one with thee, as thou art one with the Father ? Wilt thou glorify me with the glory thou hadst with the Father before the world was ? And dost thou so love me, dust and ashes, as to make me partaker of glory with thee ? What am I, poor wretch, that thou art thus mindful of me ? O how wonderful ! how wonderful ! how wonderful is thy love ! Oh, thy love is unspeakable ! Oh, I feel thy mercies ! and O that my tongue and heart were able to sound forth thy praises as I ought, and willingly would do ! O help me to praise the God of all consolation!"

Thus she continued for the space of five hours, praising the Lord with a cheerful and heavenly countenance, testifying her heart-felt experience of his mercies in strains like these : " O my Lord God, blessed be thy name for ever more ! Thou hast shewn me the path of life. Thou didst, O Lord, hide thy face from me for a season, but with everlasting mercy thou hast had compassion on me, &c. Thou art come with fulness of joy, and abundance of consolations. Help me, O help me to praise the Lord !" With

With a voice remarkably sweet, she sang the third Psalm, and then said, "O praise the Lord, for he hath filled me with joy and gladness of heart, and brought me from the gates of death and hell. My line is fallen to me in a pleasant place. I have a goodly heritage, for the Lord is the portion of my inheritance. O how pleasant is the place where I lie! It is sweeter than Aaron's perfume composed of principal spices. How comforting is the sweetness I feel! It is like that odor that proceeds from the golden censer. The taste is precious. Do you not feel it? It is sweeter than honey, or the honey-comb."

Then she sang part of the 119th Psalm, prayed, and sang the 136th Psalm. After which she said to one who was visiting her, "O the joys! the joys! the joys that I feel in my soul! Oh, they are wonderful! they are wonderful! they are wonderful!" Afterward she said, "Lord, since it hath pleased thee to prepare my heart, whether it be for life or death, thy will be done. Dispose of me for thy own glory. I am thine: Lord, work thy blessed pleasure and good will upon me." And afterward; "Mine eyes are opened, blessed be God! I do feel and see the ever living mercies of my Christ. I feel thy mercy, I am assured of thy love, I know myself to be thine, O Lord my God."

A friend joining her in praising God for his great mercy to her, she said: "I give thee thanks, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise, and men of understanding, and opened them to me, thy poor handmaid, who am but dust and ashes. How merciful, marvellous and gracious art thou to me!"

Then she sang the fourth Psalm, and afterward said, "I am sure that my redeemer liveth, and that I shall see him at the last day, &c."

A pious minister coming in, she said to him, "O Mr. Harrison! my soul hath been compassed about with the

the terrors of death: fear within, and fear without: the ſorrows of hell were upon my ſoul. A roaring wilderneſs of woe was within me; but bleſſed, bleſſed, bleſſed be the Lord my God, who hath not left me comfortleſs, but, like a good ſhepherd, hath brought me into a place of reſt, even to the ſweet running waters of life. O bleſſed be the Lord who has thus comforted me, and brought me into a place ſweeter than the garden of Eden. O the joy! the joy! the delightful joy that I feel! O how wonderful! how wonderful is this joy! O praiſe the Lord for his mercy, and for this joy which my ſoul feeleth full well! Praiſe his name for evermore!"

Immediately before one of her friends began prayer, ſhe ſaid, "Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me! Lord, be thou my helper! Thou haſt looſed my ſack-cloth, and haſt girded me with gladneſs: therefore will I praiſe thee, O Lord my God: I will give thanks to thee for evermore."

On the evening of the ſabbath, her ſtrength and ſpeech beginning to fail her, ſhe ſaid, "My warfare is accompliſhed, and my iniquities are pardoned. Lord, whom have I in heaven but thee? and I have none upon earth but thee. My fleſh fails, and my heart alſo: but God is the ſtrength of my heart, and, my portion forever. He who preſerves Jacob, and defends his Iſrael, He is my God, and will guide me unto death." Soon after, ſhe fell aſleep in the Lord, her ſpirit departing in peace, without ſtruggle or motion, May 31, 1601, in the twenty-ſecond year of her age.

LADY

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

THIS lady was born about the year 1636. She was married firſt to Lord Vaughan, and afterward, about the year 1669, to Lord Ruſſell, a nobleman equally celebrated for his virtues and his ſufferings. Having honorably diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſupport of the liberties and religion of his country, he fell a martyr to the cauſe, being beheaded July 21, 1683.

Of his excellent lady, little is known, previous to the period of her huſband's ſufferings. Her conduct on this trying occaſion diſplayed a mixture of the tendereſt affection, and the moſt ſurpriſing magnanimity. She appeared at court at his trial; and when the Attorney General told him 'he might uſe the hand of one of his ſervants in waiting, to take notes of the evidence for his uſe;' Lord Ruſſell anſwered, that he aſked no aſſiſtance but that of the Lady who ſat by him. When at theſe words, the ſpectators turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous Southampton, riſing to aſſiſt her Lord in his diſtreſs, a thrill of anguiſh pervaded the aſſembly.

After his condemnation, ſhe threw herſelf at the King's feet, and pleaded, but in vain, the merits and loyalty of her father, to ſave her huſband. She afterward repeated the attempt, but with the ſame ill ſucceſs. Her generous huſband expreſſed, at firſt, ſome reluctance at her taking theſe meaſures; but reflecting afterward, that it might be ſome mitigation to her grief, to have left nothing undone, to ſave his life, he acquieſced

acquieſced. He added, that parting with her was the greateſt thing he had to do, for ſhe would be ſcarce able to bear it: that though her preſent concern about his preſervation ſo occupied her mind, as in ſome meaſure to ſupport her, he feared that when that ſhould be over, her grief would prey with all its force upon her ſpirit. Indeed his heart never appeared ſo near failing him, as when he ſpoke of her. Sometimes a tear would be ſeen in his eye; but he would immediately change the diſcourſe to another ſubject. The evening before his death, he ſuffered his children, attended by ſome friends, to take leave of him; and though a fond parent, preſerved great conſtancy through the interview. The ſame evening, he parted, in a tranquil ſilence, with his lady, whom he eſteemed and loved beyond expreſſion, ſaying, as ſoon as ſhe was gone, "The bitterneſs of death is paſt." He diſcourſed a long time concerning her excellencies, declaring how great a bleſſing he had enjoyed in her, and what a miſery it would have been to him, if ſhe had not poſſeſſed ſuch a magnanimity, mingled with her tenderneſs, as never to deſire him to do a baſe thing to ſave his life. He added, that there was a ſignal providence of God manifeſted in his being favored with ſuch a wife, who beſide the advantages of birth, of fortune, and a fine underſtanding, united a deep ſenſe of religion with the tendereſt affection for himſelf. "But," ſaid he, "her conduct in my extremity was beyond all." He expreſſed his ſatisfaction that ſhe would loſe ſo little by his death, and that he left his children in the hands of ſuch a mother, who had promiſed to take care of herſelf for their ſakes.

As to lady Ruſſell, the fortitude with which ſhe ſuſtained the ſhock was truly wonderful. On recent trying occcaſions, ſhe had appeared in an attitude to excite the tendereſt compaſſion and ſympathy. But her conduct now commanded admiration. Her happineſs with her huſband had been almoſt unparalleled; nor

nor had her affection to him been leſs remarkable. It almoſt ſurpaſſed all that has been known in a wife. It was therefore natural to fear that her diſtreſs would have ſurmounted all the barriers of reaſon and religion. But ſhe took the laſt farewell without a ſigh or a tear.

After his death ſhe ſeemed abſorbed in a pious concern to honor God under ſo heavy a chaſtiſement, and to fulfil the duties devolved on her in the care and education of her children, now doubly dear to her, as the remains and repreſentatives of their beloved father.

She approved herſelf a faithful guardian of her deceaſed huſband's reputation, and paid his memory every honor which a generous and feeling heart could deviſe. She wrote a letter to the King in order to vindicate his name from the miſrepreſentations and calumnies of his enemies. She uſed her intereſt to obtain a penſion for a worthy man who had been his chaplain, and actually obtained it. The promiſe ſhe had made him, to take care of her life and health for the ſake of his children, ſhe religiouſly obſerved; and ſhe continued his widow to the cloſe of her life, though ſhe ſurvived him more than forty years.

Though ſhe gave ample demonſtraton of the moſt lively and laſting grief for her huſband's untimely death, yet through all, her pious, unrepining ſubmiſſion to the will of God ſhone conſpicuous. It is obſervable, that in the freeſt effuſions of her heart-felt ſorrow, conveyed in letters to her intimate friends, there cannot be found a ſingle trace of reſentment or reproach toward any perſon concerned in his death. Though the Duke of York had inſtigated the King, his brother, to ſhew himſelf inexorable to all applications for Lord Ruſſell's life, and had even made the barbarous propoſal that he ſhould be executed at his own door, ſhe uttered no cenſure againſt him. And when, after having been king himſelf, he was a

king

king no more, a wanderer in a foreign land, ſhe never dropped an expreſſion that looked like triumph over him, or ſo much as intimated that ſhe thought him juſtly puniſhed for his cruelty. Yet this unhappy man was once reminded on the ſubject, in a way which cut him to the heart. Having occaſion, in his diſtreſſes, to apply for help to Lord Ruſſell's father, the venerable Earl of Bedford, he addreſſed him in this ſtyle: "My Lord, you are an honeſt man, have great credit, and can do me ſignal ſervice." "Ah, Sir," replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble; I can do you but little ſervice; but I once had a ſon that could have aſſiſted you—but he is no more." The fallen monarch was ſo much affected by this reply, as to remain for ſome minutes incapable of ſpeaking.

For ſeveral of the laſt years of her life, Lady Ruſſel was afflicted with a weakneſs of eyes which ſeemed for a while to threaten a total loſs of ſight. Her mingled ſenſibility and ſubmiſſion to this calamity, appear from the following paſſages of letters to a friend.

"While I can ſee at all," ſays ſhe, "I muſt do a little more than I can, when God ſees it beſt that utter darkneſs ſhall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all ſociety at a diſtance, which I eſteem exceedingly profitable and pleaſant. But ſtill I have full hope, I ſhall rejoice, in that he will not deny me his great grace to ſtrengthen me with might by his Spirit in the inner man. Then ſhall I walk in the right way, till I reach the joys of eternal endurance.

Again: "Alas! my bad eyes ſerve me now ſo little, that I could not read your papers, and tell you that I have done ſo, in one day. It is mortifying: yet I hope I do not repine, but on the contrary, rejoice in the goodneſs of my God to me, that, when I feared the utter loſs of ſight, has let me thus long ſee the light, and by it given me time to prepare for that day of darkneſs, which perhaps muſt ſoon overtake me."

She

She was held in the higheſt eſteem by ſeveral of the moſt eminent divines of her time, among whom were Dr. Tillotſon, Dr. Burnet, and Dr. Patrick, who were her correſpondents. She was likewiſe honored with tokens of very peculiar reſpect and confidence by the Dutcheſs of Marlborough; and received ſeveral letters from Queen Mary, expreſſive of much affection and ſympathy.

As the memoirs of this diſtinguiſhed woman are very imperfect, it may be proper to ſupply their defects with extracts from her letters. Thouſands of theſe are irrecoverably loſt. The ſelections which follow are made principally from thoſe which ſhe wrote to Dr. Fitzwilliam, a divine who had been chaplain to her father, and for whom ſhe entertained a peculiar eſteem and friendſhip.

"I know I have deſerved my puniſhment, and will be ſilent under it; but yet ſecretly my heart mourns, too ſadly I fear, and cannot be comforted, becauſe I have not the dear companion and ſharer of all my joys and ſorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and ſleep with. All theſe things are irkſome to me now: the day unwelcome, and the night ſo too. When I ſee my children before me, I remember the pleaſure he took in them. This makes my heart ſhrink. Can I regret his quitting a leſs good for a greater? Oh! if I did ſteadfaſtly believe, I could not be dejected; for I will not injure myſelf to ſay, I offer my mind any inferior conſolation to ſupply this loſs. No: I moſt willingly forſake this world, this vexatious, troubleſome world, in which I have no other buſineſs but to rid my ſoul from ſin, ſecure my internal intereſts, with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter, be above the ſmiles and frowns of it, and when I have finiſhed the work appointed me on earth, joyfully wait for the heavenly

heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, in his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into that reſt and repoſe to which he is gone, for whom I grieve."

"You deal with me, Sir, juſt as I would be dealt with; and it is poſſible, I feel the more ſmart from my raging griefs, becauſe I would not loſe them, but upon fit conſiderations. It is eaſieſt to our natures to have our ſores gently handled: yet, as moſt profitable, I would yield, and even deſire, to have mine ſearched, that as you religiouſly deſign by it, they may not feſter. It is poſſible I graſp at too much of this kind, for a ſpirit ſo broken by affliction: for I am ſo jealous that time, or neceſſity, the ordinary abater of all violent paſſions, nay, even employment, or the company of ſuch friends as I have left, ſhould do what reaſon or religion ought, as makes me covet the beſt advice, and uſe all methods to obtain relief in a *ſilent ſubmiſſion* to this ſevere and terrible Providence, without any ineffective willingneſs merely to bear what I muſt ſuffer; and ſuch a victory over myſelf, that immoderate paſſions, once allayed, may not break out again when freſh occaſions and accidents offer to my memory the dear object of my deſires—which muſt happen every day, I may ſay, every hour of the longeſt life I can live:—that ſo when I muſt return to the world, to act the part incumbent on me in faithfulneſs to him to whom I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great ſtrength of ſpirits, and grace to live a ſtricter life of holineſs to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait till he have pity upon me, humbly imploring that by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himſelf. Then ſhall I be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of ſuch a ſpiritual bleſſing, who remain ſo unthankful

thankful a creature for the earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frame, will not expect that when we are weak, we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections which are increased by the subtil malice of the great enemy of souls, taking advantage of my present weakened and wasted spirits, and assaulting with divers temptations."

"In the years my unprofitable life has been preserved in this vain and wicked world, I have been made acquainted with many sad and mortifying events: yet I am too sure the great work of real mortification to the inordinate love to, and expectation from creatures, is so very imperfectly wrought in me to this day, that I ever need such instructions as help to wean me from binding up my life and content in them, though the best of creatures in their best state. And very perverse it is in me toward my heavenly Father, if I secretly repine at his dispensing to me that which my corrupt nature makes so necessary for me. But it must be his free, effectual grace, that must perfect the work. He has called me to different encounters, and thereby invites me to stir up the grace he has put in my heart. He has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow which must have quickened my sorrows, the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill; and God has let me see the folly of those imaginations which have made me conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession, of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion; for I know not how to part from the little creature. I desire to do so, of the second; and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my laboring, weary mind with some joy and satisfaction, at least in endeavoring to do

do the part toward them, their moſt dear and tender father would not have omitted, and which may conduce to their happineſs here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my beſt friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved duſt I lately went to viſit!—

"I went not to ſeek the living among the dead. I knew I ſhould not ſee him any more wherever I went, and had made a covenant with myſelf not to break out in unreaſonable, fruitleſs paſſion, but quicken my contemplations on that diſtant country whither the nobler part was fled, where no earthly power bears ſway, nor can put an end to a happy ſociety. There I would willingly be: but we muſt not limit our time. I hope to wait without impatience."

"The conſideration of the other world is not only a very great, but, in my ſmall judgment, the only ſupport under the greateſt afflictions. The enlivening heat of thoſe glories is ſufficient to animate and refreſh us in our dark paſſage through this world; and though I am below the meaneſt of God's ſervants, and have not lived in the leaſt degree anſwerably to the opportunities I have had, yet my Mediator is my Judge, and he will not deſpiſe weak beginnings, though there be more ſmoke than flame. He will help us in believing; and though he ſuffers us to be caſt down, will not caſt off thoſe who commit their cauſe to him.

"I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time here; and I think none will wonder at it, who reflects that the place I am going to, [*London*] was the ſcene of ſo much ſorrow to me, and where I acted ſo unſucceſsful a part for the preſervation of a life, I could have laid down my own to have had continued. It was an ineſtimable treaſure I loſt; one with whom I had lived in the higheſt pitch of this world's felicity.—

But I must remember, I have a better friend, a more abiding, whom I desire with an inflamed heart to know, not only as good in a way of profit, but amiable in a way of excellency. Then spiritual joy will grapple with earthly griefs, and so far overcome, as to give some tranquility to a mind tossed to and fro with the evils of life. Yet I experience but short moments of this desirable temper, and fear to have fewer when I first come to that desolate habitation where so many various passions will assault me. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think, by God's assistance, the shadows will not sink me."

"You instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may make application of *Rev.* 3. 12. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart in the good pleasure of God, who will prove us in the way he sees best; and when he will break us to pieces, we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgment. The stroke was the most grievous, sure: but had I not a reasonable hope that what I loved as my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut up my own sorrows, that I might not increase his sufferings? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, incessantly admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproving, comforting me; and charitably contributing to the gathering together of my scattered spirits, and bringing them into submission! Further, God has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, given them hopeful understandings, with very tractable and sweet dispositions, and spared my life, I trust to be useful to them. And seeing I am to linger in a world I can no longer delight in, He has given me freedom from bodily

bodily pain, to a degree I almoſt never knew. This calls for praiſes my dead heart is not exerciſed in, but I hope this is my infirmity. I bewail it. He who took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakneſs of my perſon, and the ſharpneſs of my ſorrows."

"If I could contemplate the conduct of Providence, with the uſes you do, it would give eaſe indeed, and no diſaſtrous events would much affect me. I often conclude myſelf very void of temper and reaſon, that I ſtill ſhed tears of ſorrow, and not of joy, that ſo good a man is landed ſafe on the ſhore of a bleſſed eternity. Doubtleſs he is at reſt, though I find none without him; ſo true a partner was he in all my joys and griefs. I truſt the Almighty will paſs by this my infirmity. I was too rich in poſſeſſions while I poſſeſſed him. All reliſh now is gone, I bleſs God for it; and pray, and aſk of all good people to pray, that I may more and more turn the ſtream of my affections upward, and ſet my heart on the ever-ſatisfying perfections of God, not ſtartled by his darkeſt providences, but remembering continually that his glory, juſtice or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we ſhall one day with raviſhing delight behold.

In the mean time, I endeavor to ſuppreſs all thoſe wild imaginations which a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and ſay with him in the Goſpel, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

"It is a happy effect of ſorrow, and a ſure evidence to the ſoul that the promiſes of the word belong to it, that the work of grace is growing toward thoſe degrees at which when we ſhall arrive, we ſhall triumph over imperfections, and our wills deſire nothing

ing but what ſhall pleaſe God. We ſhall be renewed like eagles; and like eagles, ſhall mount up to meet the Lord in the clouds, and ever tarry with him, and be no more faint or weary in God's ſervice. Theſe are raviſhing contemplations! They claſp the heart with delight for ſuch moments, or more properly, ſuch parts of a moment, as they continue with us. It is true, we may bear our grief without being drowned in paſſion; but to bear it without a murmuring heart, is the taſk, and in failing there, lies the ſin. O Lord, lay it not to the charge of thy weak ſervant; but make me cheerfully thankful that I had ſuch a friend to loſe, and contented that he is diſmiſſed from his attendance here. When the time comes that I ſhall have mine, I know not how it will find me, but I am ſure it is my moſt reviving thought now. When plunged in multitudes of wild and ſad thoughts, I recover, and recollect that a little time will end this life, and begin a better which ſhall never end, and in which we ſhall diſcover the reaſons and ends of all the ſeemingly ſevere providences we have known. Thus I ſeem to long for the laſt day; yet it is poſſible, if ſickneſs, or any other forerunner of diſſolution were preſent, I ſhould defer it if I could. So deceitful is the heart, or ſo weak is faith. But I think one may argue again, that God has wiſely implanted in our nature a ſhrinking at the approach of a ſeparation.—If it were not ſo, many would not endure the evils of life, who now do, though conſcious that duty enjoins it."

"The faſteſt cement of friendſhip, is piety. One may love paſſionately, but one loves unquietly, if the friend be not a good man. But when a ſeparation comes, what veneration do we give their memory, whom we conſider as loved by God from all eternity!"

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"I often think that could this ſingle particular be fixed firmly in our hearts, that God knows where it is beſt to place his creatures, and is good to all, we could eaſily live by rule, and deſpiſe the world. We are pilgrims and ſtrangers upon earth, travelling to a better country, and may well bear with bad accommodations, ſometimes, in our way to it. None are ſo dealt with, I believe, as not to have ſome days of joy, (though we can lay no claim to them;) nor are the happieſt here below without taſting the bitter cup of affliction. So imperfect is this ſtate; and doubtleſs it is wiſely and mercifully ordered; that ſo, through the changes and chances of this mortal life, we may preſs more eagerly towards, and at laſt with inexpreſſible joy attain, that ſtate where we ſhall feel no more ſtorms, but enjoy a perpetual calm. What can be more? The thought claſps one's heart, and cauſes the impriſoned ſoul to long to take her flight. But it is our duty to wait with patience our appointed time."

"I read yours of the 4th of July on the 20th; the eve of that day—I will not ſuffer my hand to write *fatal*, becauſe the blow ſtruck on it gave eternal reſt to my beloved friend. I do not contend, on theſe days, with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. And now, having laid all my ſorrows at the foot of the throne of grace, I devote ſome of my remaining time to what moſt compoſes my thoughts, and entertains my tired mind—writing where I may do it freely, where my weakneſs will be pitied, not cenſured.—It is true, as you have ſtated, I had made him my idol, though I did not know it; loved man too much, and God too little; yet my conſtant prayer was not to do ſo, though not ſervent enough. I will turn the current of my love, ſo far as poſſible, to his dear children, and if I may be directed and bleſſed in their educa-

tion, what more can I ask for myself, in relation to this perishing world? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear, but sin."

"What comforts the world can give, I am most sure I have felt, and found uncertain and perishing. Such, grace assisting, I will never more look after; and yet I expect a joyful day after some mournful ones. And though I walk sadly through the valley of death, I will fear no evil, humbling myself under the mighty hand of God, who will save in the day of trouble. He knows my sorrows, and my weakness: I commit myself and mine to him."

"I hope I may conclude I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God, and submission to all his providences, that I desire. However, I bless him for his infinite mercy in a support that is not drawn from the world, though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left. I hope he has enabled me chiefly to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and the assured hope of good things in the other world.

"We are travelling the same way, and hope, through mercy, to meet in the same eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment to communicate our pious thoughts to each other. Nothing on this side heaven comes so near it; and being where God is, is heaven. If He be in our hearts, there will be peace.

To a female friend in affliction.

"I beseech God one day to speak peace to our afflicted minds, and not let us be disappointed of our great hope. But we must wait for our day of consolation,

lation, till this world passes away: an unkind and trustless world it has been to us. Why it has been such, God knows best. All his dispensations serve the end of his providence; and they are ever beautiful, and must be good, and good to us, even these dismal ones, if we have evidence in our own souls, that we are better for our afflictions. We may reasonably believe our friends find that rest we yet but hope for: and what better comfort can your Ladyship or I desire, in this valley of the shadow of death we are walking through? The rougher our path is, the more delightful and ravishing will the great change be."

To another female friend.

"As I have been wonderfully supported, so I have a humble confidence I shall be, the few remaining days I have to live. Blessed be the mercy of God who gives us joy, hope and comfort in believing; and that, whatever the methods of Providence are, or may be, the final issue will be delight for evermore. Were that blessed state only a rest from the labors and toils of life, how welcome must it be! But, as the Psalmist says, "At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore:" and in order to attain to this blessedness which our Savior with the price of his blood purchased for us, we should stand in awe, and often remember that place of scripture where God says, "I am with you, while you are with me." Let us strive faithfully to walk in his ways, and then our pensive and most solemn thoughts will be our best, and soon calm all our tumultuous ones, such as the troubles and crosses of this world lead us to. I heartily pray both you and I may experience the sweetness of such meditations: then shall we wait with becoming patience, the great day of consolation."

To

To another.

"We lie under innumerable obligations to be entirely God's: and nothing should be so attracting to us as his miraculous love in sending his Son. But my still pungent sorrow for earthly losses, makes me know I loved inordinately; and my profit in the school of adversity has been small, or I should long since have turned my mourning into rejoicing thankfulness that I had such a friend to lose, that I saw him whom I loved as my own soul, take such a prospect of death as made him walk through the dark and shaded valley, (notwithstanding the natural aversion to separation) without fearing evil. For if we, with our limited degrees of goodness, will not forsake those that depend on us, much less can God cast us off from him, when we seek to him in our calamity. And though he denied my earnest and repeated prayers, yet he has not denied me the support of his holy Spirit in my long day of calamity, but enabled me in some measure to rejoice in him as my portion for ever, who has provided a remedy for all our griefs by his sure promises of another life, where there is no death, nor pain, nor trouble, but fulness of joy in the presence of God who made us, and loves us for ever."

Lady Russell received, in the season of her distress, a letter of consolation from the great and pious Mr. Howe. It is written in a manner so happily calculated for general instruction and use, that it is thought not improper to insert some parts of it, which follow.

"The cause of your sorrow, Madam, is exceedingly great. The causes of your joy are inexpressibly greater. You have infinitely more left, than you have lost. Doth it need to be disputed, whether God be better and greater than man? or more to be valued, loved,

loved, and delighted in? and whether an eternal relation be more conſiderable than a temporary one? Was it not your conſtant ſenſe in your beſt outward ſtate, *Whom have I in heaven but thee, O God; and whom can I deſire on earth in compariſon with thee?* Pſalm 73. 25. Herein the ſtate of your Ladyſhip's caſe, is ſtill the ſame, if you cannot rather with greater clearneſs, and with leſs heſitation, pronounce theſe latter words. The principal cauſes of your joy are immutable, ſuch as no ſupervening thing can alter.—You have loſt a moſt pleaſant, delectable earthly relative. Doth the bleſſed God hereby ceaſe to be the beſt and moſt excellent good? Is his nature changed? his everlaſting covenant reverſed and annulled, *which is ordered in all things, and ſure, and is to be all your ſalvation, and all your deſire, whether he make your houſe on earth to grow, or not to grow?* 2 Sam. 23. 5. That ſorrow which exceeds its cauſe, compared with the remaining and real cauſes of rejoicing, is in that exceſs cauſeleſs.

"Again, we ought to conſider, in every caſe, principally that which is principal. God did not create this or that excellent perſon, and place him, for a while, in the world, principally to pleaſe us; nor doth he take him away, principally to diſpleaſe or puniſh us, but for much nobler and greater ends, which he hath propoſed to himſelf concerning him. Nor are we to reckon ourſelves ſo little intereſted in the great and ſovereign Lord of all, whom we have taken to be our God, and to whom we have abſolutely reſigned and devoted ourſelves, as not to be obliged to ſatisfy ourſelves in his pleaſure, purpoſes and ends, more than our own apart from his. Such as he has pardoned, accepted and prepared for himſelf, are to ſerve and glorify him in a higher and more exalted capacity than they ever could in this wretched world of ours, and wherein they have themſelves the higheſt ſatisfaction. When the bleſſed God is pleaſed in having

having attained and accompliſhed the end and intentions of his own boundleſs love, too great to be ſatisfied with conferring only temporary favors in this imperfect ſtate, and they are pleaſed in partaking the full effects of that love, who are we, that we ſhould be diſpleaſed? or that we ſhould oppoſe our ſatisfaction to that of the glorious God, and the glorified creature?

"Therefore, Madam, whereas you cannot avoid thinking much on this ſubject, and having the removal of that incomparable perſon for a great theme of your thoughts, I only propoſe moſt humbly to your honor, that you would not confine them to the ſadder and darker part of that theme. It hath alſo a bright ſide, and it equally belongs to it, to conſider whither he is gone, and to whom, as whence, and from whom. Let, I beſeech you, your mind be more exerciſed in contemplating the glories of that ſtate into which your bleſſed Conſort is tranſlated, which will mingle pleaſure and ſweetneſs with the bitterneſs of your afflicting loſs, by giving you a daily intellectual participation, through the exerciſe of faith and hope, in his enjoyments. He cannot deſcend to ſhare with you in your ſorrows; but you may thus every day aſcend, and partake with him in his joys. He is a pleaſant ſubject to conſider. A prepared ſpirit, made meet for an inheritance with them that are ſanctified, and with the ſaints in light, now entered into a ſtate ſo connatural, and wherein it finds every thing moſt agreeable to itſelf! How highly grateful is it to be united with the true centre, and come home to the Father of ſpirits! to conſider how pleaſant a welcome, how joyful an entertainment your Conſort hath met with above! how delighted an aſſociate he is with the general Aſſembly, the innumerable company of Angels, and the Spirits of juſt men made perfect! how joyful a homage he continually pays to the throne of the celeſtial King!

Will

Will your Ladyſhip think that a hard ſaying of our departing Lord to his mournful diſciples: *If ye loved me, ye would rejoice that I ſaid, I go to the Father; for my Father is greater than I.* John 14, 28. As if he had ſaid, "He ſits enthroned in higher glory than you can frame any conception of, by beholding me in ſo mean a condition on earth." We are as remote, and as much ſhort in our thoughts, as to conceiving the glory of the ſupreme King, as a peaſant, who never ſaw any thing better than his own cottage, from conceiving the ſplendor of the moſt glorious Prince's court. But if that faith which is the ſubſtance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not ſeen, be much accuſtomed to its proper work and buſineſs, the daily, delightful viſiting and viewing of the glorious inviſible regions; if it be often converſant in thoſe vaſt and ſpacious tracts of pure and brighteſt light, and among the holy inhabitants that repleniſh them; if it frequently employ itſelf in contemplating their comely order, perfect harmony, ſublime wiſdom, unſpotted purity, moſt fervent mutual love, delicious converſation with each other, and perpetual, pleaſant conſent in their adoration of their eternal King—who is there, to whom it would not be a ſolace to think, I have ſuch and ſuch friends and relatives, ſome perhaps as dear as my own life, perfectly well pleaſed and happy among them? How can your love, Madam, ſo generous a love towards ſo deſerving an object, how can it but more fervently ſparkle in joy for his ſake, than diſſolve in tears for your own?

Nor ſhould ſuch thoughts excite over-haſty, impatient deſires of following preſently to heaven, but to the endeavors of ſerving God more cheerfully on earth for our appointed time; which I earneſtly deſire your Ladyſhip to apply yourſelf to, as you would not diſpleaſe God, who is your only hope, nor be cruel to yourſelf, nor diſhonor the religion of Chriſtians, as if they had no other conſolations than this earth can

can give, and earthly power can take from them. Your Ladyship, if any one, would be loth to do any thing unworthy your family and parentage. Your highest alliance is to that Father and Family above whose dignity and honor are, I doubt not, of highest account with you.

I multiply words, being loth to lose my design. I shall only add that consideration which cannot but be valuable with you, upon the first proposal of him who had all the advantages imaginable to give it its full weight, I mean that of those *dear pledges left behind.* My own heart even bleeds to think of the case of those sweet babes, should they be bereaved of their other parent too: and even your continued visible dejection would be their unspeakable disadvantage. You always naturally create in them a reverence of you; and I cannot but apprehend how the constant mien, aspect and deportment of such a parent will insensibly influence the temper of dutiful children, and, if they be sad and despondent, depress their spirits, and take off that edge and quickness, upon which their comfort and usefulness will much depend. Were it possible their now glorious father should visit and inspect you, would you not be troubled to behold a frown in that bright and serene face? You are to please a more penetrating eye; which you will do best by putting on a temper and deportment suitable to your weighty charge and duty, and to the great purposes for which God continues you in the world, by giving over unnecessary solitude and retirement, which, though they please you, do really prejudice you, and are more than you can bear. Nor can any rules of decency require more. Nothing that is necessary, and truly Christian, ought to be reckoned unbecoming. David's example, (2 Sam. 12. 20.) is of too great authority to be accounted a pattern of indecency. The God of heaven lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and thereby put gladness into

your

your heart, and give you to apprehend him saying to you, Arise, and walk in the light of the Lord!

That I have used so much freedom in this paper, I make no apology, but do therefore hide myself in the dark,* not judging it consistent with that plainness which I thought the case might require, to give any other account of myself, than that I am one deeply touched with your and your noble relatives deep affliction, who hence ever bow the knee before the mercy-seat without remembering it, and shall ever be, Madam, your Ladyship's most sincere honorer, and most humble, devoted servant.

We shall conclude the memoirs of Lady Russell with a poetical tribute to her memory, extracted from the *Female Advocate*, by Miss Scott.

BE Russell's name to every heart appeal'd,
While stern, celestial piety, are held.
In her, the strongest faculties were join'd
With all the graces of a female mind.
The noblest pattern of connubial love;
Tears were the dread extreme of grief to prove.
Yet still consider'd that Providence to just,
She made its will her unrepining trust:
Some lenient power blunt her cup of woe,
And deal out all her portion here below.
For every emblem of her heavenly birth,
And dead to all the vanities of earth.
Intent to attain a purer clime,
With pain her frail fulfill'd the task of time:
Yet Heaven long spar'd her life to blest use age,
And now for charms another lay her page.
O may that page, where oh the virtues shine,
And faith's strong anchor breathe in every line,
Rouse the lethargic, animate the weak,
The fearful rise of hope and time to break,
Since there with lucid colours life is shown,
May read in death's eternal, book of truth!
Yet it not vain and rich, our Edwin wished a
True pleasure attends with every virtuous deed.

MISS.

* The letter was without a name.

MRS. ELIZABETH BURNET.

SHE was born November 8, 1661. In the courſe of her early education, ſhe read with great attention the volumes which were put into her hands, but aſpired after more ſolid and ſublime ſentiments than are to be met with in moſt books. At eleven years of age, ſhe began to have a true ſenſe of religion.

Being married, at about ſeventeen, to Robert Berkely, Eſq. and going to live in the family of her huſband's mother, ſhe had the affliction to find her, though a woman of exemplary life, a zealous Papiſt. This circumſtance excited her to peculiar attention in ſtudying the controverſy between the Proteſtants and Papiſts, that ſo ſhe might guard her huſband and herſelf againſt the artifices of Popiſh prieſts, and the influence of his mother, who had great power over him. The particular turn of his mind, and the deference ſhe wiſhed to pay to his parent, occaſioned her ſome perplexity, eſpecially as ſhe wiſhed to avoid all diſputes about religion, which were not abſolutely neceſſary. But her admirable diſcretion carried her through.

At the ſame time, ſhe inculcated on herſelf a more than ordinary exactneſs of attention to the offices of piety,

piety, and the duties of life. She ſtudied to adorn her profeſſion by her practice, conſtantly governing herſelf by the ſtricteſt rules of religion and virtue. Living in the country, where ſhe enjoyed much leiſure, ſhe gave a great portion of her time to devotion and reading. When inclined to divert herſelf with work, ſhe generally cauſed ſome perſon to read to her: and when her poor neighbours came to viſit her, which ſhe encouraged them to do often, ſhe frequently read pious books to them herſelf, that ſhe might inſtruct them without the appearance of aſſuming a ſuperiority.

In this manner ſhe lived for ſix years, eſteemed and loved by all who knew her, not excepting thoſe who, on account of different opinions in religion, were likely to be moſt prejudiced againſt her.

In King James's time, when the fears of Popery began greatly to increaſe, and Biſhop Fell being dead, who had had a principal influence in preventing Mr. Berkely's being gained over to the principles of his relations, Mrs. Berkely prevailed on him to go to Holland. Accordingly they travelled together over the ſeventeen provinces. In the Popiſh provinces, they met, on account of his relations, a ſingularly kind reception, letters having been ſent without their knowledge, to Bruſſels, Ghent, Liege, and other conſiderable places, recommending Mrs. Berkely particularly, as one whoſe piety and virtue were great enough to entitle her, had ſhe been of the Catholic Church, as they called it, to the character of a Saint.

After theſe journies, Mr. and Mrs. Berkely fixed at the Hague, where ſhe ſoon became known, and enjoyed a high place in the eſteem and friendſhip of the moſt reſpectable characters. They continued here till about the time of the Revolution, when they returned to England, and retired to their country-ſeat at Spetchly.

Here

Here Mrs. Berkely resumed her former course of life, and made the happiest progress in the doctrines and practice of religion. She had generally some young persons in her family, for the purpose of education, on whom her excellent instructions and example operated so powerfully, as soon to produce a visible alteration in them.

Her knowledge and virtue attracted general notice. She contracted an intimate friendship with the eminent Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, who to his death maintained a high esteem for her, and was frequently heard to declare that he knew not a woman in England who was her superior.

In the year 1693, her husband was removed by death. From this period, as she had more leisure, so she applied herself more entirely to devotion, to reading, to acts of charity, and the offices of friendship. She took upon herself the same care of her late husband's Protestant relations as if they had been her own. Indeed she exhibited to them the tenderness of a mother, so long as she lived, and manifested her kindness for them at her death. Nor did any of his family fail to receive from her the demonstrations of a sincere benevolence and friendship.

Having a large income, she managed it with equal prudence and generosity. She seemed uneasy at every expense which did not serve the cause of charity and benevolence. At her hospitable mansion, the neighboring clergy were always welcome. To such of them as were in low circumstances, she paid particular attention and respect, cordially esteeming them for their functions and labors. She frequently made them presents of the most useful books; and to some she generously lent money without security, expecting only to be paid when by the Providence of God they might be put into more easy circumstances.

Mr. Berkely having ordered in his will, that a large sum should be appropriated from his estate to the erection

ction of a hospital at Worcester for the poor, she used great care and assiduity to have the design perfected as soon as possible; and it pleased God to continue her life till she saw it accomplished. Beside the care of this business, she took upon herself several payments of debts and legacies from his estate, beyond what the law required. She also continued an eminent instance of charity, to which she had engaged Mr. Berkely in his life; a charity which has since, by the divine blessing, spread almost all over England; the setting up of schools for the instruction and education of poor children. The number of these schools she afterwards greatly increased.

After a widowhood of near seven years, she was married to Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. In his house she found a family of children, whom she treated neither with excessive indulgence, nor unnatural severity, but with all the tender concern for their education and best interests which she could have exhibited, had they been her own. In return, she received from them every expression of filial duty and love: and the Bishop by his will, left them under her direction in a way much more absolute than is ordinarily known in the case of real mothers. He gave another proof of his esteem, and of his high sense of the happiness he bestowed on his family by bringing such a mother into it, though she should bring nothing with her, by desiring her to retain the entire disposition of her own estate, and to bestow it by will as she pleased.

After this, she extended her charity much further than before. Instead of devoting a fifth part of her income to benevolent objects, she could with difficulty be reconciled to appropriate as much to her own use. Hence the sums which she consecrated to charitable purposes were large. Beside many other instances of this kind, more than a hundred poor children in and about Worcester and Salisbury, were taught at her expense. To be rich in good works,

was the reigning design, and capital pleasure of her life.

Notwithstanding the interruptions arising from a more diffusive acquaintance, among whom she was in the highest esteem, she spent much time in writing on divine and moral subjects. A book of which she had made the first draught in her widowhood, designing it entirely for her own use, she was now prevailed on to publish. Finding it much approved, and wishing to make it still more useful, she printed, at her own expense an enlarged edition, and distributed the volumes among those whom she thought most likely to receive benefit from them.

This book, entitled *A Method of Devotion, or Rules for holy and devout living, with Prayers, &c.* beside passing through several impressions in her life, was reprinted after her decease, with memoirs of its Author, by Archbishop Goodwyn. It exhibits throughout, a vein of good sense and fervent piety. Its maxims and rules are excellently adapted to promote a close correspondence with heaven, and a growing preparation for it. We shall only select an instance or two of the method it proposes for meditating on portions of scripture, together with a morning and evening prayer for young persons. The latter we shall add at the close of these memoirs.

Psalm 103. 1——5.

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

All my faculties and powers, my understanding and thought, shall be employed to know my Creator and Preserver, by contemplating what is revealed in the works and word of God; there to read the wonders God has done for the children of men; the free gift of being and creation, providence and preservation. And to what

what end could God, infinitely happy in himself, make man, but to be happy? And how can a creature capable of thought, be happy, but in subjection and dependence on a Being that is perfect, where perfect love will cast out all fear—for fear has torment? My memory shall be employed to treasure up and recount often to myself and others, the glorious marks of God's wisdom and goodness, so plainly stamped on all his works: and whoever choose to retain God in their minds, cannot but love, cannot but obey him. Love necessarily attends all known good, and where the good is perfect, so must be the love and obedience.

Verse 2. *Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.*

As much as in thee lies, forget not any of his benefits; at least, desire to have a grateful sense of them all.

Verse 3. *Who forgives all thine iniquities, and heals all thy diseases.*

But alas! how often have I forgotten my duty, and my true happiness, by suffering the false appearance of good, or the base fear of some transitory evil, to possess my mind! How often have the clouds and disorders of passion, the attraction of what is present, the allurements of sense, and the false reasoning introduced to support the corrupt customs of the world, betrayed me into sin and folly! Yet thy long-suffering mercy, O Lord, has waited to be gracious, and has not punished me as my iniquities have deserved. O let me ever celebrate that mercy which not only unasked gives me so much good, but after such ungrateful returns, continues to forgive me so much evil! nay, is ready to heal those wounds to which my folly has exposed me, and to give more grace and strength, even all I need, if I will but ask it, and faithfully improve it.

Verse

Verse 4. *Who redeems thy life from destruction; who crowns thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.*

——Who when man had by sin, whose wages is death, lost life and immortality, purchased again his first-designed inheritance; and that not with corruptible silver and gold, but with the precious blood of the Son of God, who, after a life of suffering, and doing good, teaching a perfect law, and setting a perfect example, died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, and who will appear again at the last day, to judge and acquit all that believe and obey the Gospel, and then pronounce that gracious sentence: Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord: thou shalt receive a crown and kingdom that shall have no end, laid up in heaven for thee.

1 Cor. 13. 1——9.

Though I speak with the tongues of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

The greatest eloquence and flame in praying or preaching, without an inward principle of the love of God and his creatures, is but like a dead instrument, that may delight others by being well played on, but has no delight in itself.

Verse 2. and 3. *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor; and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profits me nothing,*

The gifts of prophecy, or preaching, a capacity to understand and unfold obscure mysteries, a faith of miracles, or what is more astonishing, a faith of martyrdom,

tyrdom, a liberality that parts with all its worldly goods to those who want, when they are without this inward grace of charity, shall have no reward, and be of no profit. Now since this grace is so necessary, and so apt to be misunderstood, how shall I know whether I have it in truth? The Apostle has given the following rules: let them be the rules of my examination; and if I am sincere, I cannot greatly err?

Verse 4. *Charity suffers long, and is kind; charity envies not; charity vaunts not itself, is not easily puffed up.*

Do not the ingratitude or injuries I meet with, weary out those proper acts of kindness due to the injurious? Do I not envy the prosperous, especially those I favor not? Am I not exalted at my own prosperity; and do I not make a vain boast, as if it were the effect of my own skill, or the reward of my merit, and not the gift of God?

Verse 5. *Does not behave itself unseemly, seeks not her own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil.*

Do I not by my contempt of those below me, increase the miseries of their poverty? Do I choose to give up some little benefit to myself, rather than that it should occasion some great and more grievous evil to my neighbor? Am I not apt to be provoked, and to suspect ill intentions, without sufficient ground?

Verse 6. *Rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth.*

Do I not rejoice in injustice, when I may be profited by it? Do I rather rejoice in what is just and true, though it conduces to my damage?

Verse 7. *Bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things.*

Do

Do I bear patiently thoſe things that are moſt grievous? Am I ready to put the beſt conſtruction on doubtful actions, and to believe the beſt I can with reaſon? And, where truth and evidence reſtrain my charity, do I at leaſt hope better for the future; and does that hope incline me to pray for thoſe who uſe me ill, and endure the preſent inconveniences ſo long as any ground of hope remains?

Verſe 8. *Charity never fails, &c.*

Such a charity, and ſuch alone, will never fail. It is both more excellent and more neceſſary, than all other gifts and graces; and will be more laſting; for it will go with us into heaven itſelf. Heaven cannot be without it: and in whatever boſom it is perfected, heaven is in great meaſure there. O my ſoul, think often of the beauty of a univerſal goodneſs, the true greatneſs of forgiving and doing good for evil, of an unaffected humility from a true knowledge of one's ſelf, and the great ſecurity of conſtancy and perſeverance in doing good, whatever ill returns or diſappointments we meet with, by doing it for God's ſake, and for the relation mankind have to God.

It may be ſafely affirmed, that the daily obſervance of ſuch a method as this, in drawing out the hidden riches of ſome ſelect portion of ſcripture, by meditation, with mingled ſelf-application and prayer, would be one of the happieſt means to acquaint us with our Bibles, ſo that the word of God ſhould dwell richly in us; as likewiſe to inform the judgment, direct the conſcience, pacify and comfort the ſoul, and excite us to all holy duty. To paſs haſtily over many chapters of ſacred Writ, without pauſing to give it entrance, is far leſs likely to turn to account, than the careful examination and ſerious improvement of a few verſes only. A bird may range for hours over a ſpacious

cious flower-garden, without collecting any food: while the bee, confining itself to a few flowers, explores them, dwells upon them, and quits them not without extracting and bearing away their precious treasures. Let us not merely *read*, but *study* our Bibles, and improve them as our great help in prayer. "Indeed," says Mrs. Burnet, in her preface to the work above-mentioned, "the Bible is the best prayer-book, and is full of noble thoughts that may by an ordinary capacity, and with little alteration, be turned into the language of devotion."

She kept a journal of her life; employing a portion of time every evening in recollecting and weighing her conduct and discourse through the day; and carefully marking every error, in order to avoid it in future.

She well knew how to distinguish between the means and end of religion, and justly appreciated the importance of each. As she was exemplarily strict and conscientious in the duties of piety and devotion, both private and public, she was no less diligent in maintaining a careful government of her passions, a constant watchfulness over her whole conduct, and an ardent zeal to abound in every good work.

Though unskilled in the learned languages, yet by making the bible her chief study, by the use of the best Commentators, and and by availing herself of the learning of those clergymen with whom she was acquainted, she attained an uncommon knowledge of the scriptures. When conversing with divines and scholars with whom she was intimate, she frequently took pleasure in discussing deep and difficult subjects. But in mixed companies, and on ordinary occasions, she was exceedingly distant from the affectation of uncommon knowledge.

Her thoughts on the subject of religion were generous and noble. She considered those the best representations of it, which made it appear beautiful and lovely;

lovely; and which tended to promote purity of heart, united with an exalted zeal and fervor in the affections. Yet she guarded against all enthusiasm; nor ever affected to be wise above what is written. In her last years, she delighted most in books which treated on the inward life of religion, the separation of the soul from all creatures, and an entire resignation of every thing to the will of God. But above all, she was constant in reading the Scriptures daily, frequently observing that 'the reading of the practical parts of them with a spirit of humility, and in simplicity of heart, with earnest prayer, and ardent desires to understand the will of our heavenly Father, was the best way to know of any doctrine, whether it was of God or not.' She read the Bible rather as a mean to raise her soul to great and sublime views of God, and to a noble sense of solid virtue, than from speculative curiosity, or a wish to shine in conversation. And indeed she sometimes spoke on these subjects in strains that approached to rapture, and such as charmed, while they animated, those who heard them.

Though her mind was naturally inquisitive, her apprehension quick, and her judgment solid, yet she confined her inquiries to a few things. Accordingly, when she had made some progress in Geometry and natural Philosophy, she laid those studies aside, while her relish for them was yet unabated. She applied the whole force of her mind to religion; and even in that, she valued knowledge only as it purified the mind. Her grand concern was to govern her passions, to moderate her desires toward created objects, and to have her whole soul habitually resigned and conformed to the holy will of God.

She had a just sense of the danger of Popery, and often blessed God for the *Revolution*, which she zealously defended, considering the preservation and security of the Protestant religion as intimately connected with it. Yet her affections were nowise alienated from

from thoſe who entertained different ſentiments. She was very careful to avoid what tended to contention on this, and every other ſubject. If an unhappy difference aroſe among her friends, ſhe immediately interpoſed to effect a reconciliation; and was often ſingularly ſucceſsful in her benevolent attempts.

If any were ſpoken againſt in company where ſhe was, ſhe endeavored to vindicate or excuſe them, if practicable: if otherwiſe, ſhe exerted herſelf to turn the diſcourſe to ſome other topic.

She conſidered formal viſits as one of the burdens of life, though ſhe did not ſuffer herſelf to neglect any civilities of this kind, which could be rationally expected from her. Her diſcourſe in company was cheerful, though guarded. Few among thoſe poſſeſſed of her piety, have attained to ſuch ſprightlineſs and innocent freedom. Severe to herſelf, ſhe avoided all appearance of ſeverity to others, and all oſtentation of piety. Nor was ſhe prone to cenſure thoſe who did not attain the ſtrictneſs which in herſelf ſhe thought indiſpenſable. Her deſign was to render ſerious religion as agreeable to all, as poſſible.

Her humility was viſible in her whole converſation. She was eminent in her condeſcenſions to thoſe below her. She utterly contemned the pomps of life. Her neceſſary compliances with what was uſual among thoſe of her rank, in point of dreſs and diet, were chaſtened with great plainneſs, though in nothing did ſhe affect ſingularity.

In her friendſhips, ſhe was moſt conſtant and faithful. She cheerfully embraced every opportunity of ſerving her friends, eſpecially in their beſt intereſts; for this ſhe conceived to be the beſt and nobleſt end of friendſhip. She conſidered herſelf as but half diſcharging her duty to thoſe with whom ſhe was intimate, unleſs beſide her beſt advice, and faithful reproofs, ſhe gave them a place in her prayers.

She was an excellent economiſt of her time. She prayed, read and wrote ſo much, that it might naturally have been thought ſhe muſt have confined herſelf almoſt entirely to her cloſet: yet ſhe was ſo conſtantly employed in doing good, ſo helpful to her friends, and ſo eaſy of acceſs to all, that it was difficult to conceive what opportunity ſhe could have for retirement.

A perſon ſo eminent in every thing amiable, cannot eaſily be ſuppoſed to have had many enemies. In the few inſtances of this kind which occurred, ſhe very clearly manifeſted, by the returns ſhe made for ill offices, that ſhe could not only forgive from the heart, but overcome evil with good.

Under frequent indiſpoſitions of body, ſhe exhibited not only patience and reſignation, but remarkable cheerfulneſs. Eſpecially did ſhe learn from theſe afflictions to bear the leſs important evils of life with great equanimity. It was ſeldom obſerved that any perplexity or diſappointment in her private affairs gave her conſiderable uneaſineſs; though her concern for her friends and the public was ſo great, that any calamities which afflicted, or even threatened them, would affect her moſt ſenſibly. He who had opportunity to know her moſt intimately, was often heard to ſay, that "her zeal for the public good, and that eagerneſs of ſpirit which kept her intent upon it, was the only thing he had ever obſerved in her, that looked like exceſs."

After ſhe had been long afflicted with great debility of conſtitution, her complaints aſſumed a very alarming aſpect. A journey, and the uſe of medicinal waters in the year 1707, effected a partial reſtoration. But in the January of the following year, ſhe was ſeized with a pleuritic fever, under which ſhe ſunk in a few days. The nature of the diſorder prevented her ſpeaking much, but ſhe exhibited throughout, an entire reſignation to the will of God, with great

great patience in enduring her pains. She expreſſed much inward joy and peace; and after her voice had entirely failed, ſhe manifeſted by ſigns, not only the comfort ſhe felt in paſſing through the dark valley, but her ardent deſire to recommend religion to all around her. Thus happily did ſhe enter into the joy of her Lord, exchanging this life for a better in her forty-eighth year.

The prayers mentioned above, are theſe which follow.

A morning prayer for the uſe of young perſons.

O eternal God, and heavenly Father! thou art the kind author of my being; be thou the gracious guide of my life. My age is ſimple and unexperienced; O be thou pleaſed to inſpire me with true wiſdom from above, that it may direct me in all my ways. I am come into a world full of ſnares and temptations; O do thou fill me with the knowledge and love of thy truth, that it may keep me from the ways that lead to deſtruction.

I render unto thee unfeigned thanks for all the bleſſings I daily receive from thee, and particularly for my preſervation and refreſhment the night paſt.

O Lord, have mercy upon me, and forgive me all my ſins, and give me grace to fly all youthful luſts, and to remember thee my Creator in the days of my youth.

O poſſeſs my heart with the fear of thee, and dependence upon thee. Let me always walk as in thy preſence, and as conſidering I muſt die, I know not how ſoon, and render an account of all the actions of my life. Poſſeſs alſo my heart, O my God, with that tenderneſs for my parents and thoſe that have the care of me, and that Chriſtian ſenſe of my duty towards them, that my language may be reſpectful, my actions dutiful, and my whole behavior ſuch that I

may

may not increaſe the burden and care of their lives, but prove a comfort and bleſſing to them.

Bleſs me, O Lord, in my learning, and deliver me from ſloth and idleneſs, and ill company, and from all dangers both of body and ſoul, and help me daily to increaſe in knowledge and wiſdom, and all virtue.

I commend to thy divine providence all my friends and relations, and all this family, [my father and mother, my brothers and ſiſters,] and all mankind. Vouchſafe us, O gracious God, all thoſe graces and bleſſings which thou knoweſt to be moſt needful for us.

Unto thee, O my God, do I dedicate my ſoul and body, beſeeching thee to take them into thy care and protection, that they may be always employed in thy ſervice, to thy glory: that having ſerved thee faithfully in this life, I may at laſt obtain life everlaſting, through the merits and mediation of my bleſſed Savior and Redeemer, Jeſus Chriſt our Lord, in whoſe holy name and words, I ſum up my own, and the wants of all mankind. *Our Father who art in heaven, &c.*

An Evening Prayer for young perſons.

O Almighty God, and merciful Father, who willingly heareſt the prayers of all who call upon thee faithfully, I humbly beſeech thee to pardon whatever thou haſt ſeen amiſs in me this day, in my thoughts, words or actions, particularly [*here mention particulars.*] Aſſiſt me, O God, in making it my conſtant endeavor to reſiſt and conquer every evil inclination within me, and every temptation from without.

Help me daily to grow in the knowledge and love of thee, my God, and of my Savior Jeſus Chriſt.

Shew me the way in which I ſhould walk, whilſt I am young, and grant I may never depart from it.

Bleſs to me, I pray thee, whatever good inſtructions have

have at any time been given me; help me carefully to remember, and seriously to practise them, that I may be ever growing in knowledge, in wisdom and in goodness.

Bless and save our Rulers, and all orders and men among us, from the highest to the lowest. Lord, give them all grace in their several stations, to be instrumental for thy glory, and the public good.

Accept, O Lord, my humblest praise and thanksgiving for all the goodness thou hast this day, or at any time shown me: for all the helps of preventing or restraining grace thou hast vouchsafed me; for whatever I have done, which is in any measure acceptable to thee; for whatever progress I have made in my learning; for thy preservation of me from all the miseries and dangers to which frail mortality is every moment exposed, particularly for [*here mention any particular mercy received.*]

I humbly commit my soul and body to thy care this night, begging thy gracious protection and blessing.

And all these mercies and blessings which I ask for myself, I heartily desire for all my relations and friends, and for all mankind. Let it please thee to guide us all in this present life, and conduct us safe to thy heavenly kingdom, through Jesus Christ, our only Lord and Savior, in whose most holy name and words, I conclude these my imperfect prayers. *Our Father who art in heaven, &c.*

MRS. ELIZABETH BURY.*

SHE was born in March, 1644. Her father died when she was little more than four years old. But she was favored with the life of her mother, a most amiable and exemplary Christian, for almost fifty years afterward.

The natural disposition of Mrs. Bury was pleasant and ingenuous. In company she was remarkably distant from reserve, unless she apprehended her presence disagreeable, or thought she could profit more by her own thoughts, than by taking part in the conversation.

She possessed an uncommon force of genius, and quickness of apprehension. Her sagacious, inquisitive mind was ever penetrating into the nature and reason of things. Nor was it easy to confer on her a more sensible obligation, than by contributing to her mental improvement.

In writing letters, her matter was so serious, spiritual and instructive, and her style so happily accommodated

* *The eminence of Mrs. Bury in point of Christian experience, and exemplariness of character, and the ample materials of instruction afforded by her papers, have induced the compiler of this volume considerably to depart from the usual plan of* abridgment. *In some instances, he has even enriched these memoirs with matter not found in Dr. Gibbons.*

modated to her subject, that her correspondence was greatly coveted by persons of the best information and judgment, even in distant countries.

She was a very general student; and as she possessed, in addition to a fine understanding, a very retentive memory, and took great delight in reading, she soon became a proficient in various branches of knowledge.

She often entertained herself with *philosophy* and *philology*, with *history*, ancient and modern, with *music*, vocal and instrumental, with *heraldry*, the *globes*, and *mathematics*, and with learning the *French* language. Her object, in the latter study, was to prepare herself to converse with French refugees, to whom she was a great benefactress. She gave particular attention to the *Hebrew* language, which by long application she rendered so familiar, as to quote it in conversation, when the meaning of a text might be illustrated by it. Critical remarks on the idioms of this language were found among her papers, after her decease.

She took much pleasure in the study of *anatomy* and *medicine*; being led to it partly by her own ill health, and partly by a desire to be useful to her neighbors. Such was her proficience in these branches, that many eminent physicians expressed themselves surprised at her intimate knowledge of the human frame, and the *materia medica*.

These however were her diversion, rather than her business. Her darling study was *divinity*, especially the holy Scriptures, which from childhood she had taken for her *counsellors*. In the latter part of her life, she devoted most of her leisure and secret hours to Mr. Henry's Exposition of the Bible, which she would often say, was the most plain, pleasant and profitable book she ever read, and the last, next to the Scriptures, she would ever part with. She found in it so much of God and her own heart; so much which was new, yet natural and weighty, that she read it with lasting pleasure. Her chief delight was in practical

tical divinity ; and the plainer and closer any author was, the more acceptable.

Yet with all her knowledge, which was truly uncommon, especially in religion, she frequently and humbly spoke of her ignorance, in comparison with what others knew, and what she ought to have known herself.

The precise time and means of her conversion, she could not positively determine, but thought that that blessed event took place about her tenth year. Serious conviction she remembered to have had before ; but after that period, though she was not uniformly free from jealousy respecting her state, yet she perceived grounds to hope, on the most serious examination, that an effectual change had been wrought.

Her entrance thus early on a life of religion, gave her many opportunities of glorifying God, of experiencing his grace and faithfulness toward her, and of doing good to others. The benefit and comfort she found in early religion herself, led her to recommend it with much affection and importunity to those around her. There was something in the turn of her mind and thought, which readily adapted itself to the capacity and temper of most children. Her first and principal attempt upon their tender minds, was to bring them in love with the Bible. She pointed them to its historical parts, especially such as were peculiarly interesting and intelligible. She likewise taught them short sentences and prayers. She discoursed with them in their own dialect. Thus she gained their affections, rendered her company and converse at once pleasant and instructive, and by the blessing of God, was very useful to many.

Thus, endeavoring to persuade and allure those around her to walk with her in the path to Zion, she held on her course with great resolution and alacrity ; proceeding from strength to strength, exhibiting unusual attainments in divine knowledge and grace. The

blessed

bleſſed work which ſhe began early in the morning of life, ſhe unremittingly purſued through the day. She felt that ſhe had much to do, and that, of infinite importance; that her ſeaſon might be ſhort, and that every moment claimed an improvement. She often remarked on what is ſaid of Jacob, (*Gen.* 29. 1.) that after he had met with God, he *gathered up his feet*, (ſo the original might be rendered) and went on his way: an example which ſhe propoſed for her own imitation.

In proſecution of her pious deſigns, ſhe determined to keep a daily memorial, which might be, as ſhe expreſſed it, *a witneſs between God and her own ſoul.* In this Diary, which ſhe is ſuppoſed to have begun about her eighteenth or twentieth year, ſhe recorded (ſometimes with much minuteneſs) the moſt remarkable providences reſpecting herſelf and others—the ſolemn tranſactions between God and her ſoul, in the cloſet, family, ſanctuary, and her daily walk—the influences, conſolations and withdrawings of the Spirit of God—her daily infirmities, afflictions, ſupports, ſelf-examinations, evidences and foretaſtes of eternal life—her advances in religion, and her apprehended decays, &c. &c.

In this method ſhe found many advantages; and ſometimes remarked that were it not for her diary, ſhe ſhould know neither what ſhe was, nor what ſhe did, nor what ſhe had. By recourſe to it in ſeaſons of affliction, temptation and darkneſs, ſhe often obtained great relief. The review of paſt experiences frequently proved an excitement and help to future confidence. Hence ſhe recommended the keeping of a diary to others, that God might not loſe the glory, nor themſelves the comfort of their lives.

It was eaſy to obſerve a very lively impreſſion of the image of God upon her ſoul; and the whole train of Chriſtian graces was exhibited in a beautiful harmony, in the courſe of her life and conduct.

Her

Her humility appeared in her courteous treatment of the pooreſt around her, and her readineſs to converſe with them, eſpecially if ſhe perceived any proſpect of doing them good. Her writings teſtify how vile ſhe was in her own eyes whenever ſhe came before God, and how much ſhe abhored herſelf on account of the *Lerna malorum*,* (as ſhe expreſſed it) or the *infinity of evils* which ſhe found in her ſinful nature, and which rendered her a burden to herſelf. She was likewiſe greatly humbled by obſerving the condeſcenſions of divine grace under all her infirmities. "What grace! and ſuch grace to me, to unworthy me, to vile, ungrateful me!" Nothing ſo much affected her heart, as the grace of God to ſuch a ſinner.

Her patience under divine chaſtiſements was remarkable. She frequently expreſſed her ſubmiſſion to her heavenly Father's diſcipline in ſuch language as this: "This, or any other method, Lord, to take away ſin. This fleſh ſhall bear it, and this ſpirit ſhall not repine at it. This is a part of thy covenant, and I am thankful for it. Thou haſt done me good by afflictions, and wilt do me more, and therefore I will glory in them." Under the unkind treatment of ſome whom ſhe had peculiarly ſtudied to oblige, and whoſe intereſts ſhe had often eſpouſed to the prejudice of her own, ſhe manifeſted a very exemplary ſelf-poſſeſſion. She had a tender feeling of theſe injuries; but by the grace of God, ſhe was ſuperior to them, and ſtill rendered good for evil. She eyed God in all, and ever referred her cauſe to him.

She was thankful to her divine Benefactor for the many bleſſings ſhe enjoyed in reference to the preſent

* Lerna *was a lake near Argos, in Peloponneſus where Hercules is ſaid to have ſlain the* Hydra, *whoſe heads are fabled to have grown again as faſt as they were cut off. Hence* Lerna malorum *may ſignify* an infinity of ſins.

ent world; but frequently declared, 'she would never take it for her portion, since God had tendered heaven and himself to her.' The cares and vexations of the world, and especially its sinfulness, had weaned her affections from it, and caused her to sigh and pray for her final release. She was not elevated with its smiles, unless in thankfulness to God; nor depressed by its frowns, unless she apprehended her sins to be the cause. Her mind was generally in an even state, because she habitually aspired after a better country and inheritance. "O for those realms of light, and love, and purity!" was her frequent expression.

Her love to the souls of others was manifested in her frequent instructions, counsels and reproofs. In regard to her acquaintance in general, it was one of her first solicitudes to know how they were respecting religion. After seriously and faithfully conversing with them on the subject, she would earnestly pray for them in her closet; and was greatly thankful whenever she found serious impressions made on their minds. She constantly bewailed the ignorance, impiety, profaneness and immorality she saw, or heard of, in any; but above all, the insensibility and wickedness of the seed of the righteous; the children of prayers and vows.

Her affection for the truly pious was very observable. She delighted greatly in their company, and regarded them as the excellent of the earth, however they might be overlooked or despised by others.—She loved them as the children of God, and fellow-heirs of the kingdom, would diligently frequent their assemblies for prayer, and always promote some spiritual conversation. Where *this* was neglected in company, she was disappointed and grieved. In her Diary, we often find her praying that her visits may be made profitable to herself and others, that precious time may not be wasted in trifling discourse, but that she and her companions may be helpers of

each

each other's faith and joy, and may have ſome comforting conference on the kingdom. She often lamented that the *communion of Saints*, which was an article of the Chriſtian creed, was ſo much forgotten by moſt Chriſtians: and ſometimes, on returning from unprofitable converſation, ſhe would complain, that though ſhe had ſtruck fire often, it always fell upon wet tinder.

Her charity and beneficence were diſplayed to many eſpecially to the houſehold of faith, whether natives of her own country, or foreigners. She ſpared no pains nor expenſe during her widowhood, in carrying on her deſigns for the relief of deſtitute families exiled on account of religion, for erecting charity ſchools, for the maintenance of miniſters, and candidates for the ſacred office, and for a proviſion of bibles and practical books, to be diſtributed as there ſhould be occaſion. Many long and expenſive journies did ſhe take for promoting theſe deſigns among her acquaintance: and ſhe ſometimes pleaſantly remarked, that ſhe had acted the part of a beggar ſo long, that ſhe was now almoſt really one herſelf. She much approved of perſons' expreſsly devoting a certain part of their eſtate to pious and charitable uſes. In this caſe, ſhe would ſay, they will not grudge to give out of a bag that is no longer their own. She thought that thoſe who had no children might properly, if circumſtances favored it, appropriate a fourth part of their income in this way; and practiſed accordingly herſelf.

Her faith in Chriſt, and dependence on the covenant of her God was the daily exerciſe of her ſoul. After clearing up her intereſt in Chriſt, which ſhe did with great care and caution, ſhe prepared and methodized a choice collection of promiſes ſuited to every ſtate, relation, duty, frame, temptation and difficulty. From theſe promiſes, ſhe derived conſtant ſtrength and comfort; and on them ſhe grounded her prayers.

She

She took her arrows out of God's own quiver, pleaded with him from his own word, and wrestled with him in his own strength, for herself and others, in every ordinance, and in every scene of life. She not only took fast hold of God, by the promises of his covenant, but kept her hold, sometimes hoping against hope, till she had baffled temptation, subdued corruption and surmounted every difficulty. The reaches of her faith after Christ, her solemn dedications of herself to him, and steady repose of soul upon him, as her only rock and refuge, were such as did not appear in common Christians. It might well be said to her: *O woman, great is thy faith!* And it was often said: *Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.*

She considered *walking with God* as implying a living as in his sight, in conformity to him, and communion with him, with a humble sense of our own vileness, and the divine condescension; and that we be close, steady, lively and persevering. Her own practice corresponded much with these apprehensions.—She lived in a habitual awe of the omniscience of God, in holy meditation on him, in humble expectations from him, and in a constant devotion of herself to his service.

She began her day with God. To him she consecrated her first and freshest thoughts, that she might guard against vanity, temptation and worldly discomposure, and keep her heart in tune for the succeeding duties of the day. She esteemed the morning a friend not only to the Muses, but to the Graces (in the Christian sense,) and found it the best season for the most vigorous spiritual services.

When the devotions of the family (which consisted of reading, singing and prayer) were finished, she returned to her closet, where she generally spent most of her morning. She first *lighted her lamp* (as she expressed it) by reading the holy Scriptures; usually

with Mr. Henry's annotations. She diligently compared parallel texts, and took great pleasure in reducing what she found of the historical kind, to its proper time. She then poured out her soul to God in prayer, pleading his covenant grace and faithfulness, with the intercession of Christ; bitterly lamenting the wanderings of her heart in that duty, closing it with some hymn of praise, and an account of the whole in her diary.

Through the rest of the day, she walked with God, carefully observing her goings, avoiding the occasions of sin, watching her heart, guarding her lips, using holy conference with others, and frequently lifting up her soul in ejaculatory prayer or praise. If at any time surprised into sin, she soon repented, confessed, renewed her application to the blood of cleansing, and solemnly engaged herself to God for greater circumspection in future.

In the evening, as early as she could, she called herself to account for what had passed in the day, and again inserted the records of herself in her diary.—Having prayed in secret, she joined in the devotions of the family.

Though the people of God were ever the people of her choice, she was often called to be in company with others. When expecting to visit or be visited by any such, she frequently supplicated grace to order her conversation aright; that she might not partake in sin, but reprove it; that she might not countenance others in trifling time away, but be instructed how to employ them. She quickly observed the gifts and graces of others, and endeavored to draw them forth. She particularly valued the conversation of ministers, physicians, and persons of extensive information, especially such as had the greatest savor of religion.

She often visited the sick and relieved the poor.—She blessed God that she was in circumstances to give

rather

father than receive. When during her widowhood, she had sometimes given to the last penny, through the delay of her tenants in their payments, she often observed, that speedy supplies came very unexpectedly; as if giving to the poor were the readiest way to bring in her debts.

No company was more offensive to her than that of triflers and tale-bearers. She could not forbear reproving them, and sometimes frowned them out of her house. She durst not defame others, nor take up an evil report against them, nor countenance those who did. She was never more disgusted in conversation, than in hearing what others did, had or said; what dresses were worn, what entertainments given, what was the company and discourse; and would often say: "How happy would it be, if we might talk of things rather than persons." Both her religion and her good sense carried her above such trifles and impertinencies.

Her worldly losses were numerous and great, especially in the latter part of her life. On these occasions she would remark: "The world is not my portion; and therefore these losses cannot be my ruin. I have all in God now; and shall have all this restored by one mean or another, if not to myself, yet to those who shall survive me, if God sees it good for us."

She was exercised with afflictions from her youth. The inclemency of the air where her estate lay, often laid her under the necessity of removing to distant places. Nor was she a stranger to very severe bodily disorders. But under extremity of pain in her head or breast (her usual complaint) she ever submitted with exemplary patience to the sovereign will of God, justifying him in his severest discipline, and often saying "she would not for all the world but have been afflicted."

She set a high value on her time, especially the seasons peculiarly devoted to spiritual improvement.—

She

She ſometimes declared, that ſhe would not loſe her morning hours with God, though ſhe were ſure to gain the world by it. She was unwilling that the pooreſt laborer ſhould be found at his work before ſhe was at hers. From her youth, ſhe agreed with her ſervant to riſe every morning at four o'clock, for her cloſet. In this habit ſhe continued the greater part of her life. For between twenty and thirty years immediately previous to her death, ſhe more generally roſe at five.

She carefully improved the day in converſation with her friends. She was always well furniſhed with matter for uſeful diſcourſe, and could make very happy tranſitions from worldly to ſerious ſubjects. Yet ſhe often complained of the loſs of much precious time in giving and receiving viſits, ſaying, ſhe could not be ſatisfied with a life in which ſhe could neither do, nor receive good. In her diary ſhe often remarked, that at ſuch a houſe, ſhe was very kindly entertertained, but no good done to herſelf or others.

It was her frequent prayer, that affection might never bias her judgment, but that reaſon and religion might govern her in every ſtate and change of life.

Her firſt marriage was to Griffith Lloyd, Eſq. a gentleman of great piety, generoſity and uſefulneſs. They lived together in great harmony and happineſs till his death, which took place about fifteen years after their marriage. Nearly the ſame period tranſpired between this event, and her marriage to Mr. Bury, a worthy and excellent miniſter, who happily ſurvived to communicate to the world the memoirs of her life.

"It was not poſſible, I think," ſays Mr. Bury, "there ſhould be a more obſervant, tender, indulgent and compaſſionate wife than ſhe was. It was never in her heart to deſire any greater authority than God had given, I cannot but with great affection," he adds, "read over her conſtant and too ſolicitous con-

cern

cern for me, and how many hours and days of prayer by herself, and, by her procurement, with others, were observed on my account, for the recovery of my health, and the continuance and success of my ministry: to which, under God, I am persuaded I owe my life, and many instances of grace in the course of my preaching. It has grieved me to think how many weary days and waking nights, how many hazardous journeys and anxious thoughts, the ill state of my health has occasioned her from year to year. Nor can I without great thankfulness to God, reflect upon the many comforts of our lives, our tender and unbroken affection to each other, the peace and pleasure we enjoyed without the alloy of a single dispute, for almost twenty-three years; a blessing which, next to the grace of God, was chiefly owing to her singular prudence and patience, and the excellence of her natural and Christian temper.

"Nor must I forget, he adds, what others have never known till now, with what meekness and humility, in the most obliging, as well as inoffensive manner, she has sometimes hinted what she suspected amiss in my conversation and conduct. Innumerable infirmities no doubt she industriously covered; but in the tenderness of her affection for me, she never would let any sin lie upon me which she thought might be observed by others, or prove a blemish to my profession. In one thing indeed she was apt to be smart upon me: and that was for not dealing faithfully with her in the slips I observed in her; but I hope my conscience can answer for me against that charge."

As a mistress, she was very careful in the choice of her servants. She feared strife and contention in her family, lest she should be discomposed in her own spirit, and the common interest of religion be obstructed. She never took any person into her service till she had sought divine direction by prayer. When she treated with any on the subject, she acquainted them not only

with the peculiar buſineſs of their place, but with the religious orders of the family, to which ſhe had their explicit conſent. When they were once admitted to her houſe, it was her firſt and conſtant care to inquire into the ſtate of their ſouls, to inſtruct and catechiſe, to reprove and encourage them, to warn them of the ſnares and dangers of their age and place, and to enjoin them to take time for ſecret prayer, reading the Scriptures, meditation, and ſelf-examination. She was careful to diſcourſe over with her ſervants every ſermon they heard together, eſpecially on the ſabbath, and particularly inculcated that upon them in which ſhe thought they were moſt concerned. When her health and ſtrength would allow, ſhe examined them apart, that thoſe who could remember but little, might not be diſcouraged by thoſe who could do better, and that ſhe might have greater advantage for cloſe application to the particular ſtate of each. In this way, ſhe became a ſervant to her ſervants, willingly ſpending herſelf, even to extreme faintneſs for their good. Her diary abundantly proves how inceſſantly ſhe prayed for them, according to their particular circumſtances. Often does ſhe there lament the unteachableneſs of ſome, melting into tears over them, and appealing to God for the ſincerity of her endeavors to do them good. Over others ſhe rejoices, that God had anſwered her prayers, bleſſed her inſtructions and brought them under the bonds of the covenant. "I cannot remember," ſays her huſband, "any who were brought under her care, who did not learn ſomething of the method of a ſermon before they left her: and very many had their memories improved ſo far, as to bring home all the leading particulars, though numerous, of the two ſermons on the ſabbath. When ſhe inclined to part with any of her ſervants, ſhe always conſulted God in it. She would then take them into her cloſet, and very pathetically inſtruct and adviſe them reſpecting a proper conduct, that they might

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be acceptable in other families. And such was the success of these religious attempts, that I know not of one servant she ever had, but was first or last under some awakenings and convictions of conscience, and apparent resolutions for God and religion, however they might wear off afterwards. It is common for some of them still, on every occasion, to speak of her care of them, and prayers with them, when the family was left with her, as in the necessary absence of others, it was frequently."

With her relations, she constantly shared in all their joys and sorrows. A more sympathetic spirit is rarely found. She never ceased to pray for them as parts of herself. She mourned for their sins and afflictions. She rejoiced in the piety of some, and longed for the conversion of others. When at a distance from her relatives, she wrote them letters of such pertinence, pathos and pungency, as rendered them at once pleasing and profitable. When present with them, she was ever feeling the pulse of their souls, gently insinuating something important into their minds, persuading, directing and warning, as seemed necessary.

She had a very peculiar love for the ministers of Christ. She coveted their company that she might improve by it, and was greatly pleased to have them at her house and table. She inquired of them in her difficulties, and carefully observed their directions.—She honored the aged, the learned and grave with a double honor, was often grieved for the infirmities of others, but despised none for their weakness, if she judged them faithful to God and his interest. A remark in her diary shews that it was ordinarily her custom to pray for the minister whom she was about to hear. "I have heard a sermon," says she, "to day; but I forgot to pray for the minister, and I sped accordingly."—May not many who read this, suspect the same omission to be the cause why *they* have profited no more by the sermons they have heard?

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The tabernacles of God were amiable in her eſteem, for ſhe had often ſeen them filled with his glory. The public ordinances ſhe conſtantly attended, if not debarred by inſuperable difficulties; and always made it a point to be preſent at the beginning of them.—Remarking on the remiſſneſs of many, ſhe would ſay that ſurely they did not feel *her* wants, or they could not live in ſuch neglects. No preaching was ſo acceptable to her as that which alarmed the conſcience, ſearched the heart, and came cloſeſt to her in things in which ſhe moſt ſuſpected herſelf.

She greatly diſliked a ſelfiſh, narrow ſpirit, and exhibited, on all occaſions, a generous, Chriſtian concern for the public. She had many melancholy thoughts on account of the impiety, profaneneſs and immorality of a great part of the nation; and the indifference, the formality, the viſible declenſions and apoſtaſies found among the reſt. Many private days ſhe devoted to faſting and prayer, either on account of the diſtreſſes of foreign churches, or the dangers of thoſe at home. She always bleſſed God if public faſts were appointed by authority, and conſidered them as preſages of good to the church and nation. She bore her part in them with great fervor, after ſolemnly preparing for them on the preceding day. Her reſearches into her heart and life on theſe days, were deep, ſtrict and impartial; her confeſſions particular and full; her ſorrows lively; her reſolutions for future conduct ſolemn, but mingled with a ſpecial dependence on the grace of God to render them effectual.

She had a compaſſionate concern for the ſick and afflicted. Though in ſome caſes it was very offenſive and dangerous, ſhe yet took pleaſure in viſiting the ſick, as it gave her opportunity to inquire into the ſtate of their ſouls, and improve their alarm to the purpoſe of impreſſing them with the importance of religion. Their caſes, whatever they might be, ſhe ſpread before the Lord in ſecret. Though her ſkill

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in medicine was considerable, yet her distrust of herself would not permit her to prescribe, unless compelled by the poverty of the patients, or their great importunity. Instances of her success were however numerous: and often did she acknowledge with great thankfulness, the goodness of God in owning so weak an instrument for the preservation of human life.

Flattery, of others, or herself, she abhorred. She thought that as evil speaking moved men to sin, so evil silence left them in it. It was not from officiousness, nor to give pain, nor that she thought herself singularly capable of doing it, that she reproved any; but because she apprehended the general neglect of this duty very dishonorable to God and religion. She judged herself bound, as well as others, not to *hate* a brother, and let sin lie upon him unreproved. She considered this faithfulness as a necessary expression of Christian love to others; and therefore, having begged of God to guide her tongue, to move their hearts, and restrain their passions, she tenderly, but plainly told them of their faults, and pleaded with them to amend. Younger persons, and inferiors, were reproved, if the case required it, with a degree of pungency; but others, with much modesty, meekness and moderation. If she ever took such a liberty with ministers, her addresses were prefaced with the Apostle's words: *Rebuke not an elder, but intreat him as a father; and the younger men as brethren.*

Her faithfulness in these things was, in many instances, happily successful; and some have thanked and honored her on the account as long as she lived. Nor was she more ready to give than to receive reproof. She considered those her truest friends, who were most unreserved in this point. If in any thing she found herself blame-worthy, she ingenuously confessed it, and manifested her resolutions of future caution.

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The ſabbath was eſteemed by her a delight and honorable. She was uneaſy if worldly buſineſs were not finiſhed in ſuch ſeaſon that it might be remembered before it came. She roſe earlier than uſual on that day, endeavoring to awake with God, and to poſſeſs her mind at firſt with ſuch thoughts as might prepare her for the work which was to follow. Her whole family accompanied her to the houſe of God. When public ordinances were over, ſhe withdrew for meditation: after which ſhe examined her ſervants, inculcated upon them what they had heard, attended the devotions of her cloſet and family, and paſſed the remainder of the evening in ſpiritual and edifying diſcourſe.

In no ordinance was ſhe more pleaſed than that of ſinging; having a natural taſte for muſic, and conſiderable ſkill in it. Yet a harmony of voices could not ſatisfy her, unleſs ſhe found her heart in tune with what was ſung. Hence a remark in her diary, at once ſprightly and ſerious. In ſuch a place, "I was ſo charmed with the novelty and ſweetneſs of the tune, that I had ſung ſeveral lines, before my heart was concerned in what I was doing."

Her regard to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was peculiar, and her preparation for it very ſerious and ſolemn. She carefully examined her faith, love, repentance, &c. and was equally ſolicitous in ſearching her heart and life for her ſins, that ſhe might confeſs and bewail them before God. She read the commandments, with an expoſition, that ſhe might the better know the duties required, and the ſins forbidden in each, with their ſeveral aggravations. She then peruſed her diary, and reflected particularly on the ſins ſhe had been guilty of ſince the laſt Sacrament, that ſhe might pray and guard againſt them.

After all her preparations, ſhe caſt herſelf on the merits and mercy of the Lord Jeſus for acceptance and ſucceſs. In his ſtrength ſhe was ſtrong; and

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went forth with longing expectations of much grace and consolation in that banquet of love: nor was she often disappointed.

She attended the ordinance with much humility, reverence and godly fear. Her faith fixed on Christ, to receive, to appropriate him, and to live upon his fulness. Her love was engaged with great intenseness and ardor upon God the Father and the Son, for the infinite kindness and grace manifested in the redemption of man, and the blessings of an everlasting covenant. ("Lord," she writes in her diary, "if I love not thee, I love nothing. I love not my friends: I love not myself. I love not any thing in heaven or on earth, if I love not thee.") Her heart, in this holy ordinance, was also melted for sin, while she looked on the Savior whom she had crucified; and her resolutions against it were strengthened.

After Sacrament, she constantly withdrew to her closet, to bless God on her knees for what she had been permitted to do, and for what she had received; and to intreat pardon for her failings, the continuance of present impressions, and grace to be faithful to the end.

She *gave herself unto prayer*. In the scriptute sense, she *prayed always*. She said not unfrequently, that she would not be hired to forego her closet for a thousand worlds. She never enjoyed such hours of pleasure, such intimacy of communion with God elsewhere, as she experienced there. She wondered how any could live prayerless, and deprive themselves of one of the greatest privileges ever indulged the children of men.

Her gift in prayer was extraordinary, as many have observed, when the care of the family devolved on her, and as her husband observed, when on some peculiar occasions, they have prayed together in secret. 'He has been struck,' he declares, 'with wonder, at the freedom and propriety of her language, at the warmth

warmth and vigor of her affections, at her humble confidence in God, and ſtrong expectations of bleſſings from him, when ſhe poured out her ſoul in that duty.'

She never determined a doubtful caſe of importance reſpecting herſelf, her family or her friends, till ſhe had aſked counſel of God: and then, whatever ſhe reſolved in her cloſet, ſhe ſcrupulouſly adhered to afterward.

Many merciful *returns* of prayer are recorded in her diary. Sometimes God anſwered her while on her knees, either in the recovery of the ſick, whoſe lives were deſpaired of; or in eaſe to the pained from their moſt diſtreſſing agonies; or in comfort to the dejected, when under the gloomieſt apprehenſions; or in extinguiſhing the violence of flames, when the towns where ſhe lived were threatened to be laid in aſhes. In the laſt caſe, ſhe always retired on the firſt alarm, 'being incapable,' as ſhe uſed to ſay, 'of giving any other aſſiſtance in that calamity, than by prayer.'—At other times, ſhe remarks, in her diary, how long ſhe waited for God's anſwers. 'At ſuch a time,' ſhe notes, 'I prayed, and at ſuch a time, God graciouſly heard my prayer;' and concludes, 'Surely this was mercy worth praying and waiting for.' She often remarked the ſeaſonableneſs of divine mercies, and how much better they were in God's time of giving, than they would have been at the firſt time of her aſking them. Nor was it unfrequent for her thankfully to acknowledge the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, in denying thoſe requeſts which ſhe afterward found to have been inadvertent and improper.

As to her trials and temptations, ſhe acknowledges with gratitude to God that 'ſhe had either preſent deliverances or grace ſufficient to reſiſt, and power at laſt to overcome.'

The *Motto* in her cloſet for many years, was, in *Hebrew* characters, *Thou Lord ſeeſt me.* She hereby intimated

intimated her awful adoration of the omniſcience of Jehovah, that the eye of her faith ſhould be always upon him, and that ſhe wiſhed and deſigned ever to act under the influence of the perſuaſion that He was preſent, whether in reading, prayer, meditation, ſelf-inquiry, or in recording the ſolemn tranſactions which paſſed between him and her ſoul in her cloſet. She had this Motto always before her, that as often as ſhe entered her cloſet, and while ſhe continued there, and in every duty ſhe attempted, it might be a memorial to her, that every ſin and folly, every inſtance of her departure from God, was perfectly known to him; that every penitent confeſſion, tear and groan were in his ſight and hearing, and that every prayer, purpoſe, vow, every ſolemn obligation made or renewed in her cloſet, was ſacred and awful, as being under the eye and immediate notice of an all-ſeeing and heart-ſearching God. This Motto ſhe often found happily inſtrumental to reſtrain her from ſin, to excite her to duty, to diſpoſe her for comfortable communion with God, and preſerve her from trifling in the place of her retirement.

The great work of this pious woman's life, was preparation for death. She began this important work early, ſhe purſued it daily, and with great ſucceſs. She often reviewed the ſeveral ſtages of her life, and penitently bewailed the ſins of her childhood and youth, as well as of her ſucceeding years. Nor could ſhe reſt till ſhe found peace and pardon ſpoken to her ſoul.

It was about her twentieth year, that ſhe was favored with the firſt aſſurance of the love of God, and of her title to eternal life. For fifty-ſix years afterward, ſhe lived in comfortable communion with God, and the joyful expectation of the promiſed inheritance. She carefully laid her foundation in God's covenant with Chriſt, and with ſinners in him, and her own cordial conſent to that covenant, and then

built upon the promiſes of God, and the righteouſneſs, merits and mediation of the Lord Jeſus Chriſt She would often ſay that 'though it ſhould ſometimes rain in at the roof, ſhe muſt not therefore pluck up the foundation, or ſuſpect her ſafety from every ſhock or failure in the courſe of her life and actions.'

She was conſtantly complaining of a corrupt nature, and often of an evil frame of heart, and wanderings from God in ſeaſons of duty; but ſtill ſhe anchored her ſoul on the Redemption of Chriſt, and kept her hold of the covenant of God in him, and thus her hope was ordinarily ſteadfaſt, even to the end.

She was often taken into God's banqueting-houſe, where ſhe found the banner of his love diſplayed over her. Special remarks are to be met with in her diary, upon ſome days, and ſome hours, as affording her greater delight than all the reſt.—"O joyful morning, never to be forgotten!—Bleſſed day of God, a day of heaven to my ſoul!—This day in God's courts was better than a thouſand.—O how the face of the dear Redeemer ſhone on his unworthy duſt in that ordinance!—O the fulneſs of joy, and raviſhing conſolation of the Spirit of God, this morning in my cloſet!—Was ever ſuch grace as this? What ſhall I render to the Lord?"

She lived long at the gate of heaven, and therefore it is no wonder that ſhe ſo earneſtly deſired to enter into the beatific region itſelf. Often would ſhe ſay, "The bleſſed hour will come!—How gladly would I enter into the heavenly Courts!—When ſhall I ſee God?—O how I long to get out of the tents of Kedar, and be at reſt!—Come Lord Jeſus! come quickly!—I love my relations on earth, yes, I love them dearly; but I cannot but love my God and Savior, and love them better.—O for that life of purity, and love, and joy, where every thing will be as I would have it!"

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For several of the last years of her life, she found herself in a declining state. During this period, she might be truly said to be waiting for her dismission. Her vigor of mind, clearness of thought, and strength of memory, continued to the last, and she often expressed her ardent desires to enter into her eternal rest.

On the third of May, 1720, as she entered with Mr. Bury, into a friend's house, where they were to have dined, she was suddenly seized with an exquisite pain in one of her ears, which presently caused such a deafness as to render her unconversable. Upon this, she desired to withdraw, and went home. Her deafness continuing, a pleuritic fever soon followed, and after that a lethargy, which in part deprived her friends of that heavenly discourse they promised themselves they should have heard from her, upon her death-bed.

In former illnesses, when she herself, and every one else, thought her under the sentence of death, she was always far above the fear of it, though naturally of a very timorous spirit. She even triumphed over it, singing, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.—I am fighting," said she, "under the great Captain of my salvation, and can bid defiance to all the powers of hell, and boldly encounter Satan in his own kingdom.—I am now in the dark valley, but I see light at the end of it, and the gate of heaven stands open. O let me go into endless love, and live that sinless life!—When, Lord, shall I come to thee?' Almost gone, and yet I cannot go.—O my dear friends, why so cruel? What should I live any longer for? My work is done, and why would you not have me go to rest? Give me up, I entreat you, to God, and do it cheerfully. My constant prayer has been, to be always waiting, and hoping; and this is my present frame.—It is an abundant answer to all your prayers for me, that I have

peace,

peace, and hope, and comfort, without any doubt, or fear, or ſuſpicious thought of my ſalvation. I am ſure I have not flattered myſelf in the trial of my ſtate, nor been ſuperficial in it; and I am fully perſuaded that God will not deceive me.—I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine. It is but one ſtruggle; and better now, if God ſees fit, or elſe I have all this to do again.—Father! into thine hands let me commend my ſpirit!"—With pleaſure would ſhe feel her faultering pulſe, and ſay, "When wilt thou beat thy laſt? It is not death yet; but, bleſſed be God, it is pretty near it. I hope I ſhall not return to labor, and ſorrow, and ſin again. O that I had the wings of a dove; then would I fly away, and be at reſt." Yet ſhe would often add, "We have need of patience, that after we have done the will of God, we may inherit the promiſes."

In her laſt illneſs, ſhe had the ſame ſteadfaſt faith and ſtrong conſolation ſhe had experienced before, but found more difficulty in her paſſage out of life, than had been expected. From her lamentable groans for ſome days together, it was concluded that her pains muſt be exquiſite. Yet when ſhe was aſked concerning herſelf, ſhe generally anſwered, "I feel but little pain, only am reſtleſs." Her cold and exceſſive ſweats continued for many hours together.

Though the nature of her diſorder prevented her from ſpeaking much, yet what ſhe did ſpeak was always rational, as well as ſpiritual. Her mind was not only calm and compoſed, but very cheerful, whenever ſhe awoke. "O my God," ſaid ſhe, "I wait for thy ſalvation.—This day I hope to be with Chriſt in paradiſe.—The promiſes of God are all yea and amen in Chriſt Jeſus; and here my faith lays hold, and here it keeps its hold."

On the eleventh of May, ſhe entreated her friends with great earneſtneſs, to detain her no longer by their prayers, but reſign up her ſoul to God; "which," ſays

says Mr. Bury, "we did with as much earnestness as ever we had asked her life before. Such are God's ways to wean us from our dearest enjoyments in this world." About ten o'clock that night, the prisoner was released from all her bonds, and obtained a glorious freedom. Her heaven-born soul took wing for the realms of light, and was welcomed to the joy of her Lord.

She had often made it her prayer to God, *that she might come off honorably in her last encounter*, that so neither religion might be discredited, nor her friends discouraged, by any thing which should be observed in her. And as God had abundantly answered many of her prayers before, so he very graciously granted this request; for such were the lively exercises of her faith and love, that they entirely triumphed over all her fears, and carried her with a *full sail* into the haven of glory. To the great comfort of her surviving friends, she left the world at last without either sigh or groan, and with a pleasanter smile than was ever observed in her countenance before.

Mr. Bury, her husband, who drew up an account of her life, has made a large collection of excellent passages from her diary. We must content ourselves with the following extracts from what he has more diffusely communicated; confident that they will prove highly pleasing and edifying to every serious reader.

1690, *Sept.* 27. When I was nine or ten years old, I first began the work of self-examination, and begged the all-searching God to try, and discover me to myself; and I think I may date my conversion about that time.

I have kept an account of my trials of myself since 1670; and though my undutiful, ungrateful returns have filled each examination with just and bitter com-

plaints, yet upon twenty years' review, to the glory of free grace, I take it the case has stood thus with me.

My judgment has esteemed God, even his holiness, the most desirable good; and I would be partaker of his holiness, whatever it cost me; and I have generally been willing and thankful for the smartest discipline, in hope of that desired effect; and I would still be more holy, though by sickness, pain or any other affliction, having always accounted sin the greatest evil, and now for many years my bittercst affliction, though in some hurries, I have not felt the most sensible mournings for it.

As I have chosen God for my portion, so I stand by my choice, and rejoice in it above all the world; and, through his grace assisting me, I resolve never to forsake him, though I die for it, which I shall never do without extraordinary aids, having no natural courage. I have chosen the path of God's precepts, as the means to this end, and have deliberately, entirely and joyfully given myself to Jesus Christ, the way, the truth and the life; and his love I prefer to all the world; and by many sweet, though too short experiences, I have found his love lifting my heart above all earthly enjoyments, and sometimes making it joyful amidst pain and trouble, which has hinted the power of his prevailing love, and made me hope it will cast out fear, if he calls me to martyrdom.

My hope is in God through Christ; and all I have I would part with, rather than his love, and the interest I hope I have in it.

My desires are after him above gold, health, friends, honor, &c. I long to have fuller communion with Father, Son and Holy Spirit here, and the uninterrupted communion of heaven.

My sorrow and anger are usually most intense against sin, though too violent torrents of them have been often spent on my sufferings.

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My hands, feet, head and heart follow not as I would. My life is ſtained and blotted with daily ſins, yet God knows I loathe them. I find daily defects in my duties, yet I have a reſpect to all God's commandments. O wretched creature! Sin ſtill dwells in me. I cannot do the things I would, but I would upon any terms be rid of ſin. I ſin daily; but I daily ſorrow for, and hate ſin, and fly to the *fountain opened*, which alone can cleanſe me.

I forſake and renounce the Devil's dominion; and as I have received the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, ſo I watch, and pray, and ſtrive to walk after his will, and holy example.

The world gets near me, and about me, and I am too ready to follow and ſerve its pleaſures and conveniencies; but it is more ſolid joy to my ſoul to ſay that "Chriſt is mine," than to be able to ſay, "this kingdom, this world, yea, all that I ever loved are mine."

My own righteouſneſs I abhor. The beſt, the moſt perfect, the moſt ſincere ſervice I ever did, or hope to do, gives me no hope of acceptance, but in and through Chriſt.

O Lord Jehovah, Father, Son and Holy Spirit! thou art my portion! Whatever this fleſh would have, Lord, let me be thine at any rate! Truly I am, and would, and will be thy ſervant by choice and conſent, whatever thou giveſt me, and whatever thou denieſt me. O how bountifully has God dealt with me, while he has loved me from death to life!

Lord Jeſus! thou art my way to the Father; my only Mediator. I have accepted thee to teach and rule, as well as ſave, my guilty ſoul. I cry as loud for purifying, as for pacifying grace. I am willing to be kept from my iniquity. I except no darling ſin from thine iron rod. I aſk no mercy for it, nor would I ſhew it any.

I approve

I approve and subscribe to all thy precepts, as holy, just and good; as best for me at all times, and in all conditions. Let my heart be searched, and I will love the word that searches it. I account thy law my liberty. Thou hast drawn, and I have run. Thou hast made thy word my love, delight and study, and it is the sincere bent of my life to keep it. O that I might keep it to the end!

Oct. 30. Strength to combat, rather than to overcome: yet some victory, and more expected from the all-conquering Spirit of God, freely promised.

1691, *Sept.* 27. Full of pain and pleasure. Lord! what thou wilt: with such assistance, it shall be no burden to me. Sweet was the word, commending Christ as my soul's Physician, and faith as the instrument of application: my heart answering the marks of the healed; and yet not such lively joy as in the morning.

1692, *Jan.* 29. Lord! how unspeakably sweet has this morning's address been! Thy presence has been better than life in its utmost perfection. And if ever I choose the best of sensual pleasures before, or with the abatement of ought I have tasted this morning, let these lines witness against, and recall my backsliding soul. O that poor deceived worldlings might taste of thy provisions! and that thy dear distressed children might feed joyfully thereon! Lord, support in the way those whom thy grace has made heirs and expectants of future glory.

Feb. 19. Ashamed and sad, in the consideration of the wonderful structure of my house of clay, inhabited by an immortal spirit, capable of reflection, &c. yet both so long utterly useless to my Creator's glory; still so little answering the noble intentions to which body and soul were most wisely and righteously directed:—yet adoring the divine bounty, pity and patience, that pardon, adopt and sanctify such an unworthy creature.

I resigned

I reſigned body and ſoul entirely to him who made them, begging a willing, happy diſſolution.

March 20. Faint, yet purſuing; dull, yet adoring; impure, yet loathing; wandering, yet returning; going to the fountain opened, to be purified from all ſin. O that this day may begin my eternal Hallelujah!

April 7. Unſtable as water, my ſoul cannot excel. Where are the ſweet influences lately taſted? O immutable, omnipotent Father of ſpirits! in thee only I live, move and am: thy gifts and callings are without repentance: thou canſt raiſe the dead: let my ſoul revive.

July 19. All the world never gave me ſuch ſatisfying delight, as this morning's communion with God. And whence is this to me, that my Lord will thus viſit, revive and cheriſh his poor, dull, languiſhing, unworthy child! O what ſhall the full aſſimilating, eternal viſion of my God be!

Sept 1. My delight ſoon abated. It is *April* weather with me. I am ſtill on a floating iſland. Lord! when ſhall I dwell on the continent?

Dec. 14. Glorious ſights of future glory ſweeten the world's frowns, and death's terrors. And now, Lord! let me ſee man no more on earth, if I may ſee the Redeemer of loſt man in glory. O the triumphs of thy love! And what can vile duſt ſay more? Is this the manner of men, O Lord? Who is it, that finds his enemy, and lets him go? But how long, and how often haſt thou found me in enmity, and reſcued me from my ſelf-ruining luſts! and now ſhone into my ungrateful ſoul, as if I had never grieved thy Spirit! Oh! keep for ever the impreſſions of thy myſterious love on my unſtable ſpirit.

1693, *Feb.* 16. Continual violent pains render me incapable of reading, prayer or meditation; yet I am willing to undergo any diſcipline for the removal of my ſpiritual maladies. Strike, Lord, ſo thou ſtill healeſt. Wound, for my cure, and ſpare not.

May

May 6. Reflecting on my ſinful ſoul from my childhood to this day, I find my heart humbled with amazing ſorrow for that which I ſtill remember, and of which I ſtill feel the remainders. I am aſtoniſhed at the patience of God, in whoſe ſight all my paſt ſins, whether remembered or forgotten by me, are ſtill preſent; and yet he waits to be gracious to an ungrateful and rebellious creature. I acknowledge I deſerve nothing but hell, yet fly to the mercy of God offered in Chriſt, and beg that he would deal with my ſins after his own hatred of them, and ſhew mercy to me, a miſerable ſinner, according to the tenor of his gracious covenant in Chriſt Jeſus.

May 7. Thy vows, O God, are upon me, and my reſolutions are renewed, to be more thine than ever; but the grace and ſtrength to perform them are thine. Lord, give what thou commandeſt, poſſeſs what thou haſt purchaſed, and perfect what thou haſt begun.

Sept. 16. Indiſpoſed body clogging my aſcending ſoul: reluctating fleſh ſtruggling with a reſigning will: the Holy Spirit aſſiſting; ſome victory: ſweet, calm, joyful hope, love, and longing for the coming of my Lord Redeemer; my Life, Love, Joy and Crown.

1695, *July* 14. Lord! how ſweet are the returns of thy favor, after dark deſertion! What can diſpleaſe my ſoul in all this diſcipline, while thou increaſeſt, and helpeſt me to act, my faith on thy truth, power and promiſe. Lord! while thou haſt taught me by thy Word, and helped me by thy Spirit, to believe, how eaſy are the difficulties! how light the afflictions! how reaſonable the dark diſpenſations! how true thy retributions! how clear the myſteries of the goſpel! how hopeful death itſelf! and how certain the promiſes that concern thy Church! all which have ſo puzzled and afflicted my ſoul of late.

Nov. 1. The Lord has guided, and ſweetly calms my ſpirit, and gives ſome victory over paſſion, pride, impatience, reluctance at divine diſpoſals—with joy and

and thankfulness in and for his redeeming love.—Adoring my heavenly Father in wounding and healing my sinful soul and body, praying for those who ungratefully treat me, and for the seed of his servants.

1696, *Jan.* 3. Dull and pensive, under ungrateful treatment from creatures, yet well satisfied with my heavenly Father's love and discipline; choosing rather a bitter weaning from, than an inordinate love to any thing here.

Aug. 4. O how much better than life, or any thing in life, is the loving kindness of God, so sweetly, so evidently, so abundantly manifested to my soul this morning? Lord, how free, how full, how humble and ingenuous my confessions, when thy Holy Spirit indites them, and grants me his assistance! What a view of sin! what melting shame and sorrow! what tears of love! what delight! what panting after more grace! what calm and joyful acquiescence in once dreaded discipline! what cheerful, unreserved resignation! Lord, how long have I struggled in vain for what of thy free bounty thou hast given in one hour! Lord, keep it ever on my heart!

1697, *Jan.* 3. God taught me to pray, and heard my prayer. He assisted his messenger to draw the bow with full strength, and to cry to him to direct the arrows. Lord, I look, and will wait for some of the arrows from thy quiver this day to stick fast in my own soul, and the souls of others. I bless thy name for sweet directions to live on another's life, to satisfy by another's righteousness, and to act in another's strength. Lord, strengthen thy weak creature!

March 20. I made a search into my heart, before the Sacrament, with respect to the nature and effects of true faith, and find I am glad of the discovery even of such truths as most directly strike at my strongest heart-sins, and most violent inclinations. I am as glad of the *threatenings*, that powerfully work on me for my reformation, as of the *promises* that refresh me.

I believe

I believe them all, and, so far as I can discern, wish their energy in purifying, as well as comforting me.

I embrace the promises with delight, and find, through free grace, a spiritual taste and relish for the food of life, such as sometimes quite weans me from the love of the world, and gives me great peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, and love to Christ's second appearing. I find good hope, through grace, that I live by the faith of the Son of God, who gave himself for unworthy me; for I delight in his word above my appointed food. It has been in some measure of an assimilating nature. I hope I have attained to some, and I pray and labor for more growth, in universal, uniform obedience to God's commands. I depend on the perfect righteousness of Christ, and must own that from the beams of that Sun of righteousness, I have received a gracious illumination upon my soul, and a powerful inclination to all good—a tender sympathy, for the most part, with the Church of God, even when my particular state inclines me to a contrary temper—and a free use of spiritual senses; seeing the light of God more perfectly and frequently than usual, hearing his word with delight, tasting his mercies with comfort, feeling and mourning under the wounds and pressures of sin. I love divine truths, not so much because they are proportionable to my desires, but because they are conformable to God. I resolve in all states to rely on God's mercy and providence. I wholly renounce all trust in myself, or any concurrence of my own, naturally, in any good. I build not my hopes or fears on men; nor make them, nor myself, the end or rule of my desires. I indulge no known sin. I have no known guile. I allow not the least sin, nor appearance of evil. I hate the first risings of sin; and bitterly regret the least, the first, the most unavoidable thought that rebels against the divine law.

March

March 28. Glorious morning of the day of the Son of man! Lord, what is all this world to me? Thy darkeſt paths appear light and pleaſant to my ſoul. Thy will be done with all my heart. All thy ways are, and have been holy, juſt, good and true. In very faithfulneſs thou haſt afflicted, in tendereſt bowels pitied, ſpared and borne with thy peeviſh, ungrateful child, and yet ſayeſt, thou art mine, and I am thine, and haſt filled my ſoul with joy, adoration, love, praiſe, reſignation, acquieſcence, hope, truſt, above what I can remember I ever enjoyed. O that preſent experience may ſtrengthen my faith in future combats. Amen.

1698, *June* 22. A cheerful morning this: my heart appealing to God that Chriſt is my choice, religion my buſineſs, the holy Scripture my rule, heaven my deſign, the ſaints my beloved companions, and the ordinances my delight when I meet with God in them.

1699, *Jan.* 1. With ſhame and ſorrow my ſoul reflects on the ſins of my whole life, and particularly of the year paſt. O Lord! days and years have not taught me wiſdom; but after ſo long experience of the tendereſt care, compaſſion, patience, pardon and proviſion, what a monſter of ingratitude do I ſtill continue, and this after reſolutions, covenant-engagements, and hopes of better. Lord, how unfruitful, dull, wandering, ſlothful and fretful is my heart! And muſt it be ever thus? Is not cleanſing, quickening, ſtrengthening, promiſed and ſealed in thy covenant, as well as dedication and reſignation on my part? Lord, I gave my ſoul and body to thee for ſanctification, as well as juſtification: I renew my ſolemn covenant this day, and go forth to the goſpel feaſt for all I want, and thou haſt provided. O give bread, not ſtones, to thy ſtarving child, though unworthy to be called ſo: yet, through grace, I am thy ſervant, thy child. Let thy bowels move toward me. Draw me till I follow hard after thee. Waſh me in the vital

ſtream from my dear Lord's ſide, till I feel I am cleanſed, and return with praiſe.

1701, *May* 29. In a ſhort review of my life paſt, I adored divine patience, goodneſs and wiſdom, which have been exerciſed towards me from my birth to this day, in God's bringing me into ſo noble a being; ſuſtaining ſo polluted a wretch, a tranſgreſſor from the womb; bearing ſo long the rebellions and vanities of my youth; wiſely chaſtening my proud ſpirit by the diſpleaſure of ſome, and by diſappointments from others; drawing me by his Word and Spirit, and driving me by affliction, to prayer, and encouraging my early addreſſes to him; diſpoſing me comfortably in the world; imbittering over-loved enjoyments, to wean me from them; bringing me into nearer communion with himſelf; graciouſly directing by his providence to a ſecond marriage; and giving me comfort in it, beyond my faith or prayers.

1702, *Feb.* 7. Upon the beſt ſearch I can make, if I were now at the awful bar of God's tribunal, I muſt ſay, ſo far as I can judge of my heart, it does hate all ſin, as ſin: it is, and loves to be humbled before God: it loves God for every rebuke of its luſts: it loves the perſon of Chriſt in all his offices, and every ſoul that bears his image, though in nothing elſe lovely: it would approve itſelf to God, when no eye ſees it: it chooſes the image of Chriſt more than all comforts.

March 24. The good Spirit of God witneſſed with my ſpirit, to the marks of true Repentance; in hating ſin as ſin, forſaking it, and flying to Chriſt for cleanſing: ſorrow for ſin has been frequently expreſſed by tears, when a ſenſe of pardoning mercy has melted my heart: it has been more general, voluntary and laſting, than for any affliction. I therefore conclude God has pardoned my ſin, for the glory of his ſovereign will, mercy, riches of grace, goodneſs, truth and power; and has choſen, redeemed, and will receive me to glory hereafter.

1704,

1704, *March* 1, 2. I have now been for ſixty years God's care and charge; and acknowledge to the glory of his infinite mercy, that never was more unworthy creature more indulged, pitied, faithfully and wiſely chaſtened, drawn and driven to God, my chief Good, by mercies, afflictions, ordinances, providences, all made ſucceſsful by the holy Spirit's influence upon my ſoul.

1706, *Oct.* 25, 26. I ſet cloſely to examine my ſtate, and begged of God to diſcover whatever miſtake I might have been under in my former trials, which I reviewed. Mr. Vines diſtinguiſhes the true Chriſtian from the hypocrite, by the following marks:

1. *A true Chriſtian's hatred to ſin, and his liking to God, ariſe from an inward nature or principle.* Lord, my conſcience does not reproach me when I ſay, I hate the whole ſpecies of ſin, and whatever appears ſinful to me. I love the whole law of God for its purity, and my ſoul pants daily for more conformity to it.

2. *The inward man of a Chriſtian is made up of Chriſt.* Lord, thou knoweſt that the little knowledge I have had of Chriſt, the little faith in him, love to him, and taſtes of him, have made me hate and mourn for ſin; and I do fight againſt ſin in his ſtrength. I have felt the teachings of God, and do love my adorable Lord Jeſus, for himſelf. My repentance and ſorrow for ſin is moſt pungent, when under the power of love. I deſire grace for ſervice, as well as for ſalvation.

3. *True grace caſts out ſelf-love.* It comes from Chriſt and draws the ſoul into union and acquaintance with him. Lord, I love my ſoul and body, when they love and ſerve thee. I hate that either ſhould diſhonor thee. I am willing to deny myſelf any thing for thee: yet I fear too much of indulgence of ſelf, by ſloth and love of eaſe.

4. *To*

4. *To love and seek God for himself, is above the power of all common gifts.* O Lord thou hast enabled my soul to love thee for thy glorious excellencies and perfections, as well as thy redeeming love, though not always so distinctly as I would.—From these and similar evidences, I dare not but conclude, upon the most diligent search I can make, that I am a Christian, and no hypocrite.

1707, *April* 15. I believe thy power and truth for victory over sin, and the safe possession of heaven at last. O leave me not, and I shall shortly cast my crown at thy feet, and cry, *Grace, grace forever! to God, and to the Lamb, and to the holy Spirit of love.*

April 20. Sweet was this morning's retirement, in reading *Numbers* xxi. Lord, what encouragement is there in looking to Jesus, for healing of the flaming stings of sin in my soul! What my tears cannot quench, my exalted Savior can. O send thy Spirit to be a well of life in my soul! Spring up, O well, this day, and cause me to sing, and let poor, diseased souls be healed in the waters of the sanctuary!

July 4. I cannot yet get the art of awaking with God, giving him the noblest, first-born thoughts. Though graciously eased of acute pains in the night, yet near an hour after waking, ere my heart fixed on heavenly objects. Oh! how short of due improvement of flying moments, of sabbaths, holy ordinances, and Christian conversation, though graciously assisted in all, and lately more than formerly, blessed be God!

August 17. I go to this holy feast, [the Lord's Supper,] for increase of faith, that I may more clearly apprehend divine truths, and be more distinct and firm in the assurance of them, that my consent to the covenant may be more free, resolved and delightful, that my love may be more inflamed, and that I may be more patient in suffering, and more diligent in doing, the will of God. I depend on the sufficient grace of God for strength in all duties, for wisdom to direct

me,

me, and for victory over sin and temptation. Help, Lord, under all affliction, and in my last change! Strengthen my faith, patience and diligence, by this ordinance!

1709, *Jan.* 1. I bewailed the sins of my life, especially the pride, self-love and vain-glory I am smarting for, in my dear relations' misery. Lord! I loathe my sinful soul: I adore thy patience: I accept the punishment of my iniquity: I acknowledge thy justice, I admire thy mercy, in the everlasting covenant. I renew my covenant with thee in thy strength, to be entirely and eternally thine; and can, through thy grace, profess, *that I have neither power nor inclination to revoke my solemn dedication to thee.* I love and choose all thy laws and precepts: I abhor every deviation from them in heart or life: I deprecate sin more than any suffering. Accept, Lord, through Christ, thy poor willing, weak, sinful child, in the service and duties of the ensuing year.

1710, *July* 16. I was grieved to read that assertion of Popinus and Quintinus, in Calvin's time, *that the only mortification required of sinners, was to extinguish the sense of sin in their hearts.* But surely this is to mortify *repentance*, not *sin*; to kill the *new man*, not the *old*; to out-face conscience, and not to quiet it! Surely where there is sin, there must and will be trouble!

Nov. 17, 18. I reflected on the covenant I have long since made, and often with joy renewed, and was never willing to retract. I still find my grief, sorrow and shame for my natural pollution and estrangement from God, exceeds all the sorrow and trouble I have for any loss, cross or disappointment in this world. Though not so passionate, it is more durable. I do esteem it the worst misery I feel, that I can love God no more; that I can honor and serve him no better. I am not a willing subject to Satan. I resist his motions, I abhor his rule, and fly to my Redeemer for

ſtrength to overcome all his temptations. I do not conſent to, nor indulge the intereſt of the fleſh. I ſtruggle againſt its dominion. I would allow it but what tends to make it more ſerviceable to the glory of God, and the good of my immortal ſoul. I do not take up with this world for my portion. I would rather be denied any thing in it, if I may thereby enjoy more of God. I leſs deſire its honors, riches and pleaſures than formerly. I thankfully own thy bounty, O Lord! in ſupplying my wants, in ſweetening my neareſt relations, and a thouſand comforts I enjoy: but, Lord! I will not take this for my portion. I would rather loſe them all than the light of thy countenance, ſo far as I know my heart. I do daily, thankfully, joyfully accept and rely on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, as offered in the goſpel, to juſtify my poor, miſerable, guilty ſoul, that has nothing in it but ſin and miſery, and muſt periſh forever, if thou wilt not pity and ſave it; but hopes to caſt its crown at thy feet, and cry, *Grace! Grace!*—Lord, I accept thy government with equal deſire as any of thy benefits, and would be ſaved from my ſin, O Lord! thou knoweſt. I except not againſt thy croſs, though thou call for life itſelf, or any thing in it: but I am afraid of my poor, feeble, timorous ſpirit. Lord! I rely on thy ſtrength. Never leave me to deſert thy intereſt, whatever it coſt me. Lord! Jehovah! Father! Son! and Holy Spirit! I ſtill give myſelf to Thee, to thy praiſe. Lord! thy glory is my ultimate end. All I am, or have, or can do, is of the Lord, and from him. With joy and thankfulneſs I recogniſe thy right, and yield up myſelf to the *ſanctifying power* of the Spirit; conſenting that thou ſhouldſt cleanſe my unholy heart in what way thou pleaſeſt, and write thy law there, and make me obedient:—and to thy *diſpoſing will*, as the rule of my patience; that thou ſhouldſt ſubdue every murmuring thought at any

any thing thou doſt with me or mine. Lord, I am a *fool*, thou art *wiſe*; let thy will be done. Amen.

1711, *Feb.* 11. Lord! I go forth weeping and wanting, to thy houſe and table. I muſt always do ſo in this wilderneſs. But bleſſed for ever be the Lord, my Redeemer and my King, for his bountiful proviſions in the way, of which I am invited to eat, leſt the journey be too hard for me. . . . . The Lord, my King, who invited me to his table, and gave me a ſpiritual appetite and expectation, ſat with me, and entertained my ſoul, and ſweetly excited my repentance, faith, love, filial fear and hope. Through his ſtrength, I covenanted to love him and all his better.

1712, *June* 17, to *July* 9. In the evening (June 17.) about 7 or 8 o'clock, I was ſeized with a violent rigor upon my nerves, which laſted all night, and next morning a fever ſucceeded, which ſo much affected my head, that I was incapable of directing thoſe about me what to do with me. Yet ſo graciouſly did God hear my daily and laſt ſupplication in ſecret, that I was willing rather to depart and be with Chriſt, and had not one cloud, doubt, or fear of death, through the whole ſickneſs. The diſeaſe appeared deſperate; and no hope of my life from human help remained. But my dear relations ceaſed not to pray, and call on others to join; and many from whom I expected not ſo great a ſhare of affection, were much enlarged in prayer for me; and the Lord was entreated to ſpare a poor, ſinful, unworthy, unprofitable creature, and ſay, *return*, while ſtrong men bowed under the ſame diſeaſe, and fell down ſlain, though they had the ſame phyſicians, and the ſame means uſed for them, as myſelf. So, Father, it has ſeemed good in thy ſight! Thy will be done! But what ſhall I render? What ſhall I do? I am thankful for life. It is the gift of God. It is given in anſwer to prayer. But, Lord, if I improve it not for thy glory, how ſad ſhall I be!

Thou

Thou knoweſt I had no deſire to live but for better ſervice. And ſhall I be called from a ſeemingly abundant entrance into glory, again to ſtruggle with fleſh and blood, the world and the Devil, and not be made more than conqueror, through the Captain of my ſalvation? O Lord, on thee, through thy aſſiſtance, did I caſt my ſinful ſoul and diſeaſed body, when I thought them parting aſunder, without any reluctant thought; and ſhall I diſtruſt thy power or love in what thou haſt yet for me to do or ſuffer? Strengthen my faith by this experience of thy power and goodneſs, for Jeſus' ſake, whom thou heareſt always.

July 27. The Lord God of nature, grace and glory, has been All in all to my ſoul and body this morning. Son of David! I feel thou haſt the mercies of a God, and the compaſſions of a man. O ſatisfy my craving ſoul with nearer and ſweeter communion with thee ſtill, in thy houſe, and at thy table.

1713, *March* 22. I cannot deny, O Lord, the marks of a true love to thee. I do value thee above all, and verily hope I can part with all for thee. I am ſure that I have a love for ordinances, and a thirſt after Thyſelf: that there is no pleaſure ſo great to me as communion with thee; no grief ſo laſting and ſo pungent, as diſtance and eſtrangement from thee. I have not ordinarily any hard thoughts of thee. I am ſure I allow of none. I have a filial fear of offending thee, eſpecially when I enjoy thy ſmiles. I can mourn heartily for grieving thee, when thou art evidencing to me thy pardoning love. My ſtudied, allowed, and moſt pleaſant meditations are of thee. I chooſe thy intereſt, and would ever prefer it to my own. I love thy memory, and to commemorate thy dying love at thy table. I do commend thy love to all others; but O that it were more feelingly and fervently! I am grieved when thy name is profaned, though I am not valiant enough in reſenting the affront. I would obey all thy commandments more ſincerely, freely and conſtantly,

conſtantly, in the moſt difficult articles, and moſt dangerous ſeaſons. Lord, help me! Eternal God-man! I love thy *perſon*, as well as thy benefits. I love thy ſweet diſpoſitions, and aim at likeneſs, but attain too little. I adore thee as the Son and Servant of God; as my Redeemer, Huſband and Advocate. I would ſubmit, and be faithful, loyal and loving. I adore thy ſuitableneſs. I feel my need of thee, and accept thee in all thy offices. I adore and love thee for all thy graces, and ſtrive to imitate them. I adore and love thee for all thine ordinances, in which thou haſt often ſhewn me thy unparalleled love.

April 25, 26. O Lord! if I hate any thing, I hate ſin; and if I love any thing, I love thee: but O that I could find both in more intenſe degrees!—I feel, Lord, that in thy ſtrength, I can do all; though ſo weak in myſelf, that I can do nothing. Lord, vouchſafe the benign influences of thy Spirit, and I ſhall get nearer, and taſte more of thee, this day, than ever. Awake, O North wind; come thou South.—Bleſſed Spirit blow, and I ſhall praiſe!

Oct. 4. I awoke and roſe in pain, which abated with ſuch tremblings, ſickneſs and faintings, that my natural ſpirits could give no aſſiſtance to the joys of this day. Yet never was my heart more joyful, more pleaſed in meditation, prayer, hearing, ſinging, converſe, when my ſpirits were ſo ſunk that I thought I ſhould have died in my pew. How pleaſant were the thoughts of going out of that tabernacle of grace, to the glorious temple above! O holy Spirit of grace! how free, how ſweet, how powerful are thy gracious operations!

1714. *Sept.* 30. O Lord, who ſeeſt into the ſecret receſſes of my heart, thou knoweſt my moſt ardent deſires are after more holineſs and reſemblance to thyſelf. Thou gaveſt this thirſt, not to torment thy creature. Thou haſt pronounced a bleſſing on it, and promiſed that it ſhall be ſatisfied. But yet how little do I find

my

my soul as yet conformed to thy image and will! Lord, shall I have the name of thy child so many years, and yet no more of thy nature? O that I were more meek, merciful, humble, thankful, patient, ready to give, and to forgive! O Lord, I have chosen thee for my portion, and verily hope thou art and will be my everlasting felicity; and yet, what little selfish designs and thoughts perplex my mind! I know, and daily feel there is nothing in this world can satisfy my soul; and yet every little disappointment in the creature discomposes my spirit. I feel this earthly tabernacle falling and yet what little joy do I find in the prospect of my house in heaven! Lord, what unaccountable contradictions are there in my deceitful heart! O search, and heal me!

1715. *June* 18. In searching my heart, I still find good hope, through grace, that I am thy child, though the most unworthy one that could ever call thee Father. And how often do I forfeit the relation, and all its privileges, by my unruly, undutiful carriage, and unfilial temper! O Lord, I own thy right to rule and dispose of me, and I own it my happiness. I have solemnly willingly, cheerfully devoted myself to thee, to be taught thy will, with a full resolution to obey and submit; to be healed of the plague in my heart by any method thou shalt choose. I rely on thy satisfaction and intercession alone, for pardon and reconciliation. I give myself to thy direction, with resolution to follow thy guidance always; and to thy disposal, with resolutions to acquiesce in all thou dost. Yet, Lord, my treacherous heart rebels; obeys not thy precepts; frets at thy methods of curing my sinful soul; is unapt to understand thy guidance, or negligent in following; and so fretful and peevish at thy disposals, as if it would be its own carver, and base self its own centre. O Lord! I am amazed, ashamed and sorrowful at these remaining seeds of the old apostacy; this pride, ingratitude,

gratitude, folly. Lord, when shall I be healed? Wash me thoroughly, and make me clean. Renew thine image, and it is enough, whatever else thou denieſt me. I willingly bind my soul to thee againſt all sin, more especially this sin that does so easily beset me, the *displacency* of my spirit at thy wise and holy disposals. Lord, I own it is most unjust, unreasonable, ungrateful, yet I cannot conquer without thy strength; and in that, I covenant never to indulge it. I hate my uncharitable, peevish resentments of injuries, and hardness to forgive and forget. Lord, increase my faith, that I may do better. I will now covenant, in thy strength, to walk more Godlike, more holily and righteously, and to be more inwardly and universally good, in all places and relations, in closer communion with God, in ordinances and providences, and to watch againſt all sin, and be more diligent in all duty. But, Lord, without thee, I can do nothing! I am oppreſſed: Lord, undertake for me.

July 31. I went out in hope of some revival, and heard some of the sermon; [*a partial deafness was now upon her,*] and my heart answered the marks of a deliberate, free, humble, thankful, cordial, unlimited consent to be the Lord's. I renounce all others, and love to love and obey him. I love his precepts; and would rather conform to them all, than be pardoned for breaking any. I submit to his discipline; but cannot be so cheerful under, or thankful for it, as I ought. Lord help me, that I may neither despise the rod, nor faint when I am corrected. I adore and love all thy perfections, even thy justice, power and sovereignty. I know thy goodness is commensurate with all, and is thy glory. I adore and take thee for my portion here, and for ever. I desire no other, but more of thee, and then I have a goodly heritage. I like and love thy people, though weak, infirm, and with spots, as I have. I love thy institutions, and

long

long to enjoy thee in all ordinances, and to imitate thee in holineſs, juſtice, goodneſs and patience.

Lord thou knoweſt this to be my love and choice: thou madeſt me conſent; and therefore I hope thou haſt choſen me, a poor, vile, impotent wretch, for thou *betrotheſt in righteouſneſs* to thy covenant (*Hoſea* 2. 19.) with thy Son, my Redeemer. He has paid my debts to thy juſtice, and thou wilt not be twice paid. Thou *betrotheſt* alſo *in judgment;* on mature counſel. Thy gifts and callings are without repentance. Thou foreſaweſt all events, and how often I ſhould abuſe thy mercy, and grieve thy Spirit, and yet *betrotheſt in judgment.* O adorable, pure love and kindneſs, to betroth a creature ſo vile by birth, ſo deformed, ſo lame, ſo blind, ſo weak, ſo poor, and yet ſo proud! O the multitude of mercies original and actual, firſt and continued mercies, in this eſpouſal! *Betrothed* alſo *in faithfulneſs.* Though ſubject to ſo many infirmities, and worſe tranſgreſſions, yet in *faithfulneſs.* Though I ſin, and thou correcteſt, yet thy faithful covenant fails not. Thou wilt never caſt me off, and I ſhall never depart from thee. *Amen. Amen.*

Oct. 2. Lord, melt my dull heart with the diſtinguiſhing, unparalleled kindneſs ſhewn to unworthy me, in watering my fleece, while the ground has been dry around me. O the riches of immortal grace! If I outlive my ſenſes, I cannot outlive my graces. O how beautiful! how honorable! how durable!

1716, *June* 30. In ſearching my heart, I have ſtill good hope that my beloved is mine, and I am his, though ſtill a poor, weak, unworthy, defiled child, loathing myſelf, hating my ſin, aſhamed I get no more victory under ſuch means, ſo many chaſtiſements, and more mercies, but ſtill find ſuch riſings of corruption, on every temptation. Yet bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul! for ſpeedy recovery, and gracious aids of the holy Spirit, calming my mind, and raiſing my affections

tions above this world. The righteousness of Christ is sufficient; and I depend on it for pardon, healing, conduct, and perseverance to eternal life. I would be at thy disposal, not my own, though too often my flesh would have what thou seest good to deny. Whatever decays of nature I feel, or must yet suffer, let thy grace grow and increase daily more and more, till thou bring me to glory. Many dangers and difficulties are still in my way home. Flesh and heart may fail, the world frown or flatter, my heart is deceitful, the devil, subtil and malicious: but thou, *Captain of my salvation!* hast fulfilled that character to all that ever truly trusted thy conduct. On thee my soul relies. O fail not to perform all thy work in and for me, till I cast my crown at thy feet, and sing *Hallelujah* to the Lamb for ever!

Oct. 6. Not so watchful over my tongue as I ought to have been, having told a fault of a member of the congregation to another, before I had told the guilty. I begged pardon for this, and resolve on more watchfulness over my words for the future.

Dec. 31. On review of the year past, I must still witness to the truth and mercy of God, who has not turned away from doing me good. I acknowledge with shame and sorrow, the pride, passion and peevishness of my spirit, under slight temptations, against convictions, penitent confessions, resolutions, prayers and tears. Innumerable vain and sinful thoughts and words have I been guilty of:—yet the Lord has spared me this year also; has restored my hearing, continued my sight, provided food and raiment in abundance, given me more health than many of my age, and many times eased my pains and healed my diseases, when I cried to him. But Oh, the rich grace and mercy to my soul, when almost overwhelmed with sorrow at finding such sad remainders of sin in myself, and others dear to God and me.—Very sweet the Sabbaths and all the Sacraments of this year have been.

I have received many gracious anſwers of prayers for myſelf, and ſick friends. And now, Lord, I acknowledge the ſweetneſs of following thy conduct, relying on thy ſtrength, and depending on thy word. I acknowledge the pleaſantneſs of thy ways. Only my ſlips in, and ſteppings out of thy paths, have made all the bitterneſs of the year. Lord, enable me to keep the reſolution of the year, to leave every circumſtance of my future life or death in thy hands, to be watchful over my words, and to do to others as I would they ſhould do to me!—I acknowledge the multitude, the ſeaſonableneſs, the extenſiveneſs of the national mercies, in anſwer to the prayers of a poor remnant. . . . But O how ſhort our returns of praiſe and duty.

1717, *Feb.* 10. Lord, how ſweet has this day of the Son of man been to me! in ſecret reading and meditation; in prayer alone, and with the family; in public prayer, ſinging, preaching, and after-reflection. O Son and Lamb of God, who dieddſt for me, and haſt given me life! let all my intereſts ever bow to thine—all my corrupt paſſions be ſubdued by thee—my life ready to be parted with at thy call. O holy Spirit of grace! continue thy ſweet and powerful influences on my ſoul.

1718, *July* 14. Very dull and drowſy all this day. I have often covenanted to be the Lord's with ſoul and ſpirit, with will and affections: but yet how treacherous and unprofitable have I been! I have renounced ſin, ſelf, this world; yet how often have I been overcome by them! I have taken Chriſt Jeſus the Lord on his own terms, to love, obey and ſerve him; but how ſhort have I been found in all! I have given up myſelf to God through Chriſt, to the ſanctifying operations of the holy Spirit, to the commanding power of his law, and the diſpoſals of his providence, and would be to him a praiſe; yet how often have I been a diſhonor to him! Lord, I ſtill reſolve, in thy ſtrength, to be what I ought. Be ſurety for thy weak, but willing ſervant! *Dec.*

Dec. 31. Infinite patience has borne with me this year alſo; and pitied, and pardoned, and revived my drooping ſoul. When I have accepted the puniſhment of my ſin, and returned to him with weeping and ſupplication, he has turned my midnights into joyful and bright days. In all the changes of this year, God has called and encouraged me to pray and wait; and he has heard and anſwered. And my ſoul acknowledges his truth and goodneſs in all I have called upon him for.

1720, *Jan.* 1, and 2. I ended the laſt, and began the preſent year in extremity of pain. After a long, waking night, I could not fix my mind on any thing with comfort, till paſt four in the morning, when I ſurrendered myſelf afreſh to God, and begged healing for my diſeaſed ſoul. I roſe at ſix in much pain, entreated of God to reconcile me to his diſcipline, and ſhew me wherefore he thus contends with me. Not long after, I had ſome eaſe, and was carried in a chair to the houſe of God, where I gave thanks, and experienced a joyful day. Lord, pity and heal my ſoul, and prepare me for glory! O make haſte, my Beloved, and end theſe days of ſin and ſorrow to a poor diſtreſſed worm, that longs to be with thee.

Feb. 21. Sweet entertainments! How excellent is thy loving kindneſs, O Lord! How gracious was thine aſſiſtance to thine ambaſſador in public, and to a poor worm in family worſhip!

March 6. I went out and heard the ſermon in great pain, and renewed the ſolemn dedication of myſelf to God, with firm reſolutions, in his ſtrength, to acquieſce in his all-wiſe diſcipline, as beſt for me, however grievous to my fleſh. I returned in great torture, but with ſubmiſſion to the rod, though its ſtrokes are very ſharp.

April 18. The Lord has hitherto helped me under bodily infirmities. I pray and hope and wait for his gracious aids, under all my ſpiritual complaints and maladies.

maladies. Thou, Lord, knoweſt my hunger and thirſt for more righteouſneſs; and thou haſt ſaid I ſhall be filled. I rely on thee, O thou eternal *Amen*, and on thy power, compaſſion and faithfulneſs, for what I want, and am longing for.

May 1. [*Two days before ſhe was ſeized with her laſt ſickneſs.*] While I looked inward, I was overwhelmed with ſorrow, for the ſad remainders of vain and evil thoughts, pride, ſelfiſhneſs, &c. which damped my joy and praiſe. O Lord, accept my broken heart, which thou haſt ſaid thou wilt not deſpiſe. Teach me better how to rejoice and mourn together, and give me victory over my heart-ſins.

Mrs. Bury, as her huſband and biographer obſerves, "wrote often to her intimate friends, eſpecially ſuch as were young, to perſuade them of the reaſonableneſs and benefit of the great duties of religion—to warn them againſt the temptations of their age and ſtations, and to improve their education—to excite them to early and exemplary piety—to confute their objections—to impreſs upon them the obligation of their baptiſmal covenant—to ſatisfy their ſpiritual doubts, to encourage their hopes in God, and perſeverance in a Chriſtian courſe."

We conclude the preſent memoirs with a few of theſe valuable letters.

LETTER I.

To a perſon impatient under croſſes.

———My penſive temper feeds not ſo much on future, as preſent troubles. I never live, till I get an hour's converſe with myſelf, and with that God in whoſe hand my times are. But when I can turn inward,

ward, and seriously consider the cause and effects of my impatient struggles under the most just and perfectly wise disposals of Providence, I am cured, for that day, by finding worse troubles within, than ever I found without. So true is great Mr. Dod's saying, that *where sin sits heavy, the cross sits light.* I cannot but think it unparalleled ingratitude, that creatures fallen from God, the chief good, and final happiness of immortal spirits, and yet restored by God incarnate, should so basely dispute the tasting of the cup, the dregs of which he himself drank up for us. What can we suffer, from friends or enemies, in body, soul, name or estate, that he has not waded through, and triumphed over, for our good, and in our stead? And is not our quickening Head, the second Adam, as powerful to conquer sin and sorrow, as the first Adam was to convey them? O for a more lively faith in the great Redeemer, to heal our souls of this plague! Could heathens say, it was glorious to live, when it was easier to die; and cannot we be willing to live when every thing in life does not please us? Oh! how unworthy of Christians is such impatience! I long for heaven more for freedom from such reluctancies at the divine will, than from any troubles this world creates me.

LETTER II.

To a parent, on the death of a child.

——I know your tender love to your children must make a wound in your heart, when you lose any: but I hope grace, and long experience of God's all-sufficiency, eternity, and the unchangeableness of his love and covenant, are better to you than your own, or your children's lives. The good assurance your daughter left behind, of her entering into immortal

glory, has set her above our pity. And as to ourselves, our short remaining moments here, and good hope, through grace, of being very soon with all our departed, perfected friends, should greatly moderate our sorrows. For why, for so short a time, should we be so much concerned whether we meet them next on earth, or in the heavenly mansions; especially since the last only can afford us that joy and pleasure which are without alloy or mixture? If to hear that your children at a distance are well on earth, rejoices you, why not, to know that any of them are well, and can never be otherwise, in heaven?

LETTER III.

——I cannot but offer at some assistance under your seeming doubt, *Whether a person may certainly know in what state he is?* If once we can persuade ourselves that the greatest good is not attainable, it ceases to be the object of our hope and endeavor. That wicked men may without doubt conclude themselves such, and consequently in a damnable state, you might possibly believe more easily, than that a person truly accepting Christ upon gospel terms, may discern that he doth so, and is consequently in a state of salvation. But that both are to be known, I think is sufficiently evident from Scripture, since it puts us upon judging and trying ourselves, and making sure our own salvation. Besides, how many saints have affirmed their knowledge and joyful evidences of God's grace in them!—Add further, that our blessed Redeemer himself has laid down this as an evident title to the heavenly mansions; that if our hearts are there, our treasures are there also, *Matthew* 6. 21. Can we imagine that the good Spirit of God would excite our desires after such an inheritance, only to torment or deceive us? No, surely. He who is gone before, to prepare

prepare a place for his disciples, has left them his Holy Spirit not only to fit them for that glorious inheritance, but also to seal them up to the day of redemption, and give them undoubted pledges and earnests of their future possession.—The *major* proposition is unquestionably true; that *he who believes shall be saved:* the doubt will lie in the *minor—but I believe*: but upon serious trial, you may come to the knowledge that you are the true believer. That some upon their first conversion, have been able to draw the conclusion, I have no reason to doubt: but it is not God's ordinary method to convince, convert, and assure at once. Do not therefore impatiently conclude that assurance is not attainable, because it is not yet attained: but with strenuous endeavors be still pursuing the making of your calling and election sure; always remembering that it is the same Spirit who works grace, who alone can shine on it, and give you the clear knowledge of his work. Pray hard, and be very thankful for his least assistance, than which I know not a more effectual way to gain more. Beware of grieving him, by continuing in any known sin, or neglecting any known duty. If you dally or trifle in your return to God, it will not only make your case seem doubtful, but, like a broken bone, make you halt for many years to come. The smallest sin, if not resisted and mourned over, will breed doubts and troubles, as surely as putrid flesh engenders worms. Therefore fall to your work in earnest; and I can assure you, the sooner you begin, the greater will be your honor and peace.—Though you may not presently be able to affirm an infallible certainty of your state, yet, if by such means you attain a comfortable hope to encourage future endeavors, who knows how soon you may triumph over your conquered enemies?

LETTER IV.

LETTER IV.

On the death of an intimate friend.

——I came hither to close the eyes of my dear friend; and since she might shine no longer among sinful worms here, I bless God who brought me to her instructive death-bed, where faith, submission, patience, and almost uninterrupted joy in breathing after her dear Redeemer, more than equalled all I ever saw in one who lay so long in sight of the last ghastly enemy. And though I cannot yet pray against sudden death, her steadfast hope and glorious conquest have given me more tolerable thoughts of languishing sickness; since I saw in her, that neither strength of pain, nor weakness of the patient, can hinder a triumphant exit, when God will make his joy our strength.

LETTER V.

Directions how to instruct a child.

——I am glad your brother can so prettily divert you. I wish you wisdom and love to instruct him. Be very watchful of his conversation; and whatever you find faulty in him, shew him the evil of it, rather than charge him with it, lest you put him upon lying to hide his guilt. Let him see you love him, before you chide him; and that you are ready to conceal or excuse his tolerable faults. Be very frequent, but not tedious, in your instructions. Often open the nature, and inculcate the necessity, of prayer for all we want, and the encouraging promises of God that he will hear us. Lisp to your brother in his own language, what he prays for by his form; and labor to excite in him a sense of his sad state by sin, greater desires after

after grace, and fuller resolutions and endeavors after the life and power of godliness. Let some part of his catechism be daily recited, and what he most imperfectly repeats, be said at his going to sleep, and at his first waking. Talk over the sermons you hear together, in language adapted to his capacity; and fail not to beg of God a blessing upon all your labors, else you will do little to purpose. If God makes you instrumental to the conversion of your brothers and sisters, it will be a great honor and comfort, and produce the strongest union among you. Take special care of those who are in the greatest danger. Imitate your godly, impartial mother, who, though she loved all her children alike, would yet often say, *if she knew to which child she had conveyed most of her sinful nature, she would pity, and endeavor the help of that child most.*

LETTER VI.

To a friend under great dejection and desertion.

———In these dark hours of your life, the silence of your friends may seem unnatural. I cannot therefore but heartily condole you, and beg you would not imagine your case to be unusual, or out of the road of God's fatherly discipline: for what good Christian's diary did you ever read, or hear of, that has not such lines of complaint as yours? And no wonder, when our Head, and Lord Redeemer almost dies with them in his mouth. Why should we grudge to pledge him in that bitter cup, whose soul was sorrowful, and sore amazed? Can our jealousy argue a dereliction, more than his? Are not the gifts and callings of God without repentance? If your soul has not been touched with the true loadstone, what makes it stand trembling towards its beloved point? Is not love in desire, and

lamenting

lamenting after its object, as truly love, as when resting in the enjoyment? If you find much drofs in your beft gold, will you throw away both together? Or would you change with one who hopes without trial? I find it a frequent artifice of the old Serpent, when upon ferious fearch, I have found fin in my heart, that did not difcover itfelf upon tranfient inquiries, to be very ready to perfuade me there was nothing elfe to be found there. I blefs God, I can at prefent believe he lies; but how long I fhall believe fo, I know not, for, alas! I have fome gloomy days as well as others, efpecially under bodily languors. I doubt not that you addrefs yourfelf to fpiritual phyficians, under your prefent maladies. Bleffed be God, you have many fkilful and faithful ones. Search not without their help; and may God fend you a Meffenger, one of a thoufand, who may fhew you your uprightnefs. I know that He only who creates the fruit of the lips, *Peace*, can make your help confolatory; yet wait in the way of inftituted means; and remember it was but a *little further* (*Cant.* 3, 4.) that the drowfy fpoufe went in her fearch, ere fhe found her flighted and grieved beloved. I truft your prefent temptations to throw away your hope will not prevail. However, think not of throwing off duty, efpecially your attendance on that comfortable, fealing ordinance, the Lord's Supper, which I have reafon to recommend to all my afflicted, tempted friends, fince I find it no fmall mercy to go and renew my former covenant; or, if I cannot find my fidelity therein, to make it anew; for furely God doth there renew his covenant with every fallen child of Adam who heartily confents, though he cannot perfectly reach the terms according to his defire. If former ftated times of communicating afford you not a fufficient fupport, be more frequent, fince every Lord's day gives you an opportunity in the city. Remember, my dear difconfolate grandmother waited long at thefe waters, though with

with ſorrow complaining they were to her a ſealed fountain; yet her dutiful attendance ended in a triumphant death. Before that period, I hope to hear you are emerging from under the waves that now overwhelm you: and by that time, you may be ready to ſtrengthen weak hands, from more glorious appearances of God to your ſoul. I beg that the God of all conſolation would ſhine on the graces he has wrought in you, and will by his own methods perfect in your ſoul; that, when he has tried you, you may come forth as gold, and meet for the inheritance of the ſaints in light, where no doubt of God's love to you, or of yours to him, will break your peace or interrupt your joy more.

LETTER VII.

Cautions againſt ſpiritual declenſions.

——— A declining ſtate is incident to the beſt, and therefore to be feared by all. How ſhamefully have ſome of our acquaintance ſtained their families, and whither have their gradual declenſions brought them at laſt! I know there are many who aſſert a total apoſtacy from true grace; but you and I have been taught better, and can comfortably conclude from God's unchangeable love, decree, and almighty power engaged for perſeverance, and from our union with Chriſt, and his conſtant interceſſion for us, that the *habits* of true grace cannot be loſt. But alas! what abatements may there be in the degrees and exerciſe, in the life and ſtrength of it! And how ſad and deplorable is ſuch a caſe! Who can but pity a robuſt body reduced to a ſkeleton by a pining conſumption? And is leſs pity due to ſouls declining in their graces, when ardent love, ſtrong deſires, humbleſt mournings, livelieſt joys, are all withering, or choked with a confluence of worldly

worldly cares, or pleasures? Ah! the sadness of this state! May I never weep over any of my dear relations in such a case! The best are apt to decline in duty, in their love and affection to it, and sometimes find a sad distance from God, an estrangement from him, and a shiness of him in prayer, which yet before has been the delight and relief of their souls. Surely, restraining prayer is a very sad mark; and when our hearts do not joyfully answer the call of God to seek his face. And it is little better, when our wandering spirits are not watched, called in, and made to ply their work, but flies light upon the sacrifice that used to flame. Nay, if only our cheerfulness in duty should abate, how heavily shall we drive! If what was once our delight, becomes our task and burden; if after duty there is no advantage gained, no greater nearness to God, no fuller resolutions, no humbler resignations, how weary shall we quickly be of our choicest happiness, for the enjoyment of some inferior good, or what is worse, some foul corruption, which our treacherous hearts have secretly fallen in love with, while yet we profess to be entirely the Lord's. There are in the best, such remainders of sin, as ever incline to apostasy; for none are so completely sanctified, but the flesh is still lusting against the spirit; and in-dwelling sin is an active principle, very importunate, and not easily to be denied. The temptations, too, of Satan are always assaulting, and our own corruptions are ever ready to side with them. Yea, and God's just desertions often concur; for though he does not withdraw his love and care, yet for our neglects, he often may and does suspend his influence and assistance: and then what are we?—Let me entreat you not to lose these hasty lines till you have tried your present case, whether you are growing or declining. If grace withers, so, I am sure, must comfort. If this be your condition, remember whence you are fallen, and repent, and do your first works, and lay hold afresh on the great Redeemer.

deemer. If your case be better, bless God, and rejoice my soul by letting me know it.——

LETTER VIII.

Cautions to a friend on the subject of marriage.

——It is very odd, that when you ask my opinion in the matter proposed, you only give me an account of the gentleman's *circumstances*, and not of his *character*. So far as I know, I must freely own, that I fear the estate is too great, and likely to prove a snare to you. Bishop Hall affirms, that *riches have made many worse, but never any better*. I hope you would choose to be better, rather than richer, and that you will never be biassed by an estate, to an indifferent choice. You know I have ever cautioned you, and must caution you still, against too great a fondness for wealth. Alas! should you have it, how many things may imbitter it to you! Should you have a churlish *Nabal*, and you could only behold your riches with your eyes, and not be suffered to do any good with them, how uneasy would that be to your charitable, generous mind! Or should your partner's temper be good, yet if debts, or provision for younger children should cripple a man's estate, it is but the name, and not the thing which you enjoy. But if neither of these disagreeables should happen, yet may not worse? Supposing there is no piety, no ardent devotion in your husband, but an aversion against your attendance on private altars, where you have found more than all this world can afford you, what perplexity are you then tied to for life!—I know what troubles you have met with, but might you not by avoiding present, plunge yourself into future difficulties? It is better to be miserable by necessity, than choice. What evil God inflicts, is more easily borne, than that which we bring upon ourselves. Let me entreat you to moderate your desires after worldly grandeur. Pardon my

freedom. If I am apt to be too jealous of you, it is because I love you.——

LETTER IX.

On the death of a good lady and friend.

I am heartily concerned for the country's loss, and my own, of that excellent lady; and condole you especially, who had the honor of her friendship as much, I believe, as could consist with the inequality of your stations in the world; and her goodness condescended more than is usual, even in ladies of piety. A friend wise, pious, compassionate, secret, &c. is a rarity while enjoyed, and a loss seldom repaired in this world. But O what a friend is our dear Redeemer! He is not limited to one or a few, like our contracted minds, but condescends to the title and offices of a friend, to all his faithful followers. I am thankful for the tastes of his goodness in creature friendship; but in its utmost perfection, it is but a faint shadow of the divine, and of what I find in my eternal Lover and Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose friendship has not the disparagement which all creature enjoyments have, of being but a short and uncertain pleasure.

LETTER X.

On a tradesman's casting up his shop.

——Since you seem to be pleased with any of my scrawls, I will give you a short history of what has passed with us this Christmas. You remember I now live with a tradesman called a *milliner*; I suppose, from the multitude of things which such ordinarily trade in,* especially in the country. It is a prudent and

* *The Latin word,* mille, *signifies a thousand.*

and laudable cuſtom with him to caſt up his ſhop generally once in the year. I love not to be ignorant of any thing that falls in my way without trouble; and therefore to divert my mind, I have ſometimes engaged with him in ſome little part of this pleaſant fatigue, the whole of which is a thorough ſcrutiny into all that has been bought and ſold, what has been gained by it, and what remains. In order to this, abundance of files of bills, letters and receipts, beſide books, were to be examined: but my province was only to aſſiſt in meaſuring, and to write on every piece after it was meaſured, what it contained. The trial of gains was left to themſelves, and occupied them night and day; and every one was cheerful and pleaſant at the concluſion. I expoſtulated with my landlord on the unneceſſary trouble of this, for one who had no reaſon to ſuſpect his circumſtances, but was anſwered by him, that beſide the pleaſure of proving it, his future trade could not be ſo ſucceſsful, eaſy and beautiful, without this examination. The ſale of what had been bought directs to what is beſt to be bought again, by diſcovering what had been ſold to the beſt advantage. What had been miſplaced, is now put in order again, and readily found. Beſides, the gain made a recompenſe for the trouble, and was a help to thankfulneſs. —Now, my dear friend, if we are ſo wiſe as to this world, why ſhould we be ſo weak for the other? And yet how few are there, who with the like unwearied diligence, dexterity and cheerfulneſs, caſt up in their ſpiritual traffic! I bluſh at my own ſloth and folly, and endeavor to commend *heart-examination* to my thoughts for my Chriſtmas employment. The reſult of all my landlord's trouble aſſures him he has gained by his laſt year's trade, but can give him only ſome probable conjectures how he may thrive the next; together with many fears of loſing by ſome unfaſhionable goods, which he looks upon with heavy ſighs. But if, upon ſerious ſearch, I can find I have gained

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any true grace, I am sure of its increase, and that it can never be lost, or become useless. May I but find grace as a grain of mustard-seed, I can safely conclude it will grow up to a tree. The path of the just, as the shining light, will shine more and more to the perfect day. If I sigh over the weakness of my grace, I am yet encouraged, when I read the encomiums of my compassionate Redeemer on the weak faith of many who addressed him in the days of his flesh. Therefore, my good friend, let us call in the assistance of others, and diligently search our hearts and ways, and follow it to a comfortable conclusion, and then my diversion may be useful to myself and you.——

LETTER XI.

On the death of a Sister.

———I thought I could have parted with a sister with less discomposure than I find I can. I hoped that death would not have begun at the wrong end of the register-book: but they are seniors in the best sense, who have soonest done their work, and are first fit for glory. Though I could not without tears have parted with a sister to any distant country on earth, though it had been to her advantage, yet reason would have blamed, and soon overcome, such a fond and foolish passion. Surely then religion should not only do no less, but even more; especially as my sister is in a far higher and happier preferment than all this world can pretend to offer. Our all-wise Creator first formed our massy lump, and then inspired it: and when he is pleased to dissolve the *compositum*, it is not that either of the constituent parts should be destroyed. But the dissolution as to the righteous, with regard to their *souls*, is immediate *glory*; and with regard to their *bodies*, but a *refining* in order to a *reunion*. The forsaken mansion is indeed a melancholy object; and

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it is very affecting to close the dear eyes that were wont to delight us with their silent rhetoric: but we more than water the body sown in dust, while we dim our prospect of the glory of our friends who have died in the Lord. Why should I wish the soul in this body still, merely to say, I have a sister in such a place? What if heaven, where she is, is farther off? I am sure, as that is more suitable, so it ought to be nearer, to my immortal part. And may I not still have communion with her, and with the glorious company she keeps, by loving, praising, admiring and adoring the same God, though I am yet on earth? May I not rejoice in the thought of meeting her among the spirits of the just made perfect? Surely they have more courage, better success, or less difficulty than I, who can wish the spiritual war protracted:—but she has passed the pikes, O happy soul! Her body is indeed sown in corruption,: it cannot defend itself from worms, and is at present putrifying and loathsome: but it will not always be so. If the innate desires of reunion could not persuade me of a resurrection, yet the infallible word of God has assured me of it; and that it shall arise, not as it was sown, a natural and sluggish body, but agile and sprightly, and fit to serve its superior and vigorous soul. It is a pleasure to me, sometimes, to think of the lustre and activity of glorified bodies, which rest not either day or night, nor suffer any decays, imperfections, pauses or interruptions in their high and happy employments. But the greatest pleasure of all is, to think of being *for ever with the Lord.*

LETTER XII.

To a friend under great afflictions, and spiritual fears.

I cannot forget my promises of praying for you, and writing to you. I daily attempt the one, and wish I could perform it better: and as to the other, I

ſhould rejoice if my pen could aſſiſt your faith and patience under the ſmarting rod of (I hope I may ſay) your heavenly Father; for ſo it may be, though accompanied with angry frowns. It is true, afflictions in themſelves cannot be proofs of ſonſhip: but we are fully aſſured by the ſacred Scriptures, that the ſoreſt trials are very conſiſtent with that privilege. The experience of many of God's favorites confirms it. All the promiſes of ſupport under, benefit by, and deliverance from ſuch troubles ſuppoſe it. Yet our ſouls are too apt to miſconſtrue fatherly chaſtiſements into the revenges of an enemy, or to think there is more anger than love in them, and to murmur that they are ſo long and heavy. But the all-wiſe Father of ſpirits cannot miſtake in meaſuring, timing and appointing his methods of healing ſouls. If guilt makes you fear his wrath, rather than taſte his love, in your afflictions, you ſhould caſt your guilty ſoul upon him for promiſed reſt, and may well be aſſured that God will not exact the debt from the offender and the ſurety too. Fly daily to that refuge, that ſure hope, that juſtifying righteouſneſs, and then you will find no fury in God, however grievous your afflictions are. You have liberty to pray for pity and help, as well as David, who when he had aching bones, had a ſenſe of guilt alſo, even of ſcandalous ſins. If your own, or the cries of others for you, ſeem to be yet unheard, it may be our miſtake to urge for preſent eaſe, without a due reſpect to future cure. Sin is the worſt diſeaſe. Its cure is to be ſought, though by the rougheſt methods. The children of God are agreed in this, and yet can ſcarce ſubmit the means to the infallible Phyſician. Though we can truſt a ſurgeon to apply a cauſtic, though of *lapis infernalis*, and let it lie his time, if there be any hope of a cure, yet how hardly can we ſubmit on higher reaſon, ſurer hope, or happier experience, to him whoſe word of truth aſſures us, that every thing he does ſhall do us good, and both purge

away

away our sins, and make us partakers of his holiness! I must confess these lines upbraid my own foolish choice, oftentimes, for myself and my friends. But I pray and wait for better submission to the heaviest strokes, either on myself or them.——

LETTER XIII.

Various dispensations of Providence argued and justified.

——— I have been long your debtor for a very kind and comfortable letter, which came seasonably to hand, as I was groaning under great pain, and sympathizing with others under bitter affliction. Since then, I bless God, I have seen brighter days; but clouds have returned after rain, upon others. And may not all this, put together, commend the variegated dispensations of Providence? Had all our days been halcyon, would they have been so safe or useful? Had all been sable, how disconsolate! Were all the children in equal smart under the rod together, we should be too ready to make some unworthy reflections on the all-wise discipline. Were not all alternately so, we should be ready to suspect their sonship. O the depth of wisdom, which poor shallow mortals can never fathom! Yet how proud and peevish are we when any thing is denied at our own time, which we fancy to be good for us! Had I been always well and at ease, how chill a sympathy should I have had with the dear afflicted members of Christ! Had you never been so, I had wanted your experimental consolations. Now if the brief hints of this beautiful variety in the dispensations of Providence can afford us such pleasure here, how bright and glorious, how sweet and ravishing will they appear, when unfolded in eternal glory! And why should I be impatient of, or fear, the darkest scene that shall end in the brightest glory? Yet with shame and sorrow I confess, the fear of what I *may* feel has been

been as afflictive to me as moſt I have felt: and this even when I have found a good hope of an intereſt in God, and after a thouſand experiences of his never-failing compaſſions confuting my guilty fears. This childiſh, or rather un-child-like temper, I think increaſes with years, and is partly occaſioned by frequent and cloſe converſe with many of my ſuperiors in grace under bitter afflictions, living and dying: and when I ſee what is done to the green trees, I am apt to run into an exceſs of fear what ſhall be done to the dry. Fain would I cheriſh an awful, while I ſubdue a ſlaviſh fear: but this I cannot do of myſelf, and therefore beg it of the God of all grace, in which I crave your aſſiſtance.

An ELEGY *on the death of Mrs.* BURY.

BY DR. WATTS.

She must aſcend: her treaſure lies on high,
And there her heart is. Bear her through the ſky,
On wings of harmony, ye ſons of light,
And with ſurrounding ſhields protect her flight.
Teach her the wondrous ſongs yourſelves compoſe
For your bright world: ſhe'll learn them as ſhe goes:
The ſenſe was known before: thoſe ſacred themes,
The GOD, *the* SAVIOR, *and the flowing ſtreams*
That ting'd the curſed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heav'n and waſh'd a world from ſin:
The beams, the bliſs, the viſions of that place
Where the whole GODHEAD *ſhines in mildeſt grace.*
Theſe are the notes for which your harps are ſtrung:
Theſe were the joy and labor of her tongue,
In our dark regions: theſe exalted ſtrains
Brought paradiſe to earth, and ſooth'd her pains.

Souls

Souls made of pious harmony and love
Can be no strangers to their work above.
But must we lose her hence? The muse in pain
Regrets her flight, and calls the saint again.
"Stay, gentle spirit stay. Can nature find
"No charms to hold the once unfetter'd mind?
"Must all these virtues, all these graces soar
"Far from our sight, and bless the earth no more?
"Must the fair saint to worlds immortal climb,
"Forever lost to all the sons of time?"
O no; she is not lost, behold her here.
How just the form! how soft the lines appear!
The features of her soul without disguise,
Drawn by her own blest pen! a sweet surprise
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece, and wash'd it o'er with tears,
Dress'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her sex in ages yet unborn.
Daughters of Eve, *come trace these heav'nly lines:*
Feel with what pow'r the bright example shines.
She was what you should be. Young virgins, come,
Drop a kind tear, and dress you at her tomb.
Gay silks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues should create the mode.
Matrons, attend her hearse with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and transcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaste, yet free, the cheerful, yet sedate,
Swift to forgiveness, but to anger slow,
And rich in learning, yet averse to show,
Wit, chastity and sense that rarely join,
And all the former graces and divine
Reign'd in her breast, and held a pleasing strife,
The various, shifting scene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow and the wife.
Nor need a manly spirit blush to gain
Exalted thoughts from her superior vein.

Attend!

Attend her hints, ye sages of the schools,
And by her nobler practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to address the ear
With conquering suasion, or reproof severe,
And still without offence. Thrice happy soul!
That could our passions, and her own control,
Could wield and govern that unruly train;
Sense, fancy, pleasure, fear, grief, hope and pain;
And live sublimely good! Behold her move
Through earth's rude scenes, yet point her thoughts above.
Seraphs on earth pant for their native skies,
And nature feels it painful not to rise.
Ye venerable tribes of holy men,
Read the devotions of her heart and pen:
And learn to pray and die. Burissa *knew*
To make life happy, and resign it too.
The soul that oft had walk'd th' etherial road,
Pleas'd with her summons, took her farewell flight to God.
But ne'er shall words, or lines, or colors paint
Th' immortal passions of th' expiring saint.
What beams of joy, angelic airs, arise
O'er her pale cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes,
In that dark hour! How all serene she lay
Beneath the openings of celestial day!
Her soul retires from sense, refines from sin,
While the descending glory wrought within;
Then in a sacred calm resign'd her breath
And, as her eye-lids clos'd, she smil'd in death.
O may some pious friend, who weeping stands
Near my last pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witness such triumphs in my soul, and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeless lips such heav'nly smiles are seen.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

MRS. Elizabeth Rowe, a lady not more admired by the world for her writings, than eſteemed by all who knew her, for the amiable qualities of her heart, was born at Ilcheſter, in Somerſetſhire, September 11, 1674. She was the eldeſt of three daughters* of Mr. Walter Singer. Both her father and mother were of diſtinguiſhed merit and piety. The occaſion and circumſtances of their firſt acquaintance were remarkable. Mr. Singer being impriſoned at Ilcheſter for his nonconformity, Mrs. Singer, then Miſs Portnell, being an inhabitant of the town, paid him a viſit on the benevolent principle of adminiſtering conſolation to thoſe who were ſeparated from their friends, and ſuffering for the ſake of a good conſcience. This ſhe did repeatedly, till a friendſhip commenced, which united them for life.

Mr.

* *One of her ſiſters died in childhood. The other, a young lady of great piety, ſurvived to her twentieth year. Reſpecting her death, the following remarkable circumſtances have been related.*

Elizabeth, afterward Mrs. Rowe, being dangerouſly ill, and under viſible diſtreſs at the apprehenſion of approaching death, her ſiſter, obſerving it, aſked her tenderly, whether ſhe was not willing to die? She replied, that ſhe had not that full aſſurance of her intereſt in Chriſt, which ſhe had always prayed ſhe might have, before being called from time. Her ſiſter immediately

Mr. Singer happily terminated his pious and useful life, April 19, 1719. In a memorandum of Mrs. Rowe, relating to his last sickness she says; "My father often felt his pulse, and complained that it was still regular, but smiled at every symptom of approaching death. He would be often crying out, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: come, ye holy angels, that rejoice at the conversion of a sinner; come and conduct my soul to the skies, ye propitious spirits:" and then would add, "But thy time, Lord, not mine, is best."

From her earliest years, there appeared in Mrs. Rowe something uncommon: a dawn of intellectual and

fell on her knees, and with inexpressible fervor entreated of God, that if her father must have the grief of burying one of his daughters, it might be her: for to the glory of his free grace, she could humbly profess before him her assured hope of her interest in his everlasting mercy through Jesus Christ. She could therefore joyfully die, if it might please God to grant her sister a further space to make her calling and election sure. The consequence was that her sister immediately began to recover; while she sickened, and in a few days, died.

Such is the account. Its truth is somewhat questionable. It is confidently denied by Mr. Grove, one of the writers of Mrs. Rowe's life; and with equal confidence asserted by the biographer of Dr. Colman of Boston. The latter declares that the Doctor (who, while in England, was a frequent visitant at Mr. Singer's and intimately acquainted with his surviving daughter,) related the anecdote to many during his life, and left it, much as here given, among his papers, at his decease. Both the above writers agree in one remark, in which they will probably be joined by every judicious reader: that the account, if true, affords no conclusive argument against the early piety of Mrs. Rowe.

and moral excellence which her future day amply realized. The precise time when she received the first effectual impressions of religion, does not appear.—Probably, it was when she was very young. "My infant hands," she says, in an address to her Maker, "were early lifted up to thee; and I soon learned to know and acknowledge the God of my fathers."

She very early discovered a taste for painting. She loved the pencil, when she had scarce strength and steadiness of hand to guide it. Her father perceiving this fondness, furnished her an instructor. She was likewise much delighted with music, especially of the grave and solemn kind. This was best suited to the grandeur of her sentiments, and the sublimity of her devotion.

But her strongest inclination was to poetry. Her very prose had the charms of verse without its letters; the same fire and elevation, the same boldness of figures, the same richness of imagery and diction. She scarce wrote a letter, but it betrayed the poet. At twelve years old, she began to write verses. In the year 1696, the twenty-second of her age, a collection of her poems on various occasions was, at the desire of her friends, given to the world.

Though many of these poems are of the religious kind, and all of them consistent with the strictest regard to virtue, yet some things in them gave her uneasiness in advanced life. So quick was her moral feeling, that what she could not positively approve, appeared unpardonable; and not satisfied to have done nothing that injured the cause of virtue, she was displeased with herself for having written any thing that did not directly promote it.

She was first introduced to the notice of Lord Weymouth's family by a little copy of verses, with which they were so delighted, as to be curious to see the writer. In this way commenced a friendship which subsisted ever after; not more to the honor of her

merit, than of their diſcernment and taſte. She was not then twenty years of age. Her paraphraſe of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job was written at the requeſt of Biſhop Ken, who was at that time in the family, and gained her much reputation.

She had no other inſtructor in the French and Italian languages, than the Hon. Mr. Thynne, ſon of Lord Weymouth, who willingly aſſumed and executed that taſk, and had the pleaſure to ſee his amiable pupil improve ſo faſt under his leſſons, that in a few months ſhe was able to read *Taſſo's Jeruſalem* with great eaſe.

In the year 1710, ſhe was married to Mr. Thomas Rowe, ſon of a nonconformiſt miniſter of reſpectable family. This young gentleman (for he was but about twenty-three when he married) poſſeſſed a fine underſtanding, amply improved by learning. He was a perfect maſter of the Latin, Greek and French languages. He had at once a prodigious ſtrength of memory, and an inexhauſtible fund of wit. Theſe, with a frank and benevolent diſpoſition, a readineſs to communicate of his learned ſtore, and a great fluency of expreſſion, cauſed his company to be univerſally coveted and prized. He formed a deſign to compile the lives of all the illuſtrious perſons of antiquity omitted by Plutrach; and in part executed it. Eight of the lives were publiſhed after his deceaſe, and do honor to his memory.

Mr. Rowe had a heart to value the treaſure which Providence had given him in a woman of ſuch amiable qualities and exalted merit. It was his conſtant ſtudy to repay the happineſs ſhe gave. His eſteem and tenderneſs for her were inexpreſſible, and could be equalled only by the delicate and ardent attachment with which they were returned.

His conſtitution was not naturally robuſt and for ſeveral of his laſt years, was much impaired by intenſe application to ſtudy. After a confinement of ſome months,

months, he died of a conſumption, at the age of twenty-eight.

Mrs. Rowe has commemorated her very tender affection for him, and the exquiſite happineſs which had attended their ſhort union, in an elegy written on his death. Nor could ſhe prevail on herſelf to paſs an anniverſary of that heart-rending event, otherwiſe than in ſolitude and ſadneſs. More than twenty years after their ſeparation, the bare mention of his name drew tears from her eyes: nor could ſhe ſpeak of him to the laſt moments of her life, but in the ſtrongeſt terms of tenderneſs and veneration. She was particularly attentive to his relations, and favored ſeveral of them with a ſhare in her moſt intimate friendſhip.

While Mr. Rowe lived, her deference to his wiſhes had induced her to reſide in London, during the winter. But this argument being withdrawn, ſhe indulged her invincible fondneſs for retirement, and removed, as ſoon as her affairs would permit, to Frome, in Somerſetſhire, in the neighborhood of which place lay the greater part of her eſtate. She quitted the town with a determination to return to it no more. Nor did ſhe violate this reſolution, but in compliance with the importunity of ſome highly reſpected friends, who in great affliction, ſolicited the conſolation of her company.

In her retreat at Frome, ſhe compoſed her pieces intitled *Friendſhip in Death*, and *Letters moral and entertaining*. The deſign of the former production is, as Dr. Young expreſſes it in his preface, "to impreſs the notion of the ſoul's immortality, without which all virtue and religion, with their temporal and eternal good conſequences, muſt fall to the ground; and to make the mind contract, as it were unawares, a habitual perſuaſion of a future exiſtence." It may be added, that the object both of this, and of the Letters moral and entertaining, is by fictitious examples of virtue and benevolence, to allure the reader to the love

love of every thing that ennobles human nature; and by lively images of the remorse and misery attendant on vice, to guard the young and unthinking from being seduced to ruin by the enchanting name of pleasure.

In the year 1736, the importunity of some of Mrs. Rowe's acquaintance who had seen the *History of Joseph* in manuscript, prevailed on her to suffer the poem to be made public. This piece was written in her younger years. When first printed, it closed with the marriage of the hero. At the request of her friends, particularly of an illustrious Lady to whom she could scarce refuse any thing, she added two books, in order to include Joseph's discovery of himself to his brethren; the composition of which is said to have employed no more than three or four days. The additional part, which was her last work, was published but a few weeks before her death.

To prepare for this great event, had been the chief business of her life. She enjoyed an uncommon strength of constitution, and had passed a long series of years without any severe indisposition. But about half a year before her decease, she was attacked with a disorder which was evidently dangerous.—Though it found her mind, as she said to one of her intimate friends, not quite so serene, and prepared to meet death, as usual, yet when by devout contemplations on the atonement and mediation of the blessed Redeemer, she had risen above her fears, she experienced uncommon satisfaction, and even transport.—With tears of joy she said, she knew not whether she had ever felt the like in all her life. On this occasion she repeated Mr. Pope's *Dying Christian to his Soul*, with an air so animated as to evidence that she felt all the sentiments of pious extacy and triumph, which breathe in that beautiful piece of sacred poetry.

After this threatening illness, she recovered her usual state of health; and though she was somewhat advanced

advanced in life, yet her exact temperance, and the serenity of her mind led her friends to promise themselves a much longer enjoyment of her than it pleased Heaven to indulge them. The day she was seized with the complaint which in a few hours proved mortal, she seemed in perfect health and vigor. At eight in the evening, she conversed with a friend with her wonted vivacity; after which, she retired to her chamber. About ten, her servant, hearing some noise in her room, ran instantly into it, and found her fallen from her chair on the floor, speechless, and in the agonies of death. She had the immediate assistance of a physician and surgeon, but it was ineffectual. Having uttered a single groan, she expired, a few minutes before two, on Lord's day morning, *Feb.* 20, 1737, in her sixty-third year, her disorder being supposed an apoplexy. A pious book was found open by her, with some loose papers, on which she had written the following unconnected sentences.

O guide, and counsel, and protect my soul from sin!
O speak, and let me know thy heav'nly will,
Speak evidently, to my listening soul!
O fill my soul with love, and light, and peace,
And whisper heav'nly comforts to my soul!
O speak, celestial Spirit, in the strain
Of love and heav'nly pleasure to my soul!

Thus in forming devout ejaculations, she made the last use of her mental powers below the skies; probably little thinking how near she was to that blissful hour when all her prayers would be completely answered.

As she had been greatly apprehensive that the violence of her pain, or the languors of a sick bed might occasion some depression or fear unsuitable to the character and expectations of a Christian, it was her daily, earnest prayer (as appears from her manuscript

book of devotion) that she might not thus dishonor her profession. She often likewise expressed to her friends her desire of a sudden removal, as it would prevent any such improper behavior in her last moments. The suddenness of her death may therefore be numbered among her felicities, and the gracious answers of heaven to her prayers.

Mrs. Rowe seemed, by the cheerfulness of her natural temper, peculiarly calculated to enjoy life, and all its innocent satisfactions. Yet few were so distant from an excessive attachment to temporal things. Her contempt for what she termed a low state of existence, and a dull round of insipid pleasures, and her desires after the enjoyments of the heavenly world, were great beyond expression. When her friends expressed their joy at seeing her look so well, and promised themselves the happiness of her company for many years, she used to reply that, 'it was like telling a slave his fetters were like to be lasting, or complimenting him on the strength of the walls of his dungeon.' In many other instances, the fervor of her wishes to live the life of angels, irresistibly broke from her lips.

Her death occasioned a general and deep mourning, especially in the town where she had lived, and the circle of her acquaintance. Above all, the poor were inexpressibly afflicted with the intelligence. At her doors, and over her grave, they lamented the loss of their benefactress, poured blessings on her memory, and recounted to each other the gentle and condescending manner in which she had heard their requests, and the many instances in which they had experienced her bounty.

In her cabinet were found letters to several of her most beloved friends, which were designed to be delivered after her death, all breathing that affectionate benevolence and piety for which she was so distinguished. Among these was the following, addressed to Mrs. Sarah Rowe, her husband's mother.

My

My dear Mother,

I am now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to your family, and leave you with the fincereſt concern for your own happineſs, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be anſwered when I am ſleeping in the duſt! O may the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal glory and pleaſure! I would collect the powers of my ſoul, and aſk bleſſings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious anceſtors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bleſs you!

'Tis but a ſhort ſpace I have to meaſure; the ſhadows are lengthening, and my ſun declining. That goodneſs which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the concluding act of my life. That name which I have made my glory and my boaſt, ſhall then be my ſtrength and my ſalvation. To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holineſs of my own; for oh! in my beſt eſtate, I am altogether vanity; a wretched, helpleſs ſinner. But in the merits and perfect righteouſneſs of God my Savior, I hope to appear juſtified at the ſupreme tribunal, where I muſt ſhortly ſtand to be judged.

E. ROWE.

Another of her poſthumous letters was directed to Dr. Watts, and accompanied her manuſcript of *Devout Exerciſes of the heart*, &c. which the Doctor, agreeably to her deſire, communicated to the world ſoon after her deceaſe. This letter we inſert, as additionally illuſtrating her piety, and where her hope reſted in the view of immortality.

To

To the Rev. DR. WATTS, at Newington.

Sir,

The opinion I have of your piety and judgment is the reaſon of my giving you the trouble of looking over theſe papers in order to publiſh them, which I deſire you to do as ſoon as you can conveniently; only you have full liberty to ſuppreſs what you think proper.

I think there can be no vanity in this deſign, for I am ſenſible ſuch thoughts as theſe will not be for the taſte of the modiſh part of the world; and before they appear, I ſhall be entirely diſintereſted in the cenſure or applauſe of mortals.

The reflections were occaſionally written, and only for my own improvement: but I am not without hopes that they may have the ſame effect on ſome pious minds, as reading the experiences of others has had on my ſoul. The experimental part of religion has generally a greater influence than its theory: and if when I am ſleeping in the duſt, theſe Soliloquies ſhould kindle a flame of divine love in the heart of the loweſt and moſt deſpiſed Chriſtian, be the glory given to the great ſpring of all grace and benignity.

I have now done with mortal things, and all to come is vaſt eternity. Eternity!—how tranſporting is the ſound! As long as God exiſts, my being and happineſs are ſecure. Theſe unbounded deſires, which the wide creation cannot limit, ſhall be ſatisfied for ever. I ſhall drink at the fountain-head of pleaſure, and be refreſhed with the emanations of original life and joy. I ſhall hear the voice of uncreated harmony ſpeaking peace and ineffable conſolation to my ſoul.

I expect eternal life, not as a reward (*of merit*) but a pure act of bounty. Deteſting myſelf in every view I can take, I fly to the righteouſneſs and atonement of my great Redeemer for pardon and ſalvation. This is my only conſolation and hope. *Enter not into judg-*

ment,

ment, O Lord, with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no flesh be justified!

Through the blood of the Lamb, I hope for an entire victory over the last enemy; and that before this comes to you, I shall have reached the celestial heights; and, while you are reading these lines, I shall be adoring before the throne of God, where faith shall be turned into vision, and these languishing desires satisfied with the full fruition of immortal love. Adieu.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

The following pieces afford a brief specimen of the materials which compose the work above alluded to, and will doubtless be acceptable to the serious reader.

Glory to God for Salvation by JESUS, and his Blood.

Let me give glory to God before I die, and take shame and confusion to myself. I ascribe my salvation to the free and absolute goodness of God. Not by the strength of reason, or any natural inclination to virtue, but *by the grace of God I am what I am.*—O my Redeemer, be the victory, be the glory thine! I expect eternal life and happiness from thee not as a debt, but a free gift, a promised act of bounty. How poor would my expectations be, if I only looked to be rewarded according to those works which my own vanity, or the partiality of others have called good, but which, if examined by the divine purity, would prove but specious sins! As such I renounce them. Pardon them, gracious Lord, and I ask no more; nor can hope for that, but through the satisfaction which hath been made to divine justice for the sins of the world.

O Jesus, my Savior! what harmony dwells in thy name! Celestial joy, immortal life is in the sound.

Let the angels set this name to their golden harps! Let the redeemed of the Lord for ever magnify it!

O my

O my propitious Savior, where were my hopes, but for thee? How desperate, how undone were my circumstances! I look on myself, in every view I can take, with horror and contempt. I was born in a state of sin and misery, and in my best estate am altogether vanity. With the utmost advantages I can boast, I shrink back, I tremble to approach before unblemished Majesty. O thou in whose name the gentiles trust, be my refuge in that awful hour! To Thee I come, my only confidence and hope. Let the blood of sprinkling, let the blood of the covenant be on me! Cleanse me from my original stain, and my contracted impurity, and adorn me with the robes of thy righteousness, by which alone I expect to stand justified before infinite justice and purity!

O enter not into judgment with me, for the best actions of my life cannot bear thy scrutiny! Some secret blemish has stained all my glory! My devotion to God has been mingled with levity and irreverence; my charity to man, with pride and ostentation. Some latent defect has attended my best actions; and those very things which perhaps have been highly esteemed by men, have deserved contempt in the sight of God.

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count my loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood."

A Prayer for speedy Sanctification.

O Lord God, great and holy, all-sufficient and full of grace; if thou shouldest bid me form a wish, and take

take whatsoever in heaven or earth I had to ask, it should not be the kingdoms of this world, nor the crowns of princes; no, nor should it be the wreaths of martyrs, nor the thrones of archangels. My first request is to be made holy. This is my highest concern. Rectify the disorders sin has made in my soul, and renew thine image there. Let me be satisfied with thy likeness. Thou hast compassed my paths with mercy in all other respects, and I am discontented with nothing but my own heart, because it is so unlike the image of thy holiness, and so unfit for thy immediate presence.

Permit me to be importunate here, O blessed God, and grant the importunity of my wishes. Let me be favored with a gracious and speedy answer, for I am dying while I am speaking. The very breath with which I am calling upon thee, is carrying away a part of my life. This tongue that is now invoking thee must shortly be silent in the grave. These knees that are bent to pay thee homage, and these hands that now are lifted up to the Most High God for mercy, must shortly be mouldering in their original dust. These eyes will soon be closed in death, which are now looking up to thy throne for a blessing. O prevent the flying hours with thy mercy, and let thy favor outstrip the hasty moments!

Thou art unchanged while rolling ages pass along, but I am decaying with every breath I draw. My whole allotted time is but a point, compared with thy infinite duration. The shortness and vanity of my present being, and the importance of my eternal concerns, join together to demand my utmost solicitude, and give wings to my warmest wishes. Before I can utter all my present desires, the hasty opportunity perhaps is gone, the golden season vanished, and the season of mercy has taken its everlasting flight.

O God of ages! hear me speedily, and grant my request while I am yet speaking. My frail existence will

will admit of no delay. Anſwer me according to the ſhortneſs of my duration, and the exigence of my circumſtances. My buſineſs, of high importance as it is, is yet limited to the preſent NOW, the paſſing moment; for all the powers of earth cannot promiſe me the next.

Let not my preſſing importunity therefore offend thee. My happineſs, my everlaſting happineſs, my whole being, is concerned in my preſent ſucceſs.—As much as the enjoyment of God himſelf is worth, is at ſtake.

Thou knoweſt, Lord, what qualifications will fit me to behold thee. Thou knoweſt in what I am defective. Thou canſt prepare my ſoul in an inſtant to enter into thy holy habitation. I breathe now, but the next moment may be death. Let not that fatal moment come before I am prepared. The ſame creating voice that ſaid, LET THERE BE LIGHT, *and there was light*, can in the ſame manner purify and adorn my ſoul, and make me fit for thy preſence; and my ſoul longs to be thus purified and adorned. O Lord, delay not; for every moment's interval is a loſs to me, and may be a loſs unſpeakable and irreparable. Thy delay cannot be the leaſt advantage to thee. Thy power and clemency are as full this preſent inſtant as they will be the next, and my time as fleeting, and my wants as preſſing.

Remember, O eternal God, my loſt time is forever loſt, and my waſted hours will never return. My neglected opportunities can never be recalled. To me they are gone for ever, and cannot be improved: but thou canſt change my ſinful ſoul into holineſs by a word, and ſet me now in the way to everlaſting improvement.

O let not the Spirit of God reſtrain itſelf, but bleſs me according to the fulneſs of thine own Being, according to the riches of thy grace in Chriſt Jeſus, according to thy infinite, inconceivable love, manifeſted

ted in that glorious gift of thy beloved Son, in whom the fulneſs of the Godhead was contained. It is through his merit and mediation I wait for all the unbounded bleſſings I want and aſk for.

Longing for the coming of Chriſt.

Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly! O come, leſt my expectations faint, leſt I grow weary, and murmur at thy long delay! I am tired with theſe vanities, and the world grows every day more unentertaining and inſipid. It has now loſt its charms, and finds my heart inſenſible to all its allurements. With coldneſs and contempt I view theſe tranſitory glories, inſpired with nobler proſpects and vaſter expectations by faith. I ſee the promiſed land, and every day brings me nearer the poſſeſſion of my heavenly inheritance. Then ſhall I ſee God and live, and face to face behold my triumphant Redeemer,

And in his favor find immortal light.
Ye hours, and days, cut ſhort your tedious flight:
Ye months, and years, if ſuch allotted be
In this deteſted, barren world for me,
With haſty revolution roll along:
I languiſh with impatience to be gone.

I have nothing here to linger for. My hopes, my reſt, my treaſure and my joys are all above. My ſoul faints for the courts of the Lord in a dry and thirſty land, where there is no refreſhment.

How long ſhall *I dwell in Meſech, and ſojourn in the tents of Kedar?* When will the wearifome journey of life be finiſhed? When ſhall I reach my everlaſting home, and arrive at my celeſtial country? My heart, my wiſhes, are already there. I have no engagements to delay my farewell; nothing to detain me here; but I wander an unacquainted pilgrim, a ſtranger and deſolate, far from my native regions. My

My friends are gone before, and are now triumphing in the skies, secure of the conquest, possessed of the rewards of victory. They survey the field of battle, and look back with pleasure on the distant danger. Death and hell, forever vanquished, leave them in the possession of endless tranquility and joy; while I, beset with a thousand snares, and tired with continual toil, unsteadily maintain the field, till active faith steps in, assures me of the conquest, and shews me the immortal crown. It is faith tells me that *light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.* It assures me that *my Redeemer lives, and that he shall stand at the last day upon the earth, and that though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet that in my flesh I shall see God; whom I shall see for myself, and not another, and these eyes shall behold, though my reins be consumed within me. Amen: even so come Lord Jesus!* This must be the language till thou dost appear; and these my impatient breathings after thee. Till I see thy salvation, my heart and my flesh will pine for the living God.

Grant me, O God, *to fulfil as a hireling my day.* Shorten the space, and let it be full of action. It is of small importance how few there are of these little circles of days and hours, so they are but well filled up with devotion, and with all proper duty.

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To these extracts from the *Devout Exercises* we subjoin some passages from Dr Watts's preface, partly as farther illustrating Mrs. Rowe's character, and partly as furnishing very important hints respecting the nature and use of these and similar writings.

"The admirable author of these devotional papers," says the Doctor, "has been in high esteem among the ingenious and the polite, since so many excellent fruits of her pen, both in verse and prose, have appeared in public.

"Though

"Though many of her writings publiſhed in her life-time, diſcover a pious and heavenly temper, and a warm zeal for religion and virtue, yet ſhe choſe to conceal the *devotions of her heart*, till ſhe was got beyond the cenſure and the applauſe of mortals. It was enough that God, whom ſhe loved with ardent and ſupreme affection, was witneſs to all her ſecret and intenſe breathings after him.

"It is now almoſt thirty years ſince I was honored with her acquaintance; nor could her great modeſty conceal all her ſhining graces and accompliſhments. But it is not my province to give a particular account of this excellent woman. Her temper, her conduct and her virtues will be ſet in a juſt and pleaſing light in the memoirs of her life.

"Theſe *devout exerciſes* are animated with ſuch fire as ſeems to ſpeak the language of holy paſſion, and diſcovers them to be the dictates of her heart; and thoſe who were favored with her chief intimacy will moſt readily believe it. The ſtyle, I confeſs, is raiſed above that of common meditation or ſoliloquy: but let it be remembered, ſhe was no common Chriſtian. As her virtues were ſublime, ſo her genius was bright and ſparkling, and the vivacity of her imagination had a tincture of the muſe almoſt from her childhood. This made it natural to her to expreſs the inward ſentiments of her ſoul in more exalted language, and to paint her ideas in metaphor and rapture near akin to the diction of poeſy.

"The reader will here find a ſpirit dwelling in fleſh elevated into divine tranſports congenial to thoſe of angels and unbodied minds. Her intenſe love to her God kindles at every hint, and tranſcends the limits of mortality. I ſcarce ever met with any devotional writings which gave us an example of a ſoul ſo far raiſed, at ſpecial ſeaſons, above every thing not immortal and divine.

"Yet

"Yet she is conscious of her frailties too. She sometimes confesses her folly and guilt in the sight of God in the most affecting language of deep humiliation. It is with a pathetic sensibility of her weakness, and in the strongest language of self-displicency, she bewails her offences against her Creator and Redeemer: and in her intervals of darkness, she vents her painful complaints and mournings for the absence of her highest and best beloved.

"Let it be observed, that it was much the fashion, even among some divines of eminence, in former years, to express the fervors of devout love to our Savior, in the style of the *Song of Solomon*: and I must confess that several of my compositions in verse, written in younger life, were led by those examples unwarily into this track. But if I may be permitted to speak the sense of maturer age, I can hardly think this the happiest language in which Christians should *generally* discover their warm sense of religion, since the clearer and more spiritual revelations of the New Testament. Yet still it must be owned, there are some souls favored with such beatifying visits from heaven, and raptured with such a flame of divine affection, as more powerfully engages all animal nature in their devotions, and constrains them to speak their purest and most spiritual exercises in such pathetic and tender expressions as may be perversely profaned by an unholy construction. And the propensity toward this style is yet stronger, where early impressions of piety have been made on the heart by devout writings of this kind.

"It should be remembered also, there is nothing to be found here which rises above our ideas. Here are none of those absurd and incomprehensible phrases which amuse the ear with sounding vanity, and hold reason in sovereign contempt. Here are no visionary scenes of wild extravagance, no affectations of the tumid and unmeaning style, which spreads a glaring

ing confuſion over the underſtanding: nothing that leads the reader into the region of thoſe myſtical ſhadows and darkneſs which abound in the Romiſh writers, under the pretence of refined light and ſublime extacy. Nor is the character of this ingenious author to be blemiſhed with any other reproaches which have been ſometimes caſt on ſuch ſort of meditations.

"Though ſhe was never tempted away from our common Chriſtianity into the faſhionable apoſtaſies of the age, yet I am well informed that in her latter years ſhe entered with more zeal and affection into ſome of the peculiar doctrines of the goſpel. And it is evident ſome of theſe devotional pieces have a more evangelic turn than others; and probably moſt of theſe were compoſed or corrected in the latter part of her life. The oppoſition which has of late been made to ſome of theſe great truths, gave occaſion to her further ſearch into them, and her zeal for them.

"Let me perſuade all who peruſe this book, to try how far they can ſpeak this language, and aſſume theſe ſentiments as their own. And by aſpiring to follow them, may they find ſatisfaction and delight; or at leaſt learn the profitable leſſons of ſelf-abaſement and holy ſhame. May a noble and glorious ambition excite in their breaſts a ſacred zeal to emulate ſo illuſtrious an example. Whatever ardors of divine love have been kindled in a ſoul united to fleſh and blood, may alſo be kindled by the ſame influences of grace in other ſpirits, laboring under the ſame clogs and impediments.

"But perhaps it will be neceſſary here to give a caution to ſome humble Chriſtians, that they would not make theſe higher elevations of piety and holy joy the teſt and ſtandard by which to judge of the ſincerity of their own religion. Ten thouſand ſaints are arrived ſafe at paradiſe, who have not been favored, like St. Paul, with a rapture into the third heaven, nor could ever riſe to the affectionate tranſports and

devout joys of Mrs. Rowe: yet I hope all serious readers may find something here, which, through the aids of the blessed Spirit, may raise them above their usual pitch, may give a new spring to their religious pleasures, and their immortal hopes, and thereby render their lives more holy and heavenly."

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Beside the compositions of Mrs. Rowe already mentioned, there are two volumes styled *miscellaneous works*, the first of which is a collection of her poems on various occasions; and the other, a series of familiar letters to her friends.

To the general account already given of the life of this distinguished woman, it may be proper to add here a more particular delineation of the most striking excellencies of her character.

She had a singular command of her passions. Such was the serenity and sweetness of her temper, that it could neither be ruffled by adverse events, nor soured by the approach of age. It is doubtful whether she was ever angry in her life; at least, on occasion of those infelicities and displeasing incidents which, though really trivial in their nature, afford frequently the most powerful temptations to passion. With her, they were rather the subjects of mirth and good-humored rallery. A servant who lived with her near twenty years, scarce in a single instance discovered in her even a tendency to anger toward herself, or resentment toward others, except in the cause of heaven, against impiety and flagrant crimes.

With a manly elevation of genius, Mrs. Rowe possessed all that gentleness of disposition which is the peculiar ornament of her own sex. She was singularly free from the severity which has made the character of a *wit* so unamiable. Next to writings positively profane and impure, those which had her strongest aversion were *satires*. She disliked them for the malice

and

and perſonal invective with which they are often ſo replete. Nothing of this kind is to be found in her works: nor was her converſation leſs diſtant from every approach to ill-nature. She fortified her reſolutions againſt evil-ſpeaking by particular and ſolemn vows, as appears by the following paſſages in her manuſcript.

October 6, 1726.

O let me once again bind myſelf to the Lord, never, by his grace, to ſpeak evil of any perſon. O help me to govern my tongue by the ſtricteſt rules of charity and truth, and never to utter any evil ſurmiſes, or make the leaſt reflection to the diſhonor of my neighbor. Let me in the minuteſt circumſtance do to others as I would they ſhould act to me. Let me hope, let me believe all things to the advantage of others. Give me thy divine aſſiſtance to perform this great duty, and ſet thou a watch on my words, and keep, O ſtrictly keep, the door of my lips, that I offend not with my tongue. Now let thy grace be ſufficient for me, and thy ſtrength be manifeſt in my weakneſs. In thy ſtrength, in the name of the Lord my Redeemer, let me engage with all my future temptations. Look graciouſly on this petition, and remember me when I am in any ſuſpenſe, any exigence, and am ready to forget my engagements. In the moment that I ſhall waver, ſtrengthen me: reſtrain me when the malignant thought ariſes; and while the yet unuttered words are ready to iſſue from my lips, ſet thou thy bridle there, and govern my rebellious faculty.

By ſuch ſolemn engagements as theſe, her conduct was uniformly regulated. Scarce any occaſion aroſe which, in her view, would juſtify the reporting of what was prejudicial to another's reputation. "I can appeal," ſays ſhe, in a letter to a lady with whom ſhe

ſhe had been long intimate, "if you ever knew me make an envious, or an ill-natured reflection on any perſon upon earth. Indeed the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various ſcene; but charity would draw a veil of darkneſs here, and chooſe to be for ever ſilent, rather than expatiate on the melancholy theme." Scandal and detraction appeared to her ſuch extreme inhumanity, as no charms of wit could render tolerable. If neceſſitated to be preſent at ſuch converſation, ſhe explicitly condemned it, where ſhe thought ſhe could properly uſe the liberty; and never failed to defend the injured.

She was as much a ſtranger to envy, as if it had been impoſſible for ſo baſe a paſſion to enter the human breaſt; and was always forward to do juſtice to every diſtinguiſhed writer and character. She exceedingly loved to praiſe, and failed not to obſerve and commend every appearance of merit in her acquaintance, at the ſame time overlooking their frailties with more than even the uſual partiality of friendſhip. Yet though ſhe wiſhed to make no other uſe of ſpeech than to commend worth and goodneſs, a ſenſe of duty on ſome occaſions compelled her to reprove; but the ſeverity of this virtue was tempered by the ſofteſt arts of gentleneſs and love. One inſtance of the honeſt artifice with which ſhe uſed to diſguiſe her admonitions, is worthy of remark. She frequently commended perſons who were diſtinguiſhed for ſome particular excellence, before ſome of her friends who were deficient in that virtue; hoping they might be ſtruck with the beauty of the example thus indirectly propoſed to their imitation.

In converſation ſhe had few equals. Her wit was inexhauſtible. Her thoughts were expreſſed in language beautiful and flowing; and as all was accompanied with an unaffected benevolence and frankneſs, ſhe charmed all who converſed with her. The elevation of her underſtanding made her deſpiſe thoſe

trifles

trifles which too frequently dwell on the lips of her sex, and she would always have chosen to talk on important and instructive themes. Yet lest discourse constantly serious should prove tedious, she sometimes entertained her friends on more amusing subjects. But as soon as a transition could be made without the appearance of affectation, she returned to her favorite topics, on which she exerted all her exquisite talents to recommend the most exact morality and sublime piety; so that it seemed impossible to be in her company without becoming wiser and better, or to leave it without regret.

Mrs. Rowe's wit, beauty* and merit had from her youth attracted much compliment, and her writings were liberally praised. Yet amidst these temptations to vanity and pride, she retained all the humility of the most obscure and neglected of the human race. She rarely mentioned any of her writings, even to her most intimate friends; nor ever discovered the least elation at their great success, and the approbation they received from some of the finest writers of the age. Such praise only led her to ascribe the glory to the Original

* *Her person is thus described by the original writer of her life.* "*Though she was not a regular beauty, yet she possessed a large measure of the charms of her sex. She was of a moderate stature, her hair of a fine auburne color, and her eyes of a darkish grey, inclining to blue, and full of fire. Her complexion was very fair, and a natural rosy blush glowed in her cheeks. She spoke gracefully: her voice was exceedingly sweet and harmonious, and perfectly suited to that gentle language which always flowed from her lips. But the softness and benevolence of her aspect were beyond all description. It inspired irresistible love, yet not without a mixture of that awe and veneration which distinguished sense and virtue, apparent in the countenance, are wont to create.*"

Original of all perfection, to whose power and goodness she felt and acknowledged infinite obligations. "It is but for Heaven," said she, "to give a turn to one of my nerves, and I should be an ideot." She was exquisitely sensible of her own defects, and the frailty inseparable from our sinful nature. "How small a part is there in human actions," she used to say, "that merits the name of goodness, when viewed with the selfishness, pride and vanity that attend them. The bare levity of our spirits in devotion, is enough to condemn us, when we consider what a holy Being God is, how spotless in his perfections, and how infinite in his majesty."—She took no indecent share in conversation, and was frequently observed to be silent on subjects she well understood, and on which she could have displayed her talents to great advantage. One who knew her long and intimately, declared, that he could not remember a single expression to have fallen from her, inconsistent with humility. She never dictated to others, nor arrogated a deference to her own sentiments, but in conversing with persons of abilities far beneath her own, seemed to study to render her superiority easy to them. Nor were her affability and readiness of access to the lowest, less remarkable. It was impossible for her to treat any with insolence or contempt: and she paid a most peculiar respect to sincere piety, though in some instances attended with such ignorance, and meanness of circumstances as might have quite obscured it to less humble and generous minds.

She was perfectly untainted with that love of pleasure which is so hostile to religion and virtue. She was ignorant of every fashionable game. Play, she considered, at best, as an art of losing time, and forgetting to think; but when she reflected on the fatal consequences attending a fond attachment to cards and dice, she viewed them with horror. Her taste was too just to relish those insipid trifles called *novels* and

romances,

romances, which are usually as destitute of wit and real imitation of nature, as replete with images which pollute the imagination, and shock every chaste mind. She would have esteemed the diversions of the English theatre, especially those of the tragic kind, capable of affording a rational and noble pleasure, if she could have believed them innocent: but she held herself bound to abstain from entertainments which, in her opinion, generally tended to promote impurity of manners, and expose piety to scorn and ridicule. The elevation of her soul preserved her from all fondness for luxury in food. She judged it far beneath the dignity of a being possessed of reason, and born for immortality. She was always pleased with what she found on her table; and neither the kind of food, nor the manner of dressing it, gave her the least uneasiness. If in either of these respects it was not perfectly agreeable, it only afforded her a subject of pleasantry. She mixed in no parties of pleasure, and extremely despised the trivial, uninstructive conversation of formal visits, which she avoided as much as decency would allow. Indeed, if drawing be excepted, she contemned every thing that bears the name of amusement, however innocent. "But I confess," says her historian, "this part of her character may not be so fit for general imitation. Though the vivacity and cheerfulness of her temper might possibly set her above the necessity of allowing herself intervals of amusement, yet such abstinence from every kind of recreation might in some tend to sour the mind with austere and unamiable dispositions, or at least to depress the spirits to such melancholy as would unfit them for the necessary duties of life."

She had a contempt of riches which is rarely equalled. Being perfectly satisfied with the moderate fortune allotted her by Providence, she pursued no designs to increase it. She could not be persuaded to publish her works by subscription, nor even to accept

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the advantageous terms propoſed by the book-ſeller, on condition of her permitting her ſcattered pieces to be collected and publiſhed together. She never ſaw a court: and if ſhe has occaſionally mentioned with honor ſome of the princes under whoſe reigns ſhe lived, it was only from a ſincere veneration for them as the ſupporters of liberty, which ſhe conſidered an ineſtimable bleſſing; and without the leaſt expectation of any other reward than the pleaſure of ſhewing her gratitude to thoſe whom ſhe eſteemed bleſſings to their country. Her expreſſions of reſpect for ſome of her friends of high rank, were equally free from the ſuſpicion of intereſted views; for ſhe gained nothing by their friendſhip, but the pleaſure of their converſation, and an acquaintance with their virtues. The love of money ſhe thought the moſt ſordid of paſſions, and frequently lamented its general prevalence. She did not know her own eſtates from others, till motives of prudence, when ſhe was apprehenſive of ſoon leaving them, obliged her to inform herſelf. She was ſo far from that rigor in exacting her due which approaches to inhumanity, that her neglect of her intereſt may rather be cenſured as extreme. She let her eſtates below their value, as appeared by the conſiderable advance of their rents after her deceaſe; and ſhe was ſo gentle to her tenants, that ſhe not only had no law-ſuit with any of them, but would not ſuffer them to be even threatened with the ſeizure of their goods, when they neglected their payments. In ſeveral inſtances, ſhe voluntarily reſigned her right, when very clear and indiſputable. She could ſcarce bear the mention of injuſtice without trembling, and ſeldom thought ſhe could keep far enough from it. "I can appeal to thee," ſhe ſays, in an addreſs to the Deity, "how ſcrupulouſly I have acted in matters of equity, and how willingly I have injured myſelf, to right others." She ſpoke with horror of diſhoneſty

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and fraud, and wondered how perſons could die with any tranquility, under the leaſt degree of ſuch guilt.

Her indifference to fame was very remarkable. She ſeemed even to ſhun it, by concealing herſelf, almoſt through life, in ſolitude. Nor did ſhe practiſe any arts to promote her reputation. She would not even permit her name to be prefixed to her works, except in a few inſtances: and though this occaſioned ſome of her productions to be aſcribed to other hands, it had no effect upon her. When about to communicate to the world *Friendſhip in Death*, ſhe ſhewed the manuſcript to but one perſon, on whoſe ſecrecy ſhe could rely; and after he had by her order copied it in his own hand, ſhe ſent it to Dr. Young, knowing him only by his works. When the beauties of the ſtyle diſcovered the author, and the performance began to be univerſally admired, ſhe ſtill avoided owning it, as far as was conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt truth. She even declined the honor due to her memory after death; for when ſhe ſelected from her manuſcript ſome exerciſes of piety, to be publiſhed after her deceaſe, ſhe ſtudiouſly omitted thoſe parts which would have diſcovered her unexampled liberality, and other virtues which peculiarly conciliate the eſteem of the world. The ſame modeſty appears in the orders ſhe left in writing to her ſervant, in which, after having deſired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a ſmall number of friends, ſhe adds, "Charge Mr. Bowden not to ſay one word of me in the ſermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no ſtone nor inſcription over my vile duſt, which I gladly leave to corruption and oblivion, till it riſe to a glorious immortality."

She was exemplary in the diſcharge of relative duties. She loved the beſt of fathers as ſhe ought, and repaid his uncommon tenderneſs by every expreſſion of duty and affection. She was often heard to ſay, ſhe would rather die than diſpleaſe him; and was once

thrown into a convulsion by seeing him in great distress.

To her husband, she manifested the highest esteem and tendereſt affection. By the gentleſt manners she confirmed the empire she had gained over his heart. It was her study to soften the anxieties, and heighten the satisfactions of his life. Her superior capacity did not tempt her to neglect the leſſer cares of life, or to assume any thing inconsistent with the submission enjoined by Christianity. Mr. Rowe had a mixture of natural warmth in his temper, which was not always under perfect command. If at any time this broke out into anger, it never awakened a similar passion in her. She remained mistress of herself, and studied by the gentleſt language to restore her husband's mind to calmeſs. In other instances she endeavored, by the softeſt arts of persuasion, and without the leaſt appearance of superiority, to lead him on to that perfection of goodneſs to which with Christian zeal she aspired herself. In the long illneſs which terminated his life, she was scarce a moment from him. She partook his sleepleſs nights, and by every tenderneſs and assiduity, endeavored to sooth his severe affliction. The manner in which she spent her time after his death, was equally honorable to his memory, and improving to herself. Her tender and exalted sense of his worth seemed to combine with the great considerations of religion, to abstract her mind from every thing earthly, to render retirement dearer than ever, and to engage her in the moſt diligent preparation for eternity.

Though she mourned the deaths of her husband and father with all the sensibility of the moſt feeling heart, her submission to Providence was exemplary and entire. She breathed no criminal murmurs againſt the will of Heaven, nor behaved, in her moſt distreſſing hours, unsuitably to that eminence of piety which appeared in every other part of her life.

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As a miſtreſs, ſhe was gentle and kind, treating her ſervants with a condeſcenſion and goodneſs little ſhort of the affability of a friend. If any were ill, ſhe cauſed the beſt care to be taken of them: nor did ſhe think it miſbecame her to ſit by the bed of a ſick ſervant, to read books of piety. Her tenderneſs of humanity would not ſuffer her to be offended with ſlight faults: and as ſhe never diſmiſſed one from her family, ſo few or none of her ſervants ever left her, but to change their condition by marriage. She repoſed a confidence in thoſe whoſe fidelity ſhe had experienced, which almoſt bordered on exceſs.

She was a warm and generous friend; juſt, if not partial, to the merit of thoſe whom ſhe loved, and moſt gentle and candid to their errors. She was ever forward to do them good offices; but was moſt of all aſſiduous in attempting to inſinuate the love of virtue and religion into their minds.

That ſhe might not be without opportunity to exerciſe the divine ſpirit of forgiveneſs, Providence permitted her to ſuſtain the attacks of malice. Yet it could ſcarce be learnt from her diſcourſe that ſhe had an enemy: nor was it at all uſual for her to hint at any injury or indecency ſhe met with. So that it was evident that ſuch treatment left but ſlight impreſſions, or that ſhe had endeavored to efface them with the happieſt ſucceſs.

Conſidering the mediocrity of her fortune, her bounty was almoſt unparalleled. It was indeed limited by nothing but the utmoſt extent of her power. She devoted her whole income, beſide what was barely ſufficient for the neceſſities of life, to the relief of the indigent and diſtreſſed. This appears from a paſſage in her manuſcript, which, as it evinces a heart glowing with love to God and man, we are conſtrained to inſert; not, however, without remarking that this ſolemn and benevolent engagement of Mrs. Rowe involved her in ſome perplexities; and that, of courſe,

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her example in this inſtance is not an infallible guide, nor ought it to influence pious minds to confine themſelves too ſtrictly on the ſubject.

"I conſecrate," ſhe writes, "half my yearly income to charitable uſes. And though by this, according, to human appearances, I have reduced myſelf to ſome neceſſity, I caſt all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whoſe truth I ſubſcribe with my hand. I atteſt his faithfulneſs, and bring in my teſtimony to the veracity of his word. I ſet to my ſeal that God is true: and oh! by the God of truth I ſwear to perform this, and beyond this. For if thou wilt indeed bleſs me, and enlarge my coaſt, all that I have, beyond the bare convenience and neceſſity of life, ſhall ſurely be the Lord's. O grant me ſufficiency, that I may abound in every good work. O let me be thy meſſenger of conſolation to the poor! Here I am: Lord, ſend me! Let me have the honor to adminiſter to the neceſſities of my brethren. I am indeed unworthy to wipe the feet of the leaſt of the ſervants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commiſſion; and yet, O ſend me, for thy goodneſs is free. Send whom thou wilt on embaſſies to the kings and rulers of the earth; but let me be a ſervant to the ſervants of my Lord. Let me adminiſter conſolation to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind."

In purſuance of this ſacred vow, which, as ſhe elſewhere declares, "was not made in an hour of fear and diſtreſs, but in the joy and gratitude of her ſoul," ſhe not only avoided all ſuperfluous expenſe in her dreſs and mode of living, but through an exceſs of benevolence, (if exceſs is poſſible, in ſuch a divine diſpoſition) ſhe denied herſelf what many would conſider as neceſſaries of life.

Indigence

Indigence and misery were a sufficient recommendation to her compassion: but she shewed a peculiar readiness to alleviate the afflictions of persons of merit and virtue: nor did any such appeal to her charity without success. The first time she accepted an acknowledgment from the bookseller for any of her works, she bestowed the whole sum on a distressed family; and there is reason to believe she made a similar application of all the money she ever received in this way. Once, when she had not a sum large enough to supply the necessities of another family, she sold a piece of plate for the purpose. It was her custom, on going abroad, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value, that she might distribute them according to the necessities of those who might fall in her way. During her residence in the country, she sent large sums to London and other distant parts. Contributing to some designs of charity which she did not in all respects approve, she observed it was fit sometimes to give for the credit of religion, that its professors might not be charged with covetousness; a vice so odious to her, that scarce any species of immorality could more effectually exclude a person from her friendship. She never grudged any money, but what was expended for herself; for she considered how much it would buy for the poor. Beside the sums which she gave away, and her distributions of practical books, she frequently employed her own hands in making garments of various kinds for the poor: a charity which she peculiarly exercised toward certain foreigners driven into England by the rage of war. Though she was seldom known to shed tears for her private afflictions, it was common for her to weep over the distresses of others. She not only sent her servants to the poor, when they were sick, to inquire into their wants, but often visited them in person; and this, when their houses seemed scarce fit for her to enter, and even when their disorders were very malignant and contagious.

A favorite charity with her was causing children to be taught to read and work. She furnished them with clothes, as well as bibles, and other necessary books of instruction. This she did not only at Frome, but at a neighboring village, where part of her estate lay. When she met, in the streets, with children of promising countenances who were perfectly unknown to her, if on inquiry she found that through the poverty of their parents they were not put to school, she added them to the number of those who were taught at her own expense. She condescended herself to instruct them in the plain and most essential principles and duties of religion: and the grief she felt when any of them disappointed her hopes, was correspondent with the lively satisfaction she enjoyed when her designs appeared to be succeeded. She also contributed to a more public charitable institution of this kind at Frome, though, according to the custom of such schools, all who were educated in it were obliged to worship God in that form from which she took the liberty to dissent. Indeed, so far were her charities from being confined to those of her own denomination or sentiments, that they were often largely shared by persons whose religious opinions she considered of the most dangerous tendency. Nor was her beneficence limited to those who were literally poor. She frequently remarked, that it was one of the greatest of benefits, to free persons from the anxieties attending a narrow fortune. In pursuance of this generous sentiment, she often made large presents to those who were not in indigence; endeavoring while she "relieved their wants," to "spare their blushes." She eminently possessed the art of giving; for she heightened every favor by the manner in which she conferred it. Indeed to the poor, she seemed a ministering angel. Her goodness prevented their requests; and smiles, with the gentlest, kindest language, always accompanied her substantial acts of mercy. By assurances

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of relief, she encouraged them to disclose all their wants; and treated them with the sweetness of a friend, rather than the superiority of a benefactress. Nor was she ready to resent the appearance of ingratitude in her dependants. Overhearing once some unthankful poor, who sat down with her servants, murmur at their food, though she had used the same herself, she only made this gentle remark, that they expected something better than ordinary, at her table. Nor did she omit the usual alms at their departure.

It is astonishing that the moderate estate of Mrs. Rowe could supply such various and extensive benefactions. She was often surprised at it herself; and on one occasion could not help expressing her wonder to an intimate friend, though she was ordinarily very careful to conceal her charities.

Mrs. Rowe's writings give a faithful picture of her soul. Her profound humility, her ardent love to God, her faith in his promises, and dependance on his providence, her love to his law, and zeal for his glory, strikingly appear in her works. The following passages from her manuscripts bear additional testimony to the truth and vigor of her piety, and the communion of her soul with its God.

She devoted herself to the service of Heaven in a solemn covenant which is inserted among her *devout Exercises of heart.*

A covenant with God.

Incomprehensible Being! who searchest the hearts, and triest the reins of the children of men: thou knowest my sincerity, and my thoughts are all unveiled to thee. I am surrounded with thine immensity. Thou art a present, though invisible witness of the solemn affair in which I am now engaged. I am now *taking hold of thy strength that I may make peace with thee*, and entering into articles with the Almighty God. These are the happy days long since predicted, when

when *one shall say, I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Israel, and another shall subscribe with his hand to the Lord: and I will be their God, and they shall be my people, saith the Lord* Jehovah.

With the most thankful sincerity I take hold on this covenant, as it is more fully manifested and explained in the gospel by Jesus Christ, and, humbly accepting thy proposals, I bind myself to thee by a sacred and everlasting obligation. By a free and deliberate action, I do here ratify the articles which were made for me in baptism into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I religiously devote myself to thy service, and entirely submit to thy conduct. I renounce the glories and vanities of the world, and choose thee as my happiness, my supreme felicity, and everlasting portion. I make no article with thee for any thing besides. Deny or give me what thou wilt, I will never repine while my principal treasure is sure. This is my deliberate, my free and sincere determination; a determination which by thy grace I will never retract.

O thou by whose power alone I shall be able to stand, *put thy fear in my heart that I may never depart from thee!* Let not the world with all its flatteries, nor death nor hell with all their terrors, force me to violate this sacred vow. O let me never live to abandon thee, nor draw the impious breath that would deny thee!

And now let surrounding angels witness for me, that I solemnly devote all the powers and faculties of my soul to thy service: and when I presumptuously employ any of the advantages thou hast given me to thy dishonor, let them testify against me, and let my own words condemn me. *Elizabeth Rowe.*

Thus have I subscribed to thy gracious proposals, and engaged myself to be the Lord's. And now let the malice of men, and the rage of devils combine against

gainſt me, I can defy all their ſtratagems; for God himſelf is become my Friend, Jeſus is my all-ſufficient Savior, and the Spirit of God, I truſt, will be my Sanctifier and my Comforter.

O happy day! tranſporting moment! the brighteſt period of my life! heaven, with all its light, ſmiles upon me. What glorious mortal can now excite my envy? What ſcene to tempt my ambition can the whole creation diſplay? Let glory call me with her exalted voice; let pleaſure with a ſofter eloquence allure me; the world in all its ſplendor appears but a trifle, while the infinite God is my portion. He is mine by as ſure a title as eternal veracity can confer. The right is unqueſtionable; the conveyance unalterable. The mountains ſhall be removed, and the hills diſſolved, before the everlaſting obligation ſhall be cancelled.

"In this covenanting with God," ſays the writer of her life, "Mrs. Rowe imitated the example of her pious mother, to whoſe ſacred engagement of this kind ſhe made the following addition, which evidently appears by the hand to have been written in her younger years:"

My God, and my father's God, who keepeſt covenant and mercy to a thouſand generations; I call thee to witneſs that with all the ſincerity of my ſoul, I conſent to this covenant, and ſtand to the ſolemn dedication made of me in baptiſm; and to this

I God's high name my awful witneſs make:
and thus with the utmoſt willingneſs and joy, I ſubſcribe with my hand to the Lord. *E. Singer.*

And beneath, in the ſame paper ſhe writes thus:

Renewed *Sept.* 1728. When I am ſtanding before the Judge of all the earth, to be ſentenced for all eternity, let this contract be an evidence that I renounce the world, and take the ſupreme God for my portion and happineſs.

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Her manuſcript affords alſo the following renewal of this covenant, which, though long, is too valuable to be omitted, eſpecially as it ſhews the interior (ſo to ſpeak) of Mrs. Rowe's ſoul.

Let me renew my vows, O God, to thee. Let me repeat the ſacred obligation. Let me, if poſſible make my ties more ſtrong—more entirely devote myſelf to thee. With what pleaſure do I reflect on the obligations, I am under to be thine! I bleſs the ſacred engagement, and would not be free for ten thouſand worlds. I never knew a happy moment till I was thine. All my joys are dated from that bleſſed period. Thence they took their ſpring, and thence they will for ever flow.

O therefore let me joyfully renew my vows to thee. Let angels inſtruct me how to confirm them. Let them teach me their forms, and give me their flames. Let all be noble, and pathetic, and ſolemn, as their immortal vows. I would bind myſelf beyond the ties that mortals know. But I cannot ſpeak with the ardor I wiſh. I cannot find words to expreſs the vehemence of my ſoul. But O thou who canſt underſtand thoſe deſires which language fails me to utter, accept the ſincerity of my heart; regard and accept my vows; and O let them be confirmed for ever!

Attend, ye angels! let heaven and earth hear me! let the moſt high God, the poſſeſſor of heaven and earth, himſelf be my witneſs! for even to him I dare appeal, from whom no diſguiſe can veil my thoughts. Even thy ſacred name I dare atteſt, whoſe favor is my only hope, and whoſe frown is the only thing I can fear. Yet my words are not the effect of terror and diſtreſs, but of reaſon and love. No action of my life was ever more deliberate and voluntary. My ſoul gives its entire aſſent, and offers up all its powers. I make no reſerve. Thou haſt my whole, my undivided heart.

O thou

O thou that lookeſt down from the exaltations of thy Majeſty, that rideſt upon the heavens in thine Excellency, and thence doſt not diſdain to be a Father to the fatherleſs, and the Judge of the widow: I come to thee deſtitute, forlorn, abandoned of every name of joy or confidence on earth. I have found all the ſpecious titles and relations among men to be vanity and a lie: but I rejoice in the conviction: I bleſs the happy circumſtance that has thrown a reproach on all human truſt, that has broken my engagements with every thing below, and forced me friendleſs and defenceleſs to fly to thee. O receive me with the affection of a father: take me into thy tendereſt care and protection! O remember thy covenant with my pious anceſtors to be a God to them, and their ſeed after them, by an everlaſting covenant! Thy compaſſions exceed thoſe of the tendereſt relation on earth. Thou doſt delight to exerciſe loving-kindneſs and truth in the earth. Thou art the God of all grace and conſolation. Theſe are thy free, thy natural operations. Fury is not in thee. Thy name, thy boaſted name is LOVE: and thou doſt never deviate from its gentle dictates. It is the beginning and end of all thy works; the glorious end thou hadſt from all eternity in view. Thou doſt not withdraw thine eyes from this deſign, but haſt ſet thy heart upon it from everlaſting to everlaſting. Goodneſs and compaſſion for ever flow from thee. Thou canſt not reſtrain thoſe glorious emanations. They will and muſt for ever ſtream from thee, the infinite abyſs, the ſpring of goodneſs, the ſum, the plenitude of joy, its never-failing ſource.

Oh, thou haſt purchaſed my ſoul with thy own blood: before God and angels, I put it into thy cuſtody! With thee I ſolemnly depoſite the ſacred pledge. Into thy hand I commit the precious treaſure. It is my all, my very being. O form it after thy pleaſure, and ſecure it from the ſtratagems of hell! I am ſurrounded

rounded with dangers, and a thouſand ſnares attend me. I have but one caſt for eternity. Look with eyes of pity on my impotence and diſtreſs. I fly to thee: let me find a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempeſt.

I am not, I cannot be my own keeper. Fleſh and blood are too weak to ſtruggle with principalities and powers, and the rulers of darkneſs in high places. The combination is too ſtrong for unaſſiſted nature to conquer. Thou knoweſt my ſtrength is weakneſs, my wiſdom folly, my natural light all darkneſs. I know not the next ſtep before me, and if I ſtumble, it will bring reproach on thy holy ways.

I am of the Lord's ſide. I am in league with thee againſt the confederacy of hell. I liſt myſelf under thy banners, to oppoſe the kingdom of darkneſs. Give me ſtrength and wiſdom to encounter all oppoſition. Let me never be left to my own conduct, or diſhonor thy cauſe by any weakneſs or inadvertency. O thou who doſt not ſlumber nor ſleep, watch my goings, and let none of my footſteps ſlide! O fountain of love and grace, let me feel thy preſent influence. There is no relation in all nature ſo near, as that between God and a virtuous mind: and wilt thou not adorn it with thoſe graces which are capable of being improved for ever?

In the name of the Lord God of hoſts, the God of the armies of Iſrael, let me conquer the principalities and powers of darkneſs. I have taken thy word for my defence. I have fled to the name of the Lord for ſafety. Let me rejoice, let me triumph in that ſanctuary, nor know a thought of diffidence or fear. Let me hope againſt hope, believe above belief, with confidence worthy of that power on which I truſt, and of that veracity which is engaged to protect me. Be the powers of hell confounded, while I make my boaſt in the Lord, and rejoice in thy ſalvation.

I can,

I can, I muſt, I dare ſet to my ſeal, that God is true. I need not ſcruple to affirm what thou haſt atteſted. I may without heſitation give my aſſent to the word of the living God. Let not my footſteps ſlide; keep me in the ways of life and ſalvation; direct every motion, for thou art my only Counſellor. Leave me not to chooſe for myſelf. Give me no advantage but what I may employ for thy glory. Cancel every prayer that has not been agreeable to thy will. I retract every petition whoſe ſucceſs will not centre in thine intereſt. It is thee, and not myſelf, that I would honor. It is thee I would live and die for. Make thy own terms, let them be what they will, I take thee for my only portion for this life, and to all eternity, and with full conſent I ſubſcribe with my hand to the Lord. E. ROWE.

Sept. 11, 1725. *(Her birth-day.)*

This excellent woman uſed ſecret prayer three times a day. She often obſerved that "we ought to conſecrate our brighteſt hours to the ſervice of heaven;" and agreeably to this juſt ſentiment, gave thoſe parts of the day to ſacred retirement, in which ſhe ſuppoſed her mental powers were moſt free and active. But her devotions were rather frequent, than ſo protracted as to fatigue and exhauſt the ſpirits.

She had a high veneration for the ſabbath, which ſhe conſecrated wholly to God and religion, and for which ſhe prepared by ſpending the preceding day in retired devotion. No ſlight indiſpoſition, nor ſeverity of weather detained her from the houſe of God; and while there, her attention and reverence manifeſted an unuſual compoſure and elevation of ſoul. In imitation of the Savior's example of doing good on the ſabbath, ſhe entertained a number of poor people at her houſe on that day. For the ſacramental Supper, ſhe had a peculiar affection and reverence.

As ſhe had an inexpreſſible love for the holy Scriptures, ſhe aſſiduouſly read them, eſpecially the New

Teſtament, the Pſalms, and thoſe parts of the prophecies which relate to the Savior. For ſome time before her death, ſhe read ſcarce any thing beſide theſe ſacred books, and practical treatiſes on religious ſubjects.

Her zeal in the cauſe of religion was fervent beyond common example. As ſhe could not refrain her tears of tranſport while witneſſing any eminent inſtance of piety, ſo its too general decline rent her very ſoul. She ſaw with inexpreſſible grief the fatal advances of infidelity, and ſpoke with the higheſt eſteem and gratitude of thoſe excellent perſons who defended Chriſtianity by their learned writings, and venerated them as benefactors to mankind.

She ſeemed peculiarly formed for ſublime and ardent piety. Yet ſhe did not ſet an extreme value on ſtrong emotions and fervors in religion: and her devotion was joined with the moſt exemplary ſocial virtue. She affected no ſingularity, no appearance of ſeverity: nor cenſured thoſe who fell ſhort of the ſtrictneſs to which ſhe obliged herſelf. Far from impoſing her own method or frequency of devotion on others for whoſe circumſtances or caſt of mind they would be leſs proper, ſhe did not even mention them to her moſt intimate friends.

She poſſeſſed a large portion of ſerenity and cheerfulneſs. Theſe diſpoſitions, ſo ornamental to true piety, continued with her to her laſt moments: ſo that excepting ſome intervals of generous grief occaſioned by her devout or ſympathetic affections, her life ſeemed not only a conſtant calm, but a perpetual ſunſhine.

Her friendſhips were founded on virtue, though not on a perfect agreement in thoſe points which ſometimes divide Chriſtians. She was favored with the acquaintance and eſteem of ſeveral ladies of high rank, as well as of many diſtinguiſhed characters of the other ſex, among whom were the Earl of Orrery,

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Bishop Ken, Sir Richard Blackmore, Dr. Watts and Mr. Grove. With another ornament of her age, she was on terms of peculiar intimacy. "It gives me great pleasure," says her biographer and brother-in-law, "that I can conclude the character of a lady whose memory ought to be most dear to me, with this testimony to her virtue and merit, that her life was honored with the friendship, and her death lamented with the tears, of the Countess of Hertford."

A large collection of poems in honor of Mrs. Rowe, by several hands, is prefixed to her miscellaneous works. We select the following, and thus close the account of her instructive life.

On the Death of Mrs. Rowe.

Accept, illustrious shade! these artless lays
The muse a tribute to thy mem'ry pays:
Thy loss, to no one private grief confin'd,
Demands the gen'ral sorrow of mankind.
Oft did intrigue its guilty arts unite
To blacken the records of female wit.
The tuneful song lost ev'ry modest grace,
And lawless freedoms triumph'd in their place.
The muse, for vices not her own accus'd,
With blushes view'd her sacred gifts abus'd:
Those gifts for nobler purposes design'd,
To raise the thoughts, and moralize the mind,
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire,
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.
These glorious tasks were Philomela's part,*
Who charms the fancy, and who mends the heart.

In

* *It is not certain whether Mrs. Rowe's poetical name,* Philomela, *by which she was early known, was adopted by herself, or bestowed in compliment by her friends. The latter is more probable.*

In her was ev'ry bright perfection join'd,
Whate'er adorns or dignifies the mind:
Hers ev'ry happy elegance of thought,
Refin'd by virtue, as by genius wrought.
Each low-born care her pow'rful ſtrains control,
And wake the nobler paſſions of the ſoul.
When to the vocal grove, or winding ſtream,
She hymn'd th' Almighty Author of its frame,
Tranſported echoes bore the ſounds along,
And all creation liſten'd to the ſong;
Bold, as when raptur'd ſeraphs ſtrike the lyre,
Chaſte, as the veſtal's conſecrated fire,
Soft, as the balmy airs that gently play
In the calm ſun-ſet of a vernal day,
Sublime as virtue, elegant as wit,
As fancy various, and as beauty ſweet.
Applauding angels with attention hung
To learn the heav'nly accents from her tongue;
They in the midnight hour beheld her riſe
Beyond the verge of theſe inferior ſkies,
Where rapt in joys to vulgar minds unknown,
She felt a flame extatic as their own.
O while diſtinguiſh'd in the realms above,
The bliſsful ſeats of harmony and love,
Thy happy ſpirit joins the heav'nly throng,
Glows with their tranſports, and partakes their ſong,
Fix'd on my ſoul ſhall thy example grow,
And be my genius, and my guide below!
To this I'll point my firſt and nobleſt views,
Thy ſoulleſs verſe ſhall regulate my muſe.
And O forgive, (though faint the tranſcript be,
That copies an original like thee,)
My higheſt pride, my beſt attempt for fame,
That joins my own to Philomela's *name.*

ELIZABETH CARTER.

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